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burning
of
Byron's
memoirs

by

DORIS LANGLEY MOORE

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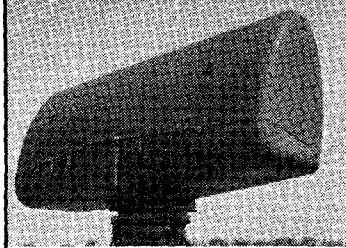
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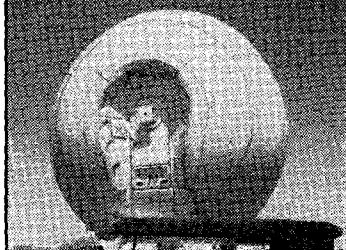


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ALBERT BUSH-BROWN	The Honest Arrogance of Frank Lloyd Wright	23
DORIS LANGLEY MOORE	The Burning of Byron's Memoirs	27
JUAN CAMERON	Whose Authority?	38
BRIAN MOORE	Grieve for the Dear Departed - A STORY	43
THE YOUNG POETS:		
DEBORAH AUSTIN	Morning-O	47
NORMAN LEVINE	Crabbing	48
BETH BENTLEY	A Waltz in the Afternoon	49
JOHN M. RIDLAND	Soldier on Leave	50
MALINKA ROSEN	Visions	50
PAUL COUGHLIN	A Snug Sonnet	50
ALAN HARRINGTON	The Executives' Man: The Personnel Interview	51
JOHN D. STEWART	Vulture Country	55
DAVID O. WOODBURY	The Translating Machine	60
MICHAEL FISHER	The Hot Rain - AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"	65
ALASTAIR REID	Frog Dream - A POEM	69
RODERICK L. HAIG-BROWN	The Day Everything Went Wrong	70
BOOKS AND MEN		
BRADFORD SMITH	Dorothy Canfield Fisher	73
ATLANTIC REPORTS		
	Washington - Bonn - Morocco	4
ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF		
EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	78
	Books the Editors Like	80
PHOEBE ADAMS	Reader's Choice	81
ACCENT ON LIVING		
CHARLES W. MORTON - FRANCIS W. DAHL - ELEANOR PERÉNYI - ROBERT FONTAINE - C. S. JENNISON		86
THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC		
JOHN M. CONLY	The Haydn Country	92
	Record Reviews	95
COVER DESIGN BY GYORGY KEPES		

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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

IN THE midst of problems ranging from how to deal with the Soviet Union and Red China to the nightmare of the farm surplus and the needs of an expanding population, Washington is beginning to realize that the United States is up against a basic issue unrecognized by the founding fathers. This is the issue of divided government, of a President of one party and a Congress under control of the other.

In the 1956 election a victorious Republican President lost both houses of Congress, the first such instance in American history. The division of powers between the two parties, it was confidently said, was a passing phenomenon accountable for by the soldier-statesman's vast personal popularity in a nation which nonetheless wants far more action from its government than Eisenhower is prepared to approve. But now, with the presidential conventions less than a year off, there is for the first time a feeling in the Capital that divided government may become a recurring dilemma.

The suspicion is arising that the voters may have come to like the idea of a President of one party and a Congress of the other. Perhaps it is because they have become so conditioned to voting for the man for President, since the images are clear, and for the party for Congress, where the individual image is blurred but the party image is clear. Or perhaps they like the idea of divided government as a new form of checks and balances on the huge thing known as the federal government or simply as "Washington."

The presidential election next year should provide an answer. Senate leader Lyndon Johnson believes that the Democrats will sweep to complete victory and thus return the operations of party government to what has been considered normal. But other Democrats now can be heard to say that

their party is stronger than any of its presidential aspirants, and hence the party will have to pull the nominee into the White House rather than the other way around.

Prospects for 1960

Both Republican prospects, Vice President Nixon and Governor Rockefeller, seem to be sharper public images than any of the seeming mass of Democratic hopefuls. And in addition, the Democrats will quickly concede, both Nixon and Rockefeller are stronger than their party, just as Eisenhower has proved to be. The early presidential polls tend to support these judgments. Furthermore, it is a statistical fact that the Republicans next year cannot win control of the Senate, what with the huge Democratic majority today and the fact that only a third of the Senate will be up for re-election in 1960. And the most that the new Republican National Committee chairman, Senator Morton of Kentucky, foresees for the House is Republican control "by a thin margin."

President Eisenhower mused out loud at a press conference on the problems of divided government, indicating that he had considered the idea of trying to graft some parts of the parliamentary system to the American model. But, he added with an air of defeat, he and the late Secretary Dulles had decided it was better "to stick with what we have but try to make it work a little bit better."

In a recent Fund for the Republic study on the political process in the free society, Princeton professor Stephen K. Bailey declared that "enhancing the possibility of one-party control of the Government would enhance the possibility of substantial governmental power and would unmistakably fix responsibility for governmental policy." His suggestion was for four-year House terms and eight-

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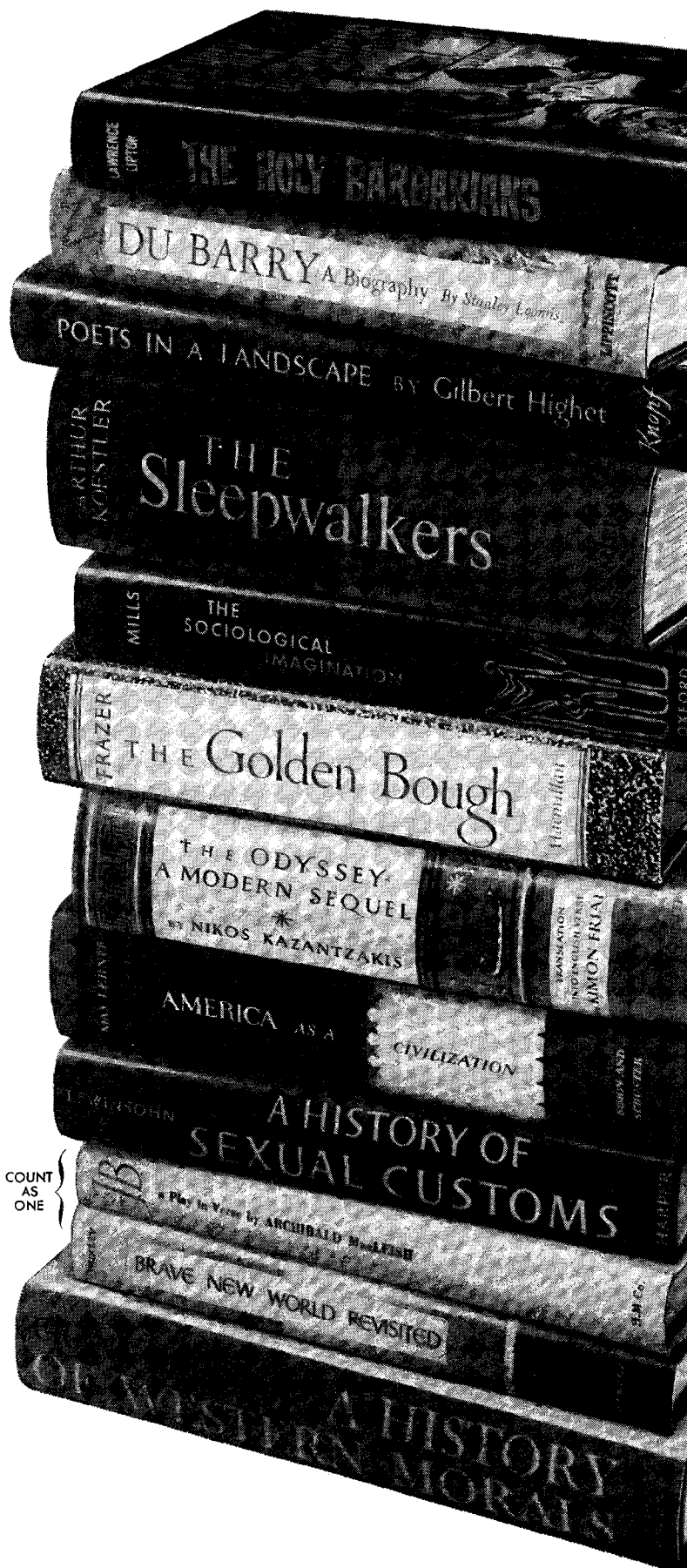
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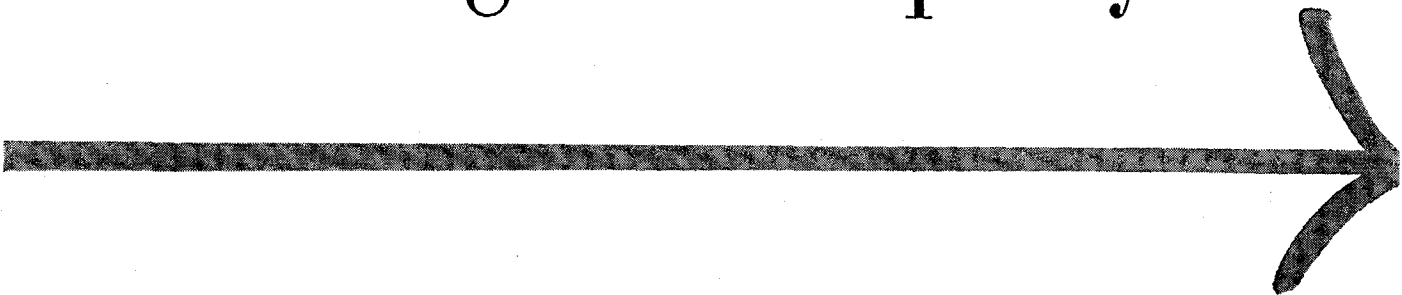
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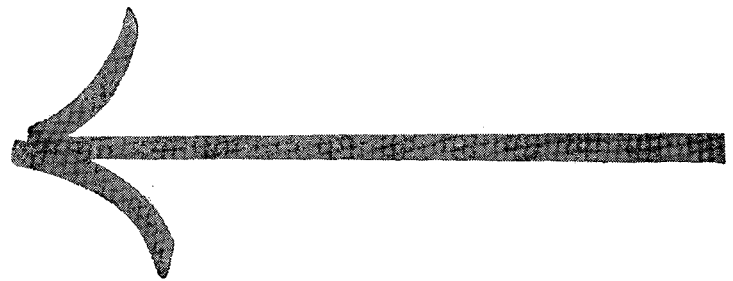
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Report on Washington



year Senate terms with all of the House members and half the senators elected in presidential years. He argued that "under normal conditions" such a constitutional change "would insure the same political complexion" with respect to the House and the presidency and mean the "likelihood" of the same thing for both houses of Congress.

Ike versus Congress

The first session of the 86th Congress is now nearing its end. At the beginning there was defiant talk from the jubilant Democrats of serving up to the President a batch of measures on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. But after a couple of timorous experiments, the Democrats demonstrated that they could not quite muster the necessary two-thirds vote in both houses to override Eisenhower on even the most minor measure.

Had the 1958 recession continued well into 1959, the story might have been different, with pressures from back home enough to sway the additional votes against the President. By spring, however, it was clear that a new boom was under way. And the President, confident that he had been right last year in fighting off massive spending, took the offensive on the budget issue. His success against the big Democratic majority has pleased him enormously and disgruntled the bulk of his opposition.

Many observers in Washington continue to consider the budget balancing or fiscal responsibility issue, as raised by Eisenhower, to be a phony. They argue, among other things, that whatever pressures there are from the voters on something vaguely called "the budget" have their origin not in federal taxes and expenditures, which have not appreciably changed for some years, but in the massive demands for greater spending by state and local governments, with many resultant tax increases at these levels.

The President has been getting some expert help from fellow Republican leaders in his running battle with the Democrats. The new House leader, Indiana's Charles Halleck, especially has been getting under Johnson's skin with his pronouncements on the White House steps following the regular Tuesday morning GOP legislative conferences with Eisenhower. Johnson growled about

"partisan slogans shouted hastily into a microphone on a Tuesday morning." Halleck grinned and retorted that "it would really be quite flattering if we were able to exercise any real control over the legislative program." And GOP Chairman Morton hit another soft spot by calling the current Congress the Democratic "won't-do" Congress.

The Johnson-Rayburn strategy has always been to make a Democratic record for the country to judge. This has paid off in congressional elections. It did not in the 1956 presidential election, but no one really thought that any Democrat could defeat the incumbent Eisenhower. Now the problem is to create a record on which to elect not only another Democratic Congress but a President as well. Here the Eisenhower attack has knocked the Democrats off balance.

Senator Church of Idaho

A century and a half ago Henry Clay took his seat in the Senate though he was still several months under the constitutional age of thirty. But in recent years Senate "babies" have tended to be newspaper items rather than important members of the upper house. Rush Holt of West Virginia arrived in a blaze of publicity and waited outside for his thirtieth birthday before taking the oath. He soon departed into political oblivion. Russell Long arrived at thirty in 1948. But his record is hardly distinguished.

The current Senate baby, however, is something else again. Now in his third year in Washington, Frank F. Church will be thirty-five on July 25. He is still mistaken by visitors for a Senate page boy, and he speaks in the stilted manner of the school orator. This latter characteristic, incidentally, won him the national American Legion oratorical contest and a \$4000 scholarship at Stanford University when he was a high school junior. His eighteen months of wartime experience in the infantry in India, Burma, and China delayed his law degree but did not rub the youthful appearance from his face.

Church is a Senate liberal, but not a Senate radical. His boyhood hero was Idaho's long-time lion, William E. Borah. But where Borah was an isolationist, Church is an internationalist. And where Borah often bucked his party leadership, Church is a man on whom Democratic Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson can usually count.

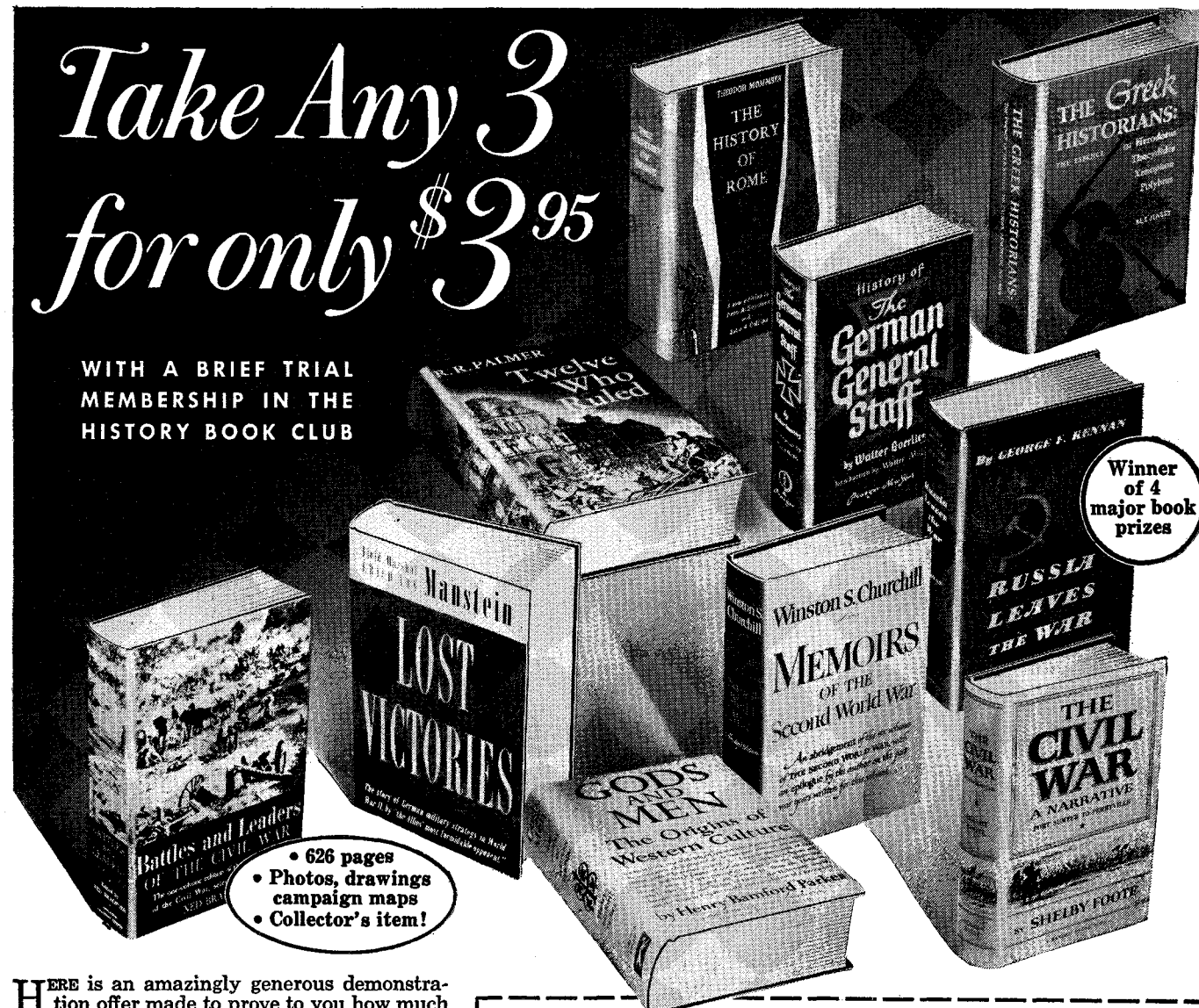
Two years ago Church was tapped by Johnson to put forward and argue for a compromise on the jury trial issue in the then pending civil rights bill. Earlier this year he helped put through the Johnson compromise on loosening, however slightly, the Senate's filibuster rule. In both cases he showed himself an effective middle-of-the-roader.

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Reynolds looks like the prosperous, busy, contented citizen he was—successful in his profession, at home in Johnson's circle of wits, welcome in society.

Van Gogh's self-portraits are highly introspective, the bold brushwork in vivid contrast to the vulnerability of the face, at once strong and sensitive.

If self-portraits are fascinating, so are portraits painted by others. There is, after all, an undeniable fascination in seeing yourself as others see you—as we have reason to know. For over the years, Merrill Lynch has sat for word portraits by some well known writers. The results have been gratifying on the whole, but we've always felt that a portrait by an outsider wasn't quite satisfactory—that the emphasis was sometimes wrong, the color missing, and matters of interest were omitted.

In fact, something kept saying, "Do it yourself." So we did.

The result is a pocket-sized self-portrait in words called "This Is Merrill Lynch." It tells a little about our history and a lot about our policies, and we'll be pleased to send you a copy if you'll let us.

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Report on Washington



More and more this year Church has begun to speak up on international affairs. He has been able to do so because he was given a seat on foreign relations committee, making him the youngest and most junior senator in a long time to win such a coveted post.

Church has joined that little band of senators, including Humphrey and Gore, who pay some attention to disarmament. Young enough to be an enthusiast yet old enough in politics to be practical, he has tried to find a middle ground between Humphrey's almost all-out support of a nuclear test ban and Gore's reluctance to go further than a ban on tests in the atmosphere lest a total ban inhibit American weapons development.

The "munitions lobby"

Early this spring a number of top congressional leaders attended an important White House meeting on the military program. They were startled to hear the President, who was opposing talk of beefing up the missile and other "hardware" programs, say with some bitterness that the "munitions makers" were behind such pressures, that if they had their way they would want national mobilization. Similar talk had been heard elsewhere in the Administration, apparently reflecting similar presidential remarks to his own Cabinet family, but not until after the White House meeting did the remarks gain general circulation.

Several weeks later a reporter asked the President about the remark during a press conference. Eisenhower quite obviously was annoyed at what he considered a breach of a confidence, but he did not flatly deny the remark. Almost at the same hour, by chance, the House came within one vote of barring defense industries from hiring retired generals or admirals. Only the promise of a House committee inquiry of such practices and of what is called the "munitions lobby" kept the provision out of the defense appropriation bill.

The idea of a probe of a munitions lobby calls up memories of the Nye Committee, which raised a great hue and cry in the isolationist years between the two world wars about "merchants of death" who, in the Marxist formula, pushed armaments solely because of the business profits involved. This is the cry heard over and over again today from the Kremlin, usually in terms of greedy monopolists who would willingly speed the world to its final and total destruction by nuclear war in order to make a profit.

There is no reason to think that this is the case or that any such thing is what the President had in mind. It is true that a number of companies live to a high degree on government contracts. And it is widely recognized that the missile makers especially have been overardent champions of the rival military services on which much of their business depends. Their full-page newspaper advertisements, referred to by the President during his comments, sometimes have been too blatant.

But the search for business, by all the evidence so far available, is a search for a bigger slice of the available business, not for the creation of new weapons simply to obtain more business. The pressures on Washington about which the President complained are not so much to spend but where to spend, with which company. Even this sort of thing, however, has begun to get out of hand. Hence the House investigation is timely.

Mood of the Capital

Presidential politics is in the air; the candidates, however much they currently disavow their intentions, are running hither and yon to line up support. Everybody knows that this sort of activity will increase until the climax next year of the conventions and the election itself.

Yet more and more there is a somber mood in Washington, a gnawing fear that the United States is not doing enough. The Berlin crisis has sharpened the feeling, for it appears to be the boldest move yet by the cocky Communists, a challenge to the United States in what has always been considered its strongest area, Western Europe.



DR. KONRAD ADENAUER's name has been almost continuously in the news for the last ten years. Yet it has never before dominated the political scene in Bonn in quite the same way as it has during the last few months. Two decisions which he made — on each occasion, in his own words, “after mature reflection” — can truly be described as momentous. On April 7, he announced that he would give up the chancellorship in September and stand as Christian Democratic presidential candidate on July 1. On June 5, he exactly reversed this decision; he would not stand for the presidency, and he would remain Chancellor.

On the morning of June 4, Adenauer was still his own party's official candidate for the presidency. Only two days earlier he had said goodbye to his minister of economics, Ludwig Erhard, as the latter set off for a visit to Washington — a part of the political grooming process deemed necessary for the most obvious choice as Adenauer's successor in the chancellorship. No word did Adenauer breathe to him of any impending change of plan.

On June 4, Adenauer made up his mind to force a decision on a minor issue on which he happened to feel strongly. It had still not been decided whether the presidential election should be held in Berlin, Bonn, or elsewhere. Last October, when the Federal President, Theodor Heuss, made it plain that there could be no question of his standing for a third term, the Bundestag opted in principle for Berlin.

The president of the Bundestag, Eugen Gerstenmaier, regarded this Bundestag declaration as binding. Adenauer did not; he has always had an aversion to heathen, evangelical, Middle-European Berlin. For one thing, it never belonged to Charlemagne's Empire. For another, its broad, hedonistic cosmopolitanism is out of step with the Rhineland's “little Europeanism,” which does not look beyond the English Channel or the River Elbe. Berlin has a Social Democratic government. Adenauer visualized a presidential election going wrong in Berlin. He has never been popular

there, and the atmosphere could have favored his hedonistic, cosmopolitan, Social Democratic opponent, Carlo Schmid. He decided that the elections should be in Bonn, just as — ten years earlier — he had decided that the Federal capital should be there and not in left-wing, liberal Frankfurt am Main.

German life is largely ruled by dogmas. The symbolic importance of Berlin is one of them. Adenauer informed Gerstenmaier that the Western powers — France, the United States, and Britain — had objected to the choice of Berlin because international discussion of the Berlin problem was under way at Geneva and some concession should be made to Soviet susceptibilities.

Gerstenmaier promptly got in touch with the Western embassies in Bonn. He was told that the Western governments had not objected specifically to the holding of an election in Berlin. They had indicated to the Federal foreign minister, Heinrich von Brentano, that it might have repercussions but that the matter was one to be decided by the Germans themselves and nobody else. Gerstenmaier then asked Adenauer for the meaning of his ruse (it was plain enough — the other Western powers and not the Federal government were to bear responsibility for the election's not being held in Berlin).

Nothing is more annoying for a politician than to be caught out. Later in the day on June 4, Adenauer blurted out to members of his party that he would not, after all, give up the leadership of the government. He officially confirmed this decision on the next day. The argument over Berlin had been, for him, the final straw.

Adenauer's change of heart

What were the underlying reasons for a decision which raised a storm of opposition within the Christian Democratic Party, which plainly showed up Adenauer's lack of regard for the office of President and his lack of confidence in his own party, and which has seriously damaged the Christian Democrats' chances in the next Federal



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Report on Bonn



election in 1961? To answer this question it is necessary to go back to Adenauer's first, no less surprising decision of April 7 to relinquish the chancellorship.

During the last winter Adenauer had two attacks of bronchitis and at least two severe colds. His family (seven sons and daughters and their wives and husbands) urged him to lead a less strenuous life. His closest advisers — the chancellery secretary of state, Hans Globke; the chairman of the Christian Democratic parliamentary group, Heinrich Krone; the Cologne banker, Robert Pferdemenges — seconded this view. To them the primary question was, could Konrad Adenauer, already aged eighty-three, govern for another two years and then lead his party to victory at the polls in 1961?

When Krone — the elderly *Figaro* of the Christian Democratic Party — broached the subject of retirement to Adenauer, he was instantly rebuffed. Krone sought the advice of the *éminence grise* of the chancellery, Globke. Together they evolved the correct approach to Adenauer.

The picture which Krone unfolded to him was an attractive one. He would have to retire someday, that was sure; so it would be best to retire at his convenience and at a time when he could safeguard his inheritance. By standing for the Federal presidency he would ensure that this post did not fall into the hands of a Social Democrat — a backhanded argument, since the President is in any case meant to be politically neutral. A new Chancellor could be installed, nursed through two years in office, and then presented to the electorate in 1961 as the perfect teammate for the President.

And here Krone was able to add a touch of historical glamour: the duties of a President were not so arduous that Adenauer could not hold the post for two five-year terms — ten years as Chancellor, ten years as President, this indeed would

provide that historical continuity in which Adenauer fervently believed. It would set the seal on the development of the Federal Republic as a constitutional, democratic state. It could, maybe, enable that state to provide a stable foundation for a reunified Germany.

The powers of the President

The appearance of resignation was deceptive. Adenauer's first act was to instruct chancellery officials to examine meticulously every "interesting" clause of the Federal Constitution. Articles 59, 60, and 63 came under this heading. They suggested that Theodor Heuss had not exercised to the full his powers covering the signature of treaties, the appointment of high state officials, and the nomination of a new Chancellor. Quite openly, Adenauer stated that the duties of the presidency were open to a "broader interpretation" — a remark which led Heuss to ask for an immediate interview. Others besides the Chancellor were pleased with the idea of a presidential democracy in which government would be steered and manipulated and a new Chancellor's prerogatives would be cunningly curtailed by the "Old One."

Adenauer came to believe that his right to nominate a new Chancellor in the Bundestag meant, in effect, that he could choose him personally. Very quickly he found himself involved in a bitter struggle with his own Christian Democratic Party. The party wanted Ludwig Erhard, the popular, well-known, and successful minister of economics, as Chancellor. Adenauer wanted the minister of finance, Franz Etzel. Why? Etzel was a sound administrator but was virtually unknown at home and abroad. This was precisely what made him so acceptable to Adenauer. He was less independent, less popular than Erhard; he would be more easily controlled by the President.

The letter of the Constitution can be interpreted in different ways, but its spirit is generally plain. Its spirit is that a West German President should nominate as Chancellor someone acceptable to the majority of the Bundestag. The President should make sure that his nominee enjoys the required support in Parliament. But from the first, Adenauer in-

tended to force his choice on his party. The tug of war was on.

The Christian Democratic Party saw no reason to go back on its choice of Erhard. Apart from Adenauer, he was the one truly national figure in Western Germany. He was the symbol of the material prosperity which rules German everyday life. He would be the talisman of success in the 1961 election. Whether he would make an outstandingly good Chancellor seemed immaterial. He would avoid political adventures, strengthen friendships with the West, play safe.

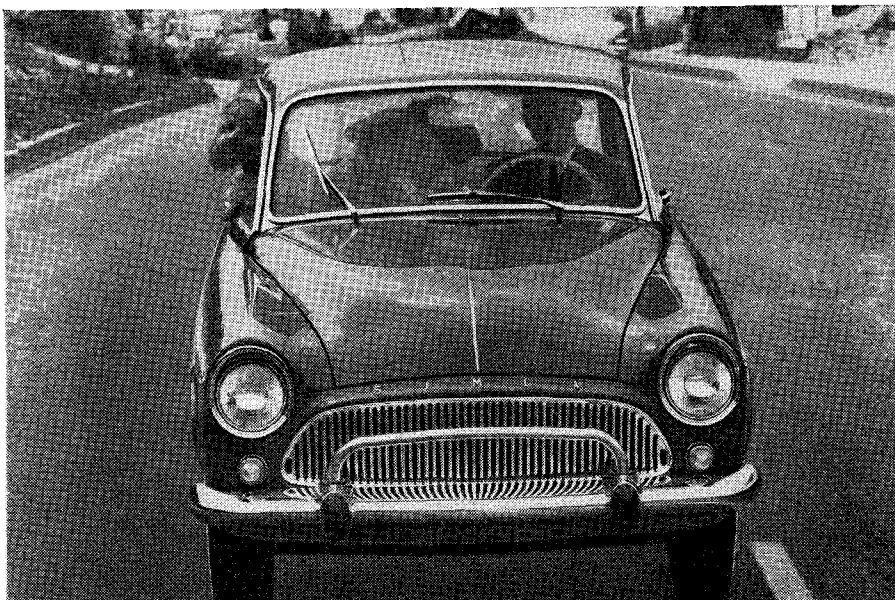
For fifty-nine days the party stood firm. The majority of its members believed they could outstay Adenauer. They were wrong. The plain fact was that Adenauer was furiously disappointed both by his failure to make Etzel his successor and by the constitutional limitations of the President's office.

The political overtones

The chancellorship crisis will be important in German history because of the lessons it taught. It has shown that German political parties are still too easily dominated by a single man. The Führer complex of the Christian Democratic members of the Bundestag prevented their showing strong opinions of their own and allowed Adenauer to press them relentlessly. The sense of political responsibility has to be more widely spread in Germany.

In the second place, the crisis showed that the German public remains as nonpolitical as it was twenty-five years ago. Extensive sounding of individual views by German newspapers indicated that the man in the street still regarded politics as something which is essentially for politicians. The usual answer to the question "Has the Chancellor done the right thing or not?" was: "The Chancellor ought to know — that is what he is there for." West German democracy is only ten years old; the man in the street must not be blamed if he does not yet feel politically adult.

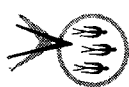
More disturbing was the lack of respect shown for constitutional forms. Adenauer would have become President if he could have expanded the presidential powers. The



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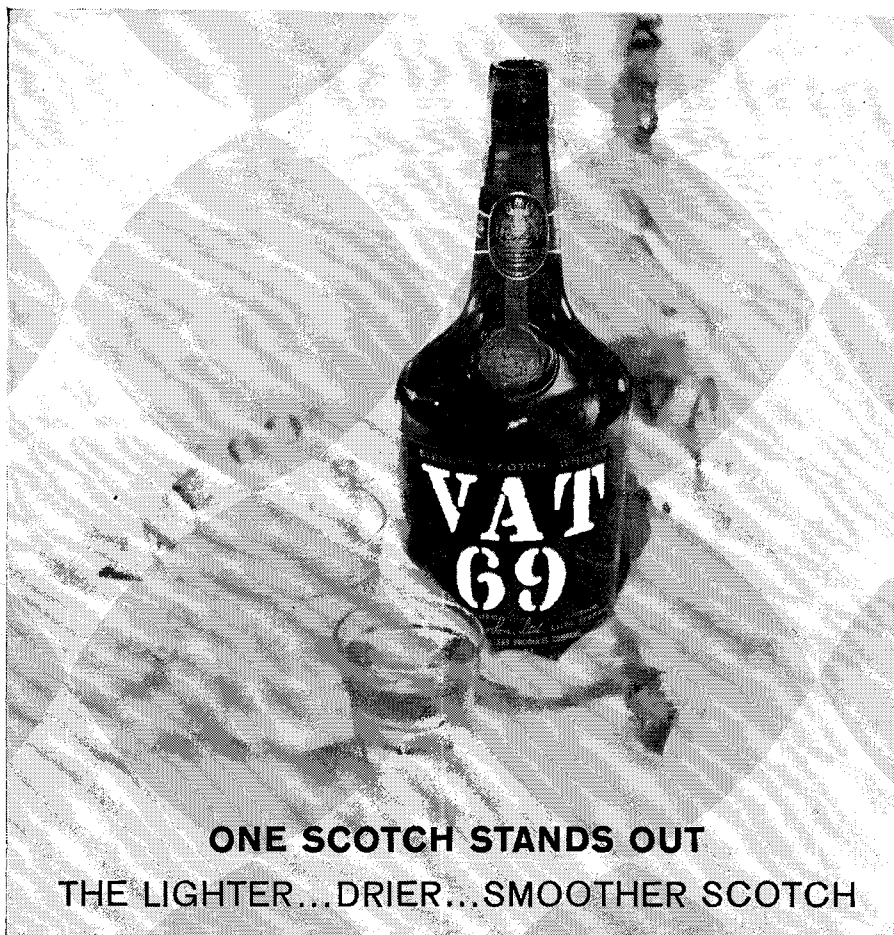
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choice of the new President was looked upon as a strictly party affair, and even the choice of a city for the election became a party issue. As the lines were drawn, Adenauer's resistance stiffened. He went along with the nomination of a virtual unknown, Dr. Heinrich Luebke, minister of agriculture since 1953, for President. But his personal feud with Erhard made headlines when he publicly questioned Erhard's qualifications to succeed him as Chancellor. When the foreign ministers' conference recessed, Adenauer lost one of his reasons for opposing the choice of Berlin for the election, and the party quickly outvoted him. As a result of his intransigency, his reputation and that of his party suffered.

Prosperity era

The average West German citizens have continued to go about their business of working, earning, and enjoying the increasing comforts of life which they can afford. For the materially-minded this era has many of the qualities of the millennium. The national income rose by 6 per cent last year. There are so many more cars on the roads that fatal accidents are now seven times more frequent than in Britain, twelve times more frequent than in the United States (68 deaths per 10,000 vehicles, against 9 in Britain and 5.7 in the United States).

Retail sales rocket with an unchecked momentum. Ownership of TV sets has doubled in one year. West German aircraft are on the world market again. The Germans are lending and investing abroad, from the now bulging resources of their once threadbare capital market. The 1958 wine harvest has turned out to be a record for all time. The birth rate is going up.

The man in the street has had his fill of wars, inflations, crises in the past. Who should blame him if dramatic political overtones extract no more than a shrug from him? Or if his gaze is increasingly focused just ahead of the tip of his own nose?



MORE than three years have passed since Mohammed V, King of Morocco, lineal descendant of the Prophet, and twelfth reigning member of the Alaouite dynasty, made his triumphant return from exile in distant Madagascar. These three tempestuous years have seen the throne of Iraq upset, the Dey of Tunis banished, and the King of Saudi Arabia replaced in effective power by his brother. But in Morocco the prestige of the throne remains unshaken, though its power is by no means absolute.

The secret of this stability is to be found partly in the general conditions of present-day Morocco and partly in the personality of its King. Though Morocco boasts a number of large communities (Casablanca, Fez, Rabat-Sale, Marrakesh) and a surprisingly well-organized industrial proletariat, three quarters of the nine million inhabitants are illiterate shepherds, tillers of the soil, or tribal hillsmen who are often scornful of the better educated, softer city dwellers.

The relations between the two have not always been amicable. In the last years of the protectorate, the French tried to capitalize on this perennial antagonism by deliberately building up the power of the feudal tribesmen of the hinterland to offset the more advanced populations of the cities, represented above all by the Istiqlal (Independence) movement. This policy failed, but the problem of harmonizing the relations between the two remains.

Crown versus parties

Upon his return to Rabat in the spring of 1956, the Sultan was forced to appease the democratic forces which had helped bring him back to the throne, by setting up a national consultative assembly. But this was not a strictly representative parliament. Its seventy-six members, the majority of whom are from the Istiqlal, are appointed by the King for a two-year term which need not necessarily be renewed. They are entitled to debate government proposals, particularly the budget, when the assembly is in session (about three months in the year), but they cannot veto

government initiatives, which become law by royal edict. The same limitations extend to the council of ministers, which cannot convene except under the chairmanship of the King.

Behind this ceremonial façade, the realities of power are somewhat different; but the latent conflict between the crown and representative parties, which has been a feature of every constitutional monarchy, has in Morocco momentarily resulted in strengthening rather than in weakening the throne. The prime reason for this is that in the political chess game it is the Istiqlal party, not the King, that has made most of the mistakes.

The Istiqlal, as the only truly nationwide party — the party of the firebrand nationalist, Allal al-Fassi, and of the sophisticated diplomat, Ahmed Balafrej — emerged from the independence struggle against the French with the conviction that it was the only authentic spokesman for the Moroccan masses. The Sultan made a move to dispute this pretension by entrusting the premiership of the first government to an independent, Si Bekkai, a former lieutenant colonel in the French colonial forces. But three months after this government was formed, the Istiqlal took advantage of a local disturbance to demand and obtain the key ministry of the interior. It has held it, with one slight interruption, ever since.

The Istiqlal promptly launched a wholesale purge of the caids and pashas who had collaborated with the French, replacing them with party henchmen. These administrative appointments provoked a series of revolts, culminating last October in that of the Riff mountaineers, which the new and untried Moroccan army had to be called out to quell. Not content with this, the Istiqlal launched a campaign to harass other parties by suppressing critical newspapers and by assassinating or kidnaping importunate opposition leaders. In the autumn of 1957 it even felt strong enough to veto an attempt made by two leaders of the resistance army, Abdelkrim Khatib and Mahjoubi Aherdane, to set up a new party aimed at representing the country's rural masses.

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Report on Morocco



To strengthen his links with the army, which is only 30,000 men strong and still dependent on about 200 French military advisers, the Sultan made his son and heir, Crown Prince Moulay Hassan, chief of staff. He has also successfully used his abundant reservoir of personal charm to make an ally of Mohammed Laghzaoui, an enterprising bus company owner and former financier of the Istiqlal movement who has built up a remarkably well-disciplined 11,000-man police force in three years.

Last November — at the height of the Riff rebellion against the Istiqlal — the King forced the Balafrej government to accept the promulgation of three edicts establishing a charter of public liberties (covering political association, public meetings, and the press) which the Istiqlal had previously tried to block. He followed this up in December by offering the premiership, after the fall of the Balafrej government, to the man who had been its most vehement critic: Abdallah Ibrahim, a former minister of labor and ex-editor of the Istiqlal organ *Al Alam* (*The Standard*). He thus helped consummate the rift within the party, which last January erupted into open warfare.

Since then, the Istiqlal's prestige and popularity have steadily declined. Each of the two contending factions has taken to publicizing the faults of the other. Both camps have employed armed gangs to break up meetings and to intimidate local opposition leaders. The Istiqlal has also encouraged the harassed opposition parties to renew campaigning and to reissue party newspapers and weeklies. All this activity is in preparation for Morocco's first municipal and communal elections, which are scheduled to be held this autumn.

The departure of the French

This continuing climate of political uncertainty has had inevitable repercussions in the economic field. Morocco's greatest economic headache is its shortage of capital, com-

bined with a concurrent lack of qualified technicians. Since the end of the protectorate, French investments, which in 1952 hit a peak level of almost \$400 million a year, have virtually ceased. Casablanca is no longer the boom town of North Africa, its place being taken by Algiers, to which French capital has been attracted in bulk. In the last three years only two foreign companies have been tempted to invest in new Moroccan enterprises — the French Berliet company, which is building a truck assembly plant in Casablanca, and the American General Tire and Rubber Company, whose factory has yet to be built.

Ninety-eight per cent of Morocco's industrial concerns are still directed by Frenchmen, simply because there are no qualified Moroccans to replace them; but the departure of about half of the 350,000 French civilians and more than 100,000 French soldiers has caused a drastic shrinkage in consumption and a rise in unemployment. Official government figures now admit that one out of every two persons in the country's rural population is underemployed and that one out of every five able-bodied persons in the towns and cities is chronically without work. But in the absence of new investment, industry and commerce simply idle along, while the population increases at the dangerous rate of some 150,000 a year.

The situation in rural areas is hardly better. Though only 150 out of about 5900 French colon farmers have left Morocco, many of the rest would be only too glad to sell their lands and pull out, but they can find no buyers except at cut-rate prices. They therefore hang on in apprehension of the future, overworking their lands in a desperate effort to achieve maximum profits, which they no longer invest in Morocco but export abroad. This has naturally provided plenty of fresh fuel to those Moroccan patriots who have been led to believe that the expulsion of French settlers would automatically enrich the country they have been living off for years.

The Moroccan government thus finds itself caught on the horns of a dilemma. In the first place, it is harassed by demagogic exhortations calling for the expropriation of colon

lands, the total evacuation of foreign troops and of the American air bases, and the nationalization of key industries. In the second place, it lacks both the capital and the technicians needed to fill the gap.

Just how the present or any future government can break out of this vicious circle is unknown. One alternative to the Western capital which many of the country's politicians berate so vociferously is capital and technicians from Soviet Russia and Red China, both of which recently opened embassies in Rabat. So far Morocco's leaders have hesitated to follow Egypt's example, but some observers believe that they will eventually be driven to doing so by their anticolonialist logic.

The war in Algeria

The other major stumbling block to economic recovery is the war in Algeria. So long as it continues, there can be no hope of reasonably stabilizing Morocco's relations with France. Today there are some 80,000 Algerian refugees on Moroccan soil, and quite a number of them have worked their way into the administration at Rabat. Aside from the constant pressure they exert, the sympathies of virtually every Moroccan are with the Algerian rebels. The overwhelming majority of the country's politicians talk passionately of an Arab Maghreb, and even of a Moroccan Sahara.

Most troublesome of all are the secret gunrunning and arms traffic which the Algerian war perpetuates. This is a source both of clandestine profit for slick Moroccan operators and their political backers and of conflict with France. The French seizure last April of the Czech ship, *Lidice*, which was carrying a shipment of arms destined for the Algerian rebels via Casablanca, is the most recent in a series of such incidents.

Mohammed V has made it clear that he is ready to do everything in his power to hasten the conclusion of the Algerian war and that this is the fundamental — if not the official — motive of his trip to Paris. His relations with President de Gaulle, while distant, have remained excellent. De Gaulle appreciated the Sultan's cooperative role during the difficult days of World War II and awarded

him the Grand Cross of the Liberation — the only foreign ruler to be thus honored. The General has not forgotten that a good portion of the Free French forces which helped liberate France was made up of Moroccan soldiery.

The problem of mediating a settlement of the Algerian struggle nevertheless remains a formidable one, if only because de Gaulle has consistently asserted that the Algerian problem is an essentially French affair. Whether Mohammed V can succeed where other emissaries and intermediaries of good will have failed, no one can say.

The American bases

The Algerian war has also had the indirect effect of embroiling Moroccan-American relations. As its leading NATO ally, the United States cannot officially denounce France's North African policies. This and the fact that we maintain four air bases and one emergency strip on Moroccan soil are taken by Moroccans as proof that America is really a colonialist power, and hardly a day goes by without some polemical editorial denouncing the continued operation of these bases.

In fact, the relations between American air force personnel and the local inhabitants have generally been good. The bases keep 5000 Moroccans permanently employed and give indirect work to 5000 more. Through all sorts of expenses, private and public, they pump some \$47 million a year into the Moroccan economy — more than the \$40 million which the country has been receiving in annual economic aid loans to help finance its investment budget. But Morocco's superpatriots insist that Morocco must be left free to pursue a policy of neutralist nondependence.

When asked what his country would do with the huge bases if the United States were to hand them over, one prominent Moroccan politician is said to have replied: "We would maintain them — for the arrival of the Russians." The story is probably apocryphal, but it accurately transcribes the Oriental cynicism with which local demagogues, inside the Istiqlal and out of it, have used this issue to browbeat the government.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Atlantic reports

SIR:

The May *Atlantic* had one gem after another, but the discussion of our nation's finances by your Washington correspondent in the Report on Washington is just too much for me to swallow without protesting.

The condescending way in which he writes about Humphrey and Anderson and our financial policies is typical of those who call themselves liberal and look down their noses in disdain at conservatives. As one who has had to earn his way since he was nine, and who was always taught that he could not have things he needed unless he could pay for them, I cannot go along with those who so casually brush aside the ultimate consequences of deficit financing.

Here we are in what must be taken as normal times. Just why cannot the wealthiest and most powerful nation in the world live within its means? Why can't it pay for what it needs instead of monetizing its debt?

As a heavy taxpayer, I would be glad to pay still higher taxes on my personal income and on that of my business rather than start a line of financial conduct that has brought disaster wherever it has been tried.

Call up some of your friends who are life insurance company presidents in New England and ask them if they are buying long-term government bonds. Are they increasing their holdings over those of a year ago? If not, why not?

Who is going to finance the growing deficit that seems of so little concern to your Washington correspondent? At this minute the financing is being done by short-

term paper, the effect of which is to monetize the debt.

That the *Atlantic* unwittingly condones such a policy does not fit in with its long-established character of rugged integrity.

WILLIAM R. MATHEWS, *Editor*
Arizona Daily Star
Tucson, Ariz.

SIR:

The Report on Argentina in the May *Atlantic* is for the most part good information about the latest developments in that country, but it reveals a complete lack of knowledge of Argentine history and even a blunt disregard for national characteristics — which in South America are more varied than, say, in Europe.

For instance: State control in Argentina is not rooted in Spanish colonial tradition; the Argentine tradition until the Perónista experiment was a long one of economic liberalism. That is why Buenos Aires was second in trade only to New York in the continent and the best customer abroad for Detroit; that is why Argentine government bonds, to be sold in the United States, did not need to offer a higher interest rate than American government bonds. Significant state control began in 1943, after a socialist (and also a fascist) trend of opinion and labor laws of European (non-Spanish) inspiration. Resulting maxim: Countries need not be South American or Spanish to take a wrong path.

A. M. VÁZQUEZ-BIGI
DeKalb, Ill.

SIR:

The Report on Argentina was particularly interesting to me as I

recently spent a year in Buenos Aires as a Fulbright teacher in the American community school.

Your article was well-rounded and comprehensive. It refreshed my mind with the economic picture and revived my memories of a totally different way of life.

JAMES A. SMITH
Ellsworth, Me.

English is a queer language

SIR:

Dr. Alice Hamilton's article, "English Is a Queer Language," in the June *Atlantic* is amusing but commits a logical error. For some languages, there are learned academies that dogmatically define the proper uses of each word, something I. A. Richards has called "the divine right of words."

Our English language is more flexible, and usage, not dictum, prescribes the meaning. What has evolved is not a language of rigidly restricted words but rather a language of phrases. Hence, in Dr. Hamilton's examples, "up" is not used in a directional sense, nor "must" to imply compulsion. Rather, each word is part of the larger phrase, and the context tells the meaning. For example, "make up" has no validity of its own except as a word for cosmetic applications. Instead, the valid phrase, or substitute for a single word, is "make up one's mind," "make up a bed," "make up a story," "make up with someone," and so forth.

The sooner we cease to think of our sentences in terms reminiscent of classical Latin and permit them to stand as examples of lucid and rich phrasing, the sooner will our

language earn overdue recognition as the most utilitarian and most exact language in use today.

GEORGE EDWARD EHRLICH, M.D.
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

"English Is a Queer Language," especially in its mention of the confusing "must," recalled a West Indian maid who reduced my wife to almost total speechlessness during the time the maid worked for us with a story she told soon after arriving.

She had been alone in the house of a former employer who telephoned and said, "Edna, I just found out that my brother can come to dinner tonight, so you'll have to go out to the store and buy a couple more chops."

Edna continued: "And I said to her, 'Mrs. So-and-so, there's only one thing I *have to* do in this life, and that's die.' And I quit right then and there."

DAN ANDERSON
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Mr. Farley's memoirs

SIR:

After reading James A. Farley's eulogy on himself, "What I Believe," in the June *Atlantic* I was left with the gnawing feeling I had read it all before. I wonder how many political autobiographies have shown that Irishmen, especially Irish politicians, are the salt of the earth and have finished by proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that politics is "among the highest and most useful callings open to American youth." Add to this fare the seasoned opinion that the writing of eight thousand letters to fellow politicians qualified Mr. Farley for the appointment to the postmaster-generalship and you have one of the most ridiculous articles I have ever read in the *Atlantic*. Men like Mr. Farley who reach the philosophical age should cease looking back over their lives through rose-colored glasses and cease urging young men to follow in their saintly footsteps.

R. D. VAUGHN
Walnut Creek, Calif.

SIR:

I have read the article by James A. Farley with great profit. It should be read thoughtfully and digested by Democrats and Republicans alike.

WILLIAM T. ALFORD
Kansas City, Mo.

Hospital hierarchy

SIR:

"Hospital Hierarchy" by Marjorie Taubenhause in the June Accent on Living section of the *Atlantic* gives a familiar description of one segment of contemporary Americana. How four years of medical school plus a year's internship automatically cast one in the role of superior being is bewildering, to say the least, but the manner in which advertisers are able to exploit this role for the benefit of numerous products is adequate testimonial as to how carefully the position has been cultivated.

WILLIAM F. PROKASY, JR.
State College, Pa.

SIR:

In her amusing contribution Mrs. Taubenhause almost, but not quite, reached the bottom of the pecking pole in the hospital hierarchy.

At the bottom of this totem pole of status seekers is a stoop-shouldered, nearsighted, and balding man, with a worried look on his face, who occasionally parades up and down the corridors, trying to dodge anyone who approaches with a purposeful look on his face. This man is pecked at by the board of trustees, the medical staff, all the employees including nurses, and the galaxy composed of patients and their hovering relatives. He is the Administrator, who is held responsible by everybody for everything that occurs within the walls and grounds of the institution.

The ultimate in pecking takes place when members of all four of these groups happen to get him in a corner at the same time. Perhaps Mrs. Taubenhause will get her turn someday, if she can fight her way through the crowd.

W. H. DANNEBERG, Administrator
Palmerton Hospital
Palmerton, Pa.

SIR:

I found "Hospital Hierarchy" extremely apt and interesting. Would Mrs. Taubenhause have any additional comments to make regarding a psychiatric setting where psychiatrists and psychologists seem constantly to feel a need for status recognition, the latter interpreting their Ph.D. degree as a symbol of achievement superior to that of an M.D. degree?

AUGUSTA SCHIRRMAN
Receiving Hospital
Portsmouth, Ohio

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THE HONEST ARROGANCE OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

BY ALBERT BUSH-BROWN

A graduate of Princeton, where he earned his master and his doctor degrees, ALBERT BUSH-BROWN taught at Western Reserve University before he joined the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he is presently associate professor of architecture. He has been collaborating with Dean John E. Burchard in the writing of ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA: A SOCIAL INTERPRETATION, commissioned by the American Institute of Architects.

MULL it over as you will, the American penchant for fouling the land has no acceptable counterbalance save the hope that lies in education. As long as we refuse to arrange space so it sustains the good life, we force our best architects to become crusaders — willing, even anxious, to affront society. In his assaults upon taste, Frank Lloyd Wright, the man of the magnificently delayed entrance, the blackthorn cane, the riverboat hat, the white suit, the black cape closed by a gold chain, was an arresting public accusation. He was an imperious showman whose words came gently from a desert face puckered and creased like an apple left on a February branch. His were seldom gentle words; they were cutting images of Welsh forensic. And only his hands — with the ceaselessly interweaving fingers, pushing tips, hooking and pulling and bending, the knuckles flexing to form roofs and columns and walls — told of the passion that shifted malice and hurt into architectural wisdom. For men inured to commitments, afraid to risk an autocratic decision, Frank Lloyd Wright's display of jaunty arrogance, of beguiling self-certainty, of cavalier disrespect, of unshakable determination was the top showmanship of an idea in an age when publicity agents

manufacture stars overnight. If an architect is to be measured as a persuasive entrepreneur, then in his final hour Wright had no peer.

Inevitably the measure of his talent became snarled in his stature as a man. Faced with requests to alter a design for reasons of economy, he treated compromise as an insult and stormed off the job broadcasting accolades to an artist's integrity while forgetting that a client too has his right. Such legitimate criticisms of his reliability and adaptability soon gathered illicit accomplices in a picture of unbridled sin, including a stormy knife fight, marital and extramarital escapades, berserk servants, financial insolvencies, legal battles, indentured apprentices, and other overly rehearsed biographical irrelevancies.

It became easy to dismiss Wright as a notorious eccentric, to regale any group with the latest mischievous episode or biting retort, to regard him as a paragon of Bohemian license. The *non sequitur* came in believing that a culprit could create nothing save an immoral architecture, as though a bandit might not also be a great poet. The irrelevancy stood precisely in the fact that architectural beauty owes nothing to economy, truth, and goodness. The Parthenon drained the Athe-

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nian treasury and did so in a time of war; Hagia Sophia deified a barbarian turned lawyer and the crafty actress he married; Gizeh immortalized a deplorable Egyptian morality—yet they are nonetheless esteemed as art. That was the measure Wright wanted, not the naïve approbations of those who allay their suspicions of beauty by grasping spurious economic and moral justifications for their taste or a public which makes pilgrimages to a vapid Statue of Liberty shining her vacuous benignity at the gateway to social convention.

Nor, dismissing personal biography, shall we find an adequate measure of Wright's talent in his relations with his profession. Refusing to the last to join the American Institute of Architects, he attacked their integrity, antagonized their officers, and defied their right to set fees, write codes of ethics, and influence the centers of finance, government, and education. Perhaps one does not expect the finest judge or the finest surgeon to lead his professional association, but the many-sided aspects of architecture have meant almost inevitably that the architect who is a businessman and promoter, not an artist and certainly never a pioneer artist, would dominate the professional society and, unable to set a standard for quality, would aim the society at becoming a lobby for conservatism. As long as classicists were entrenched, Wright attacked such banalities as the rotunda on the Potomac which John Russell Pope erected as an "arrogant insult" to the memory of Thomas Jefferson; and his attacks were met blow for blow by those who heaped a final indignity upon him in 1957 when they withheld from Wright the Centennial Medal he alone deserved. Perhaps no one in America had done more for architecture, but his contribution was a personal one, an art that could not be wrenched from his personality, and in the balance the gentlemen of the AIA failed to see that the art was more important.

There was, of course, an always incipient abuse of power. His long-standing fury against the glass-boxed steel cages of Mies van der Rohe led him to cut even a modern architect of uncommon elegance, as Philip Johnson learned when his house at New Canaan was said to have been built "by a monkey for a monkey." Johnson might chip a piece from the Matterhorn by omitting Wright from a long list of great modern architects, only to drag him in parenthetically as the "greatest architect of the nineteenth century"; but the bitter sting remained for Wright to deliver when, meeting Johnson after he and Mies had completed New York's Seagram Building, Wright asked whether he was "still putting up little buildings and leaving them out in the rain?" In the public eye, all this gossip kept architects obviously disunited, fractious, and unequal to a reliable

stand on public issues involving art. Thus when Wright appeared as the star witness before a Congress worried about the Miesian Air Force Academy, he attacked the whole project, offered his own services, and flagrantly misused his power.

THERE are no great rewards to be had from Frank Lloyd Wright's writing, where the pages contain mawkish paeans to democracy and the "organic" life, an occasional sensitive tribute to the Arizona desert or the Badlands of the Dakotas, and many ranting and frequently undeserved attacks upon people, institutions, and history, in a patent rewrite intended to bolster his autobiographical position. No student can learn about architectural design from Wright's pages, for he never spoke of it, though he claimed to talk of nothing else.

His themes are nineteenth-century themes. First there is the hero, of Wagnerian dimensions, capable of great public service, as Plutarch would have him, but a Carlylean hero forced to breast the wave of ignorance around him. This hero, a Messiah in the lineage of Christ, a philosopher like Lao-tse, owes his strength to nature; his parables come from the field; his metaphor is the root and flower, never the machine. He is first and foremost an individual, total in his grasp of life, and his pulse, too easily stilled by the academy, must be quickened by creative work beginning in Froebel's kindergarten. He is an architect, the master builder of Ibsen and Ruskin, alert to structure, as Viollet-le-Duc taught, and able to command all the arts and crafts to realize William Morris' social aims. With Whitman he sings of the dignity of man, of democracy, of American destiny; with Emerson he praises self-reliance; and over all are written the Darwinian theory of adaptation and the Spencerian formula for survival.

Here were all the myths of the American mind: that the city is iniquity, the yeoman farmer pure, the village a strength; that the epitome of civilization will arrive on American soil—in the Midwest, far from Europe, far from the East coast, its universities, churches, and cities; that the American destiny is to create an original form of natural life in which the individual stands supreme, more primitive than urbane, more democratic than bureaucratic, with the artist in control of the machine, no longer its slave; and that, once surrounded with proper environment, human nature will invariably aspire toward the best.

The myth cut Wright off from most of the deepest currents of twentieth-century culture. An optimist, as all architects must be, he drew a curtain between himself and the geometric retreats

of Mondriaan, the witty caricatures of human frailty proposed by Miró, the ghastly inhumanities of *Guernica*, the dark world of Faulkner. In spite of all his apostrophes to "organic architecture," an architecture derived from twentieth-century necessities, he failed to drink from the wells of contemporary science and remained content with a vitalistic interpretation of heredity and adaptation long after experimental biologists had turned from Bergson to seek physicochemical explanations of life. Thus he regarded a building as a plant sprung from its space-seed, exfoliating in conformity to the laws of growth and environment but forced by an impelling inner urgency to flower in an unexpected brilliance that transcended the soil where it grew. Meanwhile, crystallography, astronomy, nuclear physics, and biochemistry passed him by.

Nor will you find Wright in the vanguard of liberal social reformers in any of the great movements of recent history, whether associated with labor, world government, or education. He believed his social mission was to build beautifully, and when the centers of power failed to seek him, they became in his mind the strongholds of reaction. He clung to an idea of primitive democracy at a time when decisions were more commonly made by officials appointed to dole out patronage and organize graft and when state legislators were as often as not also real-estate speculators whose investments determined where the new highway or public building would go and who would build it. He established no seminal designs for labor buildings, government buildings, public schools, factories, recreation facilities, or public housing. When he condemned even the sincere attempts at providing such buildings, he seemed an ember glowing brightest just before it joins the pile of dead ashes.

You cannot ask too much of his buildings, either. You cannot be satisfied if you require that they be perfect in detail and full of wonderful joinery and refinement; for he was the strongest devotee of the cult of originality that has driven the post-Renaissance artist into frenzied innovation at the loss of perfection. You cannot expect to find satisfaction either in his innovations, for the inventions, whether split-level living rooms, the corner picture window, the carport, radiant heating, all-steel office furniture, or air conditioning, were technical answers to demands for a mechanically controlled environment and gained no aesthetic quality by being first. You cannot delight in finding an isolated form so powerfully distinctive that it remains an emblem for the institution it houses, for Wright, like all artists in the twentieth century,

found it impossible to reserve the strong structural forms made available by modern technology, because society continuously robs the architect of his best language, using it for tawdry gas stations, hamburger stands, and motels, so that he can no longer speak the speech he should make for the important centers of culture. In all this, society piped the tune, and if it was satisfied with the crude, the gadget, the blatant, the misappropriated, even the strongest artist might not survive the dance.

It is, of course, important that architecture meet the measure of utility, and few of Wright's buildings would satisfy the physical demands an efficiency engineer would propose. A long list of leaky roofs, parting seams, cracking walls, and tortuous corridors could be compiled by anyone who has knocked his head against Wright's low doors and trellises. Some of the failures in his houses were due to half a century of negligent occupancy; some, like the inconvenient second-story kitchens, dining rooms, and living rooms, were wistful reminders of earlier times and plentiful servants; still others revealed that penchant of all aging architects to press a tyrannical formalism regardless of performance — the hexagon, for instance, that Wright imposed throughout a house until the clients rebelled at having a bathtub to match, and Wright characteristically warned that if they wanted to start compromising now he was through.

At what point should an intimidated client rebel? Early, Frederick C. Robie had found no reason to break his happy relations with the forty-year-old architect who designed the roof-sheltered and rhythmically mullioned spaces of his beautiful house in Chicago. Even the Wisconsin engineers who doubted Wright's faith were reassured by the graceful dendriform columns that today still sustain the glorious space in the Johnson Wax Administration Building. Tokyo saw his Imperial Hotel withstand both a leveling earthquake and the later taunts of engineers who suggested that the Imperial had caused the quake. Not even the obvious unsuitability of the Guggenheim Museum's low-ceiled helix, cramped offices, echoing auditorium, and inadequate work spaces deterred the headlong pursuit of sculptural form; if the pictures were too tall, cut them in half, Wright said, brandishing his cane.

But once you have picked all the cracked calking from the leaky joints between the glass tubes around the Johnson Wax Building, once you have stood by silently as the Robie House, Coonley House, and other great heirlooms die a slow death on the altar of functionalism or meet the cleaner stroke of the wrecker's ball and bulldozer's blade, joining the rubble made of the Larkin Building and Midway Gardens and soon to be made by the

hotel owner in Tokyo, there is still a greater, deeper sense of function to be remembered — the one that has kept the scaffold-borne masons and glaziers repairing the Gothic cathedrals and Byzantine basilicas for centuries in spite of their manifest inefficiencies and physical shortcomings.

For Wright's buildings accept the snow on their rock ledges, shine in the desert sun, are freshened by rain and fog, have a serenity that gathers children to them, and receive the vine and flower when crassly functional buildings refuse. His best spaces have a peace that surpasses functional understanding. You may expect and you may receive from many architects a reliable, practical performance, even a brilliance and finish that the sensitive poet will not often achieve; but you will sometimes obtain from a poet that elusive and spirited art which makes wood and stone and concrete spring palpably to life. Wright's best buildings retained the thrill of a man inspired by an idea and also the sense of a man who could make mistakes, sometimes horrible ones like the Community Church in Kansas City, where clients, deciding to go their own way with a meretricious design, produced one of the ugliest buildings in America. Work-weary and dulled by such environment, we seek Wright's best or leaf through his drawings, astonished and revived by the fountainhead of sheer genius with space.

Wright worked best when the landscape suggested a definite theme, a declivity to be accented by a tower, a boulder beside a lake to be echoed by a quirk in a long roof, a cactus-dotted, rock-strewn knoll to be translated into ship-lapped balconies and Maya-battered walls, a pond and low-hanging willows to reflect and filter a geometrically patterned concrete wall, a waterfall set among striated rock and Pennsylvania woodlands, a hill for roofs to hover around, nestling gardens and pools and living spaces. His work often retained much primitive, rugged, earthy vitality, even peasant crudeness, and his geometry boldly sprang long continuous horizontal masses, penetrated them with rhythmic sequences of interrupted verticals, phrased the statements with bracketing chimneys and punctuating towers, took a deep breath at the void of a door, then ended the statement with a flourish of roof planes floated in air. In the city, Wright never was struck with any desire except to close a wall against frenetic tempos and banal surroundings, and, turning his buildings inward, he attempted to shout his neighbors through gargantuan scale and powerful forms. Then his power could be felt, as in the great prow of the Guggenheim,

only in relation to the dull staccato of the dreary passage along our city streets. Even Florida Southern College, where Wright designed the entire campus, did not escape one of the pitfalls of modern architecture, the restless assemblage of overwrought, grossly scaled bombasts and nervous sophistications that drive us to seek a private corner away from an architecture that is too much in evidence and so all-demanding that neither painting nor sculpture, let alone people, can live easily with it.

The devotee of Wright did not often see past the superficial signs of his style, and indeed the view was difficult, since subjective axioms were promoted as dogmas. Thus many young architects were led astray by the fetish of hexagons or, more basically, developed a cult of self-conscious expression of the nature of materials, sites, structural systems, functions, and interior spaces, forgetting that great buildings, including the Parthenon and Taj Mahal, made no overt expression of those particular beliefs. Then there arrived the new architecture of weather-worn peasant rusticity, ebullient but raw materials, structural exhibitionism, and pathetic patches of skylit gardens in living rooms. Wright's style was too personal and also too peripheral to his genius to be followed, and those who emulated his details could never evolve the next stage in the development of architecture.

What was truly essential in Wright's work was his capacity to capture space within eccentrically disposed masses; to describe planes that come forward and planes in recession, projections and hollowed places; to balance these as no previous architect had; to make them become rhythmic patterns revealed by light and shade. From the exterior we anticipate his interiors, but once inside we find consonant, rich developments of his themes, as space is trapped at an entrance, drawn out thin under a porte-cochere, revolved through a door, released to pirouette in the cylindrical recesses of a Johnson Wax lobby, then set free to soar over the bridge or glide beneath it into the main secretarial room, where the space eddies around ballerinas poised delicately on tiptoe as only Degas might have recorded.

You will find architects now working in Detroit, in Chicago, in New Haven — a Yamasaki, a Netsch, a Rudolph — for whom that marvelous development of spatial theme taught the lesson that a building's only memorable function is to be a satisfying work of art. Wright showed that such art might arrive on American soil. Could a lesser arrogance or a dishonesty have taught as much?

The Burning of Byron's Memoirs

by

Doris Langley Moore

The world today would give a good deal to be allowed to read the Memoirs which Lord Byron wrote between 1818 and 1821 and entrusted to his friend Thomas Moore. After the poet's death the manuscript was burned, for reasons explained by DORIS LANGLEY MOORE, the English scholar and novelist, in this absorbing detective essay.

The Memoirs written by Byron between 1818 and 1821 formed a substantial though uncompleted book. They were produced in three batches, and consisted of over four hundred pages (a hundred sheets) of folio paper — some of it, according to Byron's own description, very long and large. If it was the same as he used for certain compositions at this time, each page would probably have contained not less than three hundred words.

*The theory that Byron's friends and family were bent on the suppression of some evil secret, which they supposed he had given away, will not hold water for a moment when it is considered that some or all of the manuscripts were read by a numerous group of persons who took no vow of silence. These included among others William Gifford, Lord and Lady Holland, Richard Hoppner, Washington Irving, Lord Kinnaird, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, Lady Caroline Lamb (who alludes to them scathingly in her little-known novel *Ada Reis*), Thomas Moore, Lord Rancliffe, Lord John Russell, possibly Samuel Rogers, and certainly Mary Shelley, who was paid a hundred pounds for her recollections of them.*

Byron wrote to John Murray (October 29, 1819): "If you like to read them, you may, and show them to any body you like — I care not." At various dates he suggested letting them be seen by critics of his conduct, and in August, 1822, he had a fleeting notion of publishing them while he was yet alive.

With Byron's permission a second copy was begun by Dr. Williams, a friend of Moore's, but as he had not sufficient application for the task, it was later continued by another friend, Dumoulin. After Dumoulin's untimely death, the work was finished by a professional copyist, unnamed. The three men were employed successively on one copy, and there is unhappily no warrant for the idea that several were made. The copy and original were in John Murray's hands at the time of Byron's death.



Byron was one of the most notable and controversial figures in the Western world, passionately loved, passionately hated, his very name a storm center: no one who had known him would ever have the remotest possibility of forgetting him, least of all the man who would have to deal with the hundreds of problems he had left behind him — his executor. And he had died at thirty-six in circumstances to draw upon him even more than the usual measure of public attention. A foreign people had gone into mourning for him.

Among the documents which his kinsman, Lord Sidney Osborne, had sent by express to John Cam Hobhouse, Byron's closest friend, was the hurriedly printed decree of the provisional government of Greece commanding that the Easter festival be suspended, the shops closed for three days, and general mourning observed for twenty days, beginning at sunrise the day after Byron's death

Lord Byron, sketch by Count D'Orsay.

with the firing of thirty-seven minute guns. It was nearly a month since that melancholy tribute had reverberated along the swamps of Missolonghi. The news, though transmitted with all possible speed, could not come faster than sailing ships were able to carry it. Byron had died on the evening of April 19, 1824. The documents reached Hobhouse on May 14.

Hobhouse held a consultation with Douglas Kinnaird, Byron's banker and trustee and holder of his power of attorney, and Sir Francis Burdett, another friend who had been concerned in business matters. Sir Francis agreed to break the news to Byron's sister, Augusta Leigh; Kinnaird to distribute the letters from Greece to those most vitally affected, amongst whom was that very featureless Byron cousin, Captain George Anson Byron, R.N., the new lord; Kinnaird also made haste to get an accurate report to the press. Hobhouse wrote some hurried notes to members of Byron's former London circle and, later in the day, followed up Burdett's visit to Mrs. Leigh. She was "in an afflicting condition," causing his own tears to flow afresh and uncontrollably. William Fletcher, who had served Byron as valet since the latter's boyhood, had addressed a letter to her in Hobhouse's care giving her, painfully, in ill-spelled groping phrases, with all the touching eloquence of a complete want of art, a description of her brother's illness and death.

After it had been arranged with Captain Byron that he should go down to Beckenham in Kent and inform his cousin by marriage that she was a widow, Hobhouse was sadly reunited with Burdett and Kinnaird for dinner.

"We had a melancholy evening, recalling to mind the various excellencies of our dear friend."

These three distinguished and well-meaning gentlemen did not confine their conversation to affectionate reminiscences. In their ardent resolution to protect the memory of the still unburied dead, they formed a plan to secure and destroy an important manuscript which only one of them had set eyes on, and about the value of which the prime mover Hobhouse (who had not read it) was by no means equipped to form any judgment. The steps necessary to this drastic and highhanded proceeding occupied a large part of the three following days.

IN THE meantime, there were expressions of an acute public and private sense of loss on every side. The newspapers, so often hostile, were full of eulogy, and even the lady at Beckenham who had spent eight years meditating on grievances was reported by Captain Byron to be "in a distressing state." All these demonstrations gave a somber

satisfaction to Hobhouse, who, during nearly half of his thirty-seven years, had coaxed, admonished, quarreled with, fought for, and loved the object of them; had shared with him experiences so bizarre that they would have seemed farfetched in a novel; had seen him at his best, noble and generous, and at his worst, capricious and destructive as a fractious child.

And since the verdicts of men of questionable character whose knowledge of Byron was extremely limited have been so often quoted, it may not be irrelevant to consider the private summing up, of a man of unquestionable character, who had spent as long in his company as all the other commentators put together:

The *Times* of yesterday announced his death in a manner which is, I think, a fair sample of the general opinion of this event. The writer is, however, mistaken in saying that others may have *been more tenderly beloved than Lord Byron*, for no man ever lived who had such devoted friends. His power of attaching those about him to his person was such as no one I ever knew possessed. No human being could approach him without being sensible of this magical influence. There was something commanding, but not overawing in his manner. He was neither grave nor gay out of place, and he seemed always made for that company in which he happened to find himself. There was a mildness and yet a decision in his mode of conversing, and even in his address, which are seldom united in the same person. He appeared exceedingly free, open, and unreserved to everybody, yet he contrived at all times to retain just as much self-restraint as to preserve the respect of even his most intimate friends, so much so that those who lived most with him were seldom, if ever, witnesses to any weakness of character or conduct that could sink him in their esteem.

He was full of sensibility, but he did not suffer his feelings to betray him into absurdities. There never was a person who by his air, deportment, and appearance, altogether more decidedly persuaded you at once that he was well born and well bred. He was, as Kinnaird said of him, "a gallant gentleman."

When every allowance has been made for the emotion under which such a passage was written, there is extensive testimony both from Hobhouse's own diaries while his friend still lived and a most diverse assortment of other records that Byron did in fact have an extraordinary power of attracting and attaching people; but as is usual with those who enjoy this dangerous privilege, he also had an extraordinary power of attracting and attaching scandals. He not only appeared free, open, and unreserved, but he actually was so to an extent which gave a singular vividness to his communications; and, after a fairly complete severance from the fashionable and political circles of London in which Hobhouse himself had never ceased to mix, he had written his reminiscences. As if that were

not indiscreet enough, he had annoyed Hobhouse intensely by making a practically unrestricted gift of them to the Irish poet, Thomas Moore. Being encumbered with debt, Moore had proceeded with Byron's full approval to assign them to John Murray for two thousand guineas — a transaction Hobhouse chose to describe in these acrimonious words: "Lord Byron made a present of himself to Mr. Moore, and Mr. Moore sold his Lordship to the booksellers."

It was this most valuable document which Hobhouse with reckless haste decided to have destroyed. His belief in his own mission to protect his friend's posthumous fame, combined with his long-standing jealousy of Byron's fondness for Moore, had blinded him utterly to the fact that such a measure would give detractors a first-rate start for any rumors they might care to set afloat, while even his admirers would feel that the revelations must have been deplorable.

With money which Burdett, Kinnaid, and he himself were ready to provide, Hobhouse could, if permitted, buy back the Memoirs; with moral indignation — the more persuasive because he so earnestly felt it — he could make the perfectly open and legitimate bargain between Moore and Murray seem reprehensible; finally, striking while the iron was hot and everyone in a state of tension, he could stir up Byron's widow and sister to bring pressure to bear. He wrote to the one and went to see the other.

That sister — or rather, half sister, the Hon. Augusta Leigh — had never seen the Memoirs, but Hobhouse, who broached the subject to her with urgency, was able to convince her that their destruction must be secured. She was a confused and malleable character, and, moreover, she had been subjected for years to an insidious undermining attack on her affection for her brother — a process giving rise to such anxieties that everything he did or said or wrote seemed fraught with awful possibilities. Like Hobhouse, she had been dismayed at his headstrong folly in persisting in the composition of *Don Juan* despite all sage counsels, and, like Hobhouse again, she deplored his association with Moore; so at a second interview she was prevailed upon to agree to an appointment for the purpose of receiving the manuscript as an object condemned. Since Byron's wife had been legally separated from him, and his daughter was still in her infancy, Augusta was invariably treated as his next of kin.

Hobhouse had expected difficulties with John Murray, for it would be natural for a publisher who had in hand an asset of such great commercial potentialities to be resolved to guard it. He required a good deal from Murray: a promise to search out and destroy Byron's indiscreet letters

and papers immediately, though their literary and cash value was immense, and a further promise to hand over the Memoirs — all mounting up to a rather tall order. But instead of an antagonist, he found an eager ally; one who, for longer than Hobhouse himself, would be glad to take the blame — or, as he certainly supposed, the credit — of having been the chief actor in the drama. John Murray in fact was burning with a belief in his mission not less impassioned than Hobhouse's own. How it had been ignited — whether spontaneously or at the prompting of Lady Byron's friends — remains enigmatical.

Not that Lady Byron, any more than her sister-in-law, had read the Memoirs, though a very explicit offer had been made to her to do so by Byron, who had informed her that they contained a "long and minute" account of their married life and separation:

I could wish you to see, read — and mark any parts that do not appear to coincide with the truth. The truth I have always stated — but there are two ways of looking at it — and your way may not be mine. I have never revised the papers since they were written. You may read them — and mark what you please. . . . You will find nothing to flatter you — nothing to lead to the most remote supposition that we could ever have been — or be happy together. But I do not choose to give to another generation statements which we cannot arise from the dust to prove or disprove — without letting you see fairly and fully what I look upon you to have been — and what I depict you as being. If seeing this — you can detect what is false — or answer what is charged — do so — *your* mark shall not be erased.

But Lady Byron, whose calculating prudence had been a subject of remark some time before she had committed the one astonishing imprudence of marrying a highly strung poet, had very deliberately rejected the opportunity. Another woman might have been unable to resist the temptation to learn exactly how a husband whose bitter and eloquent verses disclosed to the world his sense of injury would set forth the mutual disaster of their marriage; but she had realized at once that she would be in a much stronger position if she refused to hear anything resembling a defense. It looked dignified and it baffled the vehement, communicative Byron. She had achieved an exemplary proficiency in this art of baffling.

LADY BYRON's friends were not a whit less devoted than her husband's and were honored with even more significant confidences; though unlike Byron, whose lack of reserve was obvious, she had a most discreet and guarded manner and gave the

impression each time she offered revelations that they were wrung from her in spite of herself, and so she carried to her listeners the same conviction she always felt herself that she was pursuing a "policy of silence." By the time of Byron's death, there was a very substantial muster of people who had heard from her own lips the dreadful record of her year of married life, and who thought it grossly unfair for the other party to have left any reminiscences of his own on this topic.

Among these ardent supporters were Vice Admiral Sir William Hope of the Admiralty Board and his wife, Lady Athlone. Sir William lost no time in applying himself to the urgent question: would Lady Byron's representatives agree to repay John Murray the money Moore had been given for the Memoirs if they were handed over for burning? He had every reason to be optimistic, because he had been informed by an Admiralty secretary, John Barrow, who was familiar at 50 Albemarle Street, that Murray was full of readiness to cooperate with any members of Byron's family who might wish to destroy his Memoirs, and it could not be doubted that the money to reimburse him would be raised, for Lady Byron was rich. Accordingly, two days after Byron's death became known, Sir William called on her solicitor, G. B. Wharton, and not finding him at home dashed off a letter to him.

16 May 1824

My Dear Sir,

Having a most sincere esteem for Lady Byron, and considering how much she has already suffered, it would be a most cruel & lamentable circumstance, was She to undergo any further mortifications.

It is to endeavour to prevent this happening, that I now commit to Paper a conversation I had this morning with Mr. Barrow one of our Secretaries. . . .

You are aware, I believe, that the late Lord Byron wrote a life of himself & entrusted the Manuscript to Mr. Moore, under the injunction that it was not to be Published in his lifetime. In consequence of Pecuniary difficulties, this manuscript Mr. Moore disposed of (I think most fortunately) to Mr. Murray the Bookseller under the same injunction as to publication — that period having arrived, Mr. Murray naturally looked at it, but he found [it] written in language so horrid & disgusting, that he felt as a man of honour would do, & has *refused* the £2000 guineas [*sic*] he gave for it [*sic*], from another in the Trade who at Mr. Moore's request wanted to get it back, & yesterday he came to Mr. Barrow to state the circumstance, & to know if he could recommend him to any Relation of the Family to whom he might communicate these circumstances. Mr. Barrow did not happen to know any person but Mr. Wilmot Horton, to whom he recommended him to you [*sic*]. As I have not heard what has passed in that quarter, I am most desirous to give you this early information, and to conjure you not to lose one moment in seeing Mr. Murray, for

from what Mr. Barrow told me, I am sure it would drive to distraction the amiable Lady B. was this [*? unloosed*] to the Publick in Print — Mr. Murray said to Mr. Barrow, that he wanted *no Profit*, & would give back (to be burnt I hope) this abominable manuscript to the Relations of the family upon being re-imbursed what he had advanced. . . .

Ever yours truly
Wm Johnstone Hope.

Besides the errors that may be attributed to haste, there are other curious features here not so easily accounted for. John Murray himself consistently disclaimed having read the Memoirs. How then can he have found their language "horrid and disgusting"? He was well acquainted with Byron's family and had corresponded with Lady Byron since the separation. Why should he apply to John Barrow, a stranger to all concerned, for a recommendation to one of the relatives? Why seek Barrow's introduction to Wilmot Horton, whom he already knew? Yet, if these were deliberate misrepresentations, Lady Byron's lawyer was hardly the person to address them to, and we must conclude that the statements were made in good faith.

John Barrow is nowhere mentioned in the *Narrative of the circumstances preceding the destruction of the Memoirs of Lord Byron as far as Mr. Wilmot Horton was cognizant of that transaction*, composed within a fortnight by Wilmot Horton; but that he was very busy behind the scenes is evident from the lines to John Murray dated the same Sunday:

I enclose you a note from Sir William Hope, who is exceedingly interested in what concerns Lady Byron; and I have ventured to assure him that you will take no step hastily, and I have reason to believe that you have no other object than that of being indemnified for the money you gave for the manuscript. It would be well got rid of, if he would take it off your hands and consign it to the flames.

Before the morning was out he had also sent off a reassurance to the Admiralty:

My dear Sir William:

I have laid an injunction on Murray who, if I know him at all, will be ready to do what is right and what I advise him; and I am sure he wishes for nothing more than sheer indemnification for the Sum which he gave to Mr. Moore, which I believe was 2000 Guineas. I entirely agree with you that so infamous a document ought never to see the light except that of the fire, and that 2000 Guineas would be a cheap purchase in comparison to the pain and anguish the publication of it might inflict on poor Lady Byron and her friends.

I am, my dear Sir William
very faithfully yours
John Barrow

These letters make it very hard to see who was taking the initiative in getting Byron's work

destroyed. The suggestion of burning it certainly seems to have originated with Sir William Hope, if we judge from Barrow's phrase "I entirely agree with you"; but the Horton Narrative shows that, with or without Barrow's influence, Murray was taking steps the day before any of the correspondence quoted here was in existence:

Mr. Murray called on Mr. Wilmot Horton on Saturday the 15th Inst. and for the 1st time informed him that he had the memoirs of Lord Byron in his possession. He stated . . . that he had strong reason to believe, although he had never read them himself, that they were entirely unfit for publication — that he well knew the curiosity that would exist in the world on the subject, and that consequently as far as his pecuniary interest was concerned, he should probably gain much more than he had given for them either by publishing or disposing of them — but that he was perfectly willing to place them in the hands of Lord Byron's family without conditions. Mr. Wilmot Horton stated in reply, that he was taken entirely by surprise with respect to this communication — that he had no authority to act for the family of Lord Byron — but that he had no hesitation in pledging himself to Mr. Murray that he should be indemnified for the Memoirs in question, upon placing them in the hands of the family of Lord Byron, and he requested Mr. Murray on no account to suffer these memoirs to leave his possession, until after further communication with him, with which arrangement Mr. Murray expressed himself entirely satisfied.

WILMOT HORTON could not have believed for an instant that Augusta Leigh, notoriously impecunious, was in a position to pay two thousand guineas to secure the papers. It was not, therefore, of her he was thinking when he pledged himself on behalf of the family, but of Lady Byron. The decision must nevertheless appear to be Augusta's.

She was a cousin of Horton's, and he sometimes acted as her spokesman on those occasions when, according to the code of the day, it was unseemly for a woman to speak for herself. Normally this role was filled by a father, brother, or husband, but Augusta's father, Captain Jack Byron, had long been dead, her surviving half brothers, the Duke of Leeds and Lord Francis Godolphin Osborne, generally kept out of Byron entanglements, and her husband, Colonel Leigh, was an idle and feckless gentleman who lived for horse racing, and no one ever expected him to show the slightest capacity for anything else.

Wilmot and his wife had been close friends of Augusta's, and she trusted them still, so far as she dared trust anybody, but unknown to her they had been privy since the breakup of the marriage to all that Lady Byron could tell them of her guilt and depravity, so they were not really well

disposed. Like Augusta's still more intimate friends, Thérèse Villiers and her husband, they were tacitly allies of Lady Byron's. It was felt that Augusta never could show adequate remorse, and although she had done penances without number and abased herself to an extent that now makes profoundly uncomfortable reading, there was one gesture of submission she had refused to offer. With something almost like pride, almost like firmness, she had maintained several years before, when her brother had been expected to visit England, that she could not bring herself absolutely to shut her doors to him. This recalcitrance had not been forgiven.

The necessity of preventing any autobiographical writing of Byron's from reaching the public might be supposed by Wilmot Horton to be a matter in which he could serve both ladies equally. Neither could wish the scandalous chronicle to circulate. Augusta was free from any fear that her brother would have betrayed her, but it was very plain that if he had written objectionably about his wife, the repercussions would be painful. Then there was the fact that Byron, always daring, had been more prone than ever in recent years to write blasphemies and indecencies. Besides *Don Juan* and the deplorable *Cain*, there was a case *pendente lite* at this very moment against the rash publisher of *A Vision of Judgement*, indicted as a seditious libel.

Augusta had rooms in St. James's Palace and a place at court with emoluments she could not afford to renounce. She was not a brave or strong-minded woman, and that she yielded to the various pressures that were brought to bear on her needs no recondate explanation.

A letter asking for the advice of her firmer, more self-reliant sister-in-law provides with the sharpness almost of caricature a picture of the writer — her confusion, weakness, silliness, prejudice, and the dangerous good nature which showed itself in a too ready desire to please and to placate. For lack of space it must be abridged:

Sunday Night

My dearest A — I know that you will forgive me for inflicting my perplexities upon you — & I feel most particularly anxious that you should know them from myself — on Friday — during my first interview with Mr. Hobbouse — he expressed that *now* his first wish was to protect My poor Brother's *fame* & then alluded to *the Memoirs* as a subject of anxiety — I asked *who* had them he replied *Moore* — & told the story of a long squabble between Moore and Murray about them — which I really could not from nervousness comprehend — however it ended in his being *glad Moore had* them, I sorry Murray had them *not* — having of one a good opinion & the other quite the contrary — H — proceeded to say he did not know what to do — but must try to work on Moore's

feelings abt them, in which he appeared to think his Success doubtful — Yesterday he came — said he had something to tell I should be glad to hear — that *it was agreed* — (& he produced a *written paper* with ye agreement stated in it) that Moore Murray Hobhouse & Wilmot Horton sd come *here* — Murray receive 2000 G from Moore & place them the Memoirs in Moores hand who wd resign them into Mine — “& I advise you Mrs. L to burn them in our presence[?]” — I started & said, but is Moore to lose £2000! who can make that up to him — upon which H flew into a fit of *vehemence* & never could I understand anything but that I must be a Great fool for *Not* instantly Seizing his Meaning — so I *pretended* I did — & said *very well* — but have you heard from Mr. Wilmot that he *will* come — upon which I understood him to know it — he was to attend on your part — this arrangement was repeated in my presence to G[eorge] B[Byron] who probably may have told you of it — with ye addition of a suggestion that *he* might also be present — & that D Kinnaird had or wd advance the Money for Moore — when alone with George I exclaimed, “*what can I do?*” for you may imagine my dearest A the horrid task assigned me much as I agree in the expediency of the destruction of this or any thing that may be a disgrace to poor Bs memory. . . .

I understand Mr. Moore says he will only resign them into *My* hands — if, at a proper time I am allowed *any voice* in the affair — (to which I do not pretend to have any right or claim) — *but* if I have, I am most *irrevocably* determined that not one single *line* or *word* shall ever be published, or *not* be burnt — & I only wish I had 3000 Gs to give Moore for them at this moment.

HOBHOUSE, believing the Memoirs were under Thomas Moore’s control, had hurried to get him to an interview at Kinnaird’s house in Pall Mall in order, as he told Augusta, “to work on his feelings,” and this he did so successfully that Moore signed a paper, drawn up by Kinnaird, promising to surrender Byron’s gift to Augusta and let her do what she would with it — which meant, as he was well aware, what Hobhouse had decided she should do.

To understand the probable reason for Moore’s assent to Hobhouse’s astounding proposition, we must glance backward to early November, 1821, when Moore learned that two great bulwarks of his social life, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, were united in disliking his transaction with Murray. Lord and Lady Holland had both been allowed to read the manuscript and had found some comment adverse to Lady Holland in it, and that was what set off the unfortunate train of Moore’s misgivings. The disapproval of noblemen, and particularly of these, to whom he was under many obligations, was unendurable to him, and he had soon begun negotiating with Murray for a

new contract that would enable him to regain possession of the scripts.

In order to induce John Murray to turn what amounted to an outright purchase into a loan on security, Moore seems to have represented to him, misleadingly, that Byron was having second thoughts about future publication, Murray being much more likely to do a remarkably obliging thing for Byron than for Moore. What Murray believed may be given in his own words:

In November, 1821, a joint assignment of the Memoirs was made to me by Lord Byron and Mr. Moore, with all legal technicalities, in consideration of a sum of 2000 guineas. . . . Some months after the execution of this assignment, Mr. Moore requested me, as a great personal favour to himself and Lord Byron, to enter into a second agreement, by which I should resign the absolute property which I had in the Memoirs, and give Mr. Moore and Lord Byron, or any of their friends, a power of redemption *during the life of Lord Byron*. As the reason pressed upon me for this change was that their friends thought there were some things in the Memoirs that might be injurious to both, I did not hesitate to make this alteration at Mr. Moore’s request; and accordingly, on the 6th day of May, 1822, a second deed was executed, stating that, “Whereas Lord Byron and Mr. Moore are now inclined to wish the said work not to be published, it is agreed that, if either of them shall, *during the life of the said Lord Byron*, repay the 2000 guineas to Mr. Murray, the latter shall redeliver the Memoirs.”

It is possibly this attestation which had led several biographers to state that, about the time of his mother-in-law’s death, Byron began to vacillate and, hoping for reconciliation with his wife, to wish he could reclaim what he had written about her. A number of entries in Moore’s Journal place it beyond doubt that he was resolved to ask for the new contract many weeks before January, 1822, when Lady Noel died, and at a time when Byron himself was vigorously defending Moore’s right to profit by the Memoirs and his own to have them posthumously published. Nor has anything ever come to light in Byron’s correspondence to indicate either that he regretted what he called his anticipated legacy to Moore or that he still had hopes of a reconciliation with his wife.

The only friends of Byron’s who had been actively worrying about the bargain were Holland and Hobhouse, not disinterested parties, and Douglas Kinnaird, who read the Memoirs without turning a hair but took strong exception to the original contract — the one by which “Mr. Moore sold his Lordship to the booksellers” — and who belonged to the anti-Moore faction of Byron’s friends.

Having demonstrated his anxiety to appease his exalted advisers, Moore had not the means to do anything further. The redemption of the pledge

needed a large sum even measured by the standards prevailing today, when the pound has diminished to less than a fifth of the value it then had. His inability, after all the fuss he had made, to complete the act of repurchase must have been humiliating when he was confronted by Hobhouse and Kinnaird, whose disapprobation was patent.

Moore's most persistent foibles were snobbery and the kind of defensive pride that is found chiefly in men who lack security. An Irishman in an epoch when the Irish were still an oppressed people, a grocer's son who had magically won a foothold in the world where birth was usually indispensable to acceptance, his position was rendered still more vulnerable by his being poor — dismally poor compared with Hobhouse, a bachelor free from family cares, whose father was an affluent and indulgent baronet, or Kinnaird, a peer's son with a partnership in a banking business. In consequence, he seemed obliged, the subject of money being raised, to make desperate gestures.

He had exposed all his weakness when, after his futile decision to reclaim the book, he had written in his Journal:

This is, I feel, over-delicate deference to the opinions of others; but it is better than allowing a shadow of suspicion to approach within a mile of one in any transaction.

"Over-delicate deference" must have been uppermost again when friends of Byron's who were gentlemen by birth informed him what he, as a gentleman himself, ought to do now that Byron was dead. His assent was halfhearted, but it was not withheld.

He afterwards announced in the *Morning Chronicle* that he had "placed the manuscript at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction — at least without previous perusal and consultation among the parties." Hobhouse angrily challenged the existence of the reservation, and since Moore signed the paper it is manifest that he could not have made it with sufficient force; but that he did at least attempt to make it is borne out by another entry in his Journal showing he had put forward arguments that to burn "without any previous perusal or deliberation . . . would be throwing a stigma upon the work which it did not deserve." He had also told Wilmot Horton how great an injustice they would do to Byron's memory "to condemn the work wholly and without even opening it, as if it were a pest bag." Nevertheless he had somehow been brought to concede the foolish promise. When such words as "sacrifice" and "honorable feeling" were the favored currency, Moore had never let himself be outdone by anyone.

But within hours, or less, he realized that he had gone too far and determined to retract. It is most ironical that he afterwards had to take almost the whole weight of public blame, because in reality his efforts to save the book were strenuous. Besides persuading Longmans, his publisher, to lend him money to buy the property back, and notifying John Murray of his intention, he managed within twenty-four hours to interview Samuel Rogers, Henry Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, and Henry Luttrell, all of whom were agreed that total destruction was uncalled for. Luttrell and perhaps Rogers had some knowledge of the contents of the alarming manuscript. They were both well acquainted with Byron and might be supposed to have his reputation at heart. Brougham on the other hand had been consulted on Lady Byron's behalf in the separation, which must have seemed a good reason for hearing his counsels.

Then there were Doyle, acting for Lady Byron, and Horton, vaguely supposed to represent Mrs. Leigh. Moore succeeded in seeing them both, and after a Saturday and Sunday spent in weighty colloquies, he was able to write Hobhouse to the effect that these respectable men had concurred in a "modification" of the irrevocable course first proposed.

They had reached the conclusion that all parties should together "peruse and examine" the reminiscences and eliminate what was objectionable, "rejecting all that could wound the feelings of a single individual but preserving what was innoxious and creditable to Lord Byron."

It was not a very satisfactory solution, but seen in perspective it had this merit — it would have given rise to such complicated and lingering disputes that time would have been gained for the outbreak of gentlemanly hysteria to subside. But Hobhouse, on receiving Moore's note on Monday morning, was resolved not to be overborne and set forth without even breakfasting to remonstrate with the most accessible of his opponents, Henry Luttrell, whom he had known for years and who like himself lived in Albany Court.

On his way to Luttrell's chambers, Hobhouse happened to meet Moore and, full of righteous anger, told him that "if the matter were ever publicly discussed, he must say what he thought of the whole transaction." By playing fast and loose with his promise, Moore had increased the embarrassment of his situation, but he was nerved up now to make a stand.

The hour appointed for the final conference was almost at hand, and at Moore's request Luttrell was invited to attend it. The engagement to meet at Augusta's had been altered, and they gathered in Hobhouse's Albany rooms. Presently John Murray was announced, resolute for doing

away with a sensationally interesting unpublished book as, almost certainly, no publisher in history has ever been before or since. So shocked was he when he heard Moore reiterate his suggestion for keeping at least part of the work that, having "sat down, and in a very determined voice and manner protested that the MSS should be burnt forthwith," he launched into a speech of sheer heroics, which Hobhouse approvingly noted thus:

I do not care whose the MSS are; here am I, as a tradesman; I do not care a farthing about having your money, or whether I ever get it or not; but such regard have I for Lord Byron's fame and honour that I am willing and am determined to destroy these MSS which have been read by Mr. Gifford, who says they would be damaging to Lord Byron's name. It is very hard that I, as a tradesman, should be willing to make a sacrifice which you, as a gentleman, will not consent to.

This from a man who, two days before, had reminded Hobhouse that the sum due to him for redeeming the manuscript was not two thousand pounds, as written in the document Kinnaid had drawn up, but "two thousand guineas, with interest, and the collateral expenses of stamp, agreement, bond, etc." was decidedly impressive; but Moore for the moment held out, even when accused by Murray of acting "anything but like a man of honour." The tempers of Moore, Murray, and Hobhouse rose, while Luttrell "now and then put in a word, saying he could see no harm in reading the MSS."

Mr. Hobhouse insisted very strongly on the impropriety of such a proceeding. Mr. Moore said that both Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle, friends of Lady Byron and of Lord Byron's family, saw no objection to the perusal of the Memoirs. Mr. Hobhouse remarked that he could hardly bring himself to believe that; and Mr. Murray stated that those two gentlemen themselves were at this moment waiting at his house, in order to be present at the destruction of the Memoirs.

On hearing this, this whole party left Mr. Hobhouse's rooms, and proceeded to Mr. Murray's house in Albemarle Street.

THE six people who now met in the famous drawing room which had witnessed so many pleasanter gatherings fell by a natural division into the three pairs: Hobhouse and Murray, hot for destruction; Moore and Luttrell, who alone in that group knew what the book contained, anxious for at least its partial preservation; Horton and Doyle, swayed by Moore's powerful arguments of the day before, yet on the whole favoring the solution that would appeal to Lady Byron.

What took place now was a full-scale alterca-

tion, Murray protesting that Moore was not legally entitled to recover the book, the agreement for which however could not be found; Hobhouse pressing the wishes of Mrs. Leigh; and Moore so ill-judging as to oppose him with the wishes of Byron. There was nothing better calculated to irritate a man who felt that he owned a proprietary right in Byron — who had conferred with him about his writings since their undergraduate days, interviewed his publisher, corrected his proofs, and brought out a substantial volume of notes to one of his works. To be told of Byron's wishes on a matter both literary and personal by one whom he despised must have been an infusion of wormwood into the cup of his grief — a grief much deeper than the inveterately superficial Moore was capable of feeling.

He was provoked to retort with what he had already said in private to Augusta — that Byron's wishes had changed: at their last meeting in September, 1822, Byron had expressed uneasiness about his gift and had been restrained only by delicacy toward Moore from recalling it.

Moore did not believe Hobhouse, and the conflict reached a degree of bitterness that nearly led to a challenge. Even at the last moment, when the manuscript with the only copy that existed of it had been brought into the room and was about to be torn up and thrown into the flames, Moore "still continued his remonstrances, saying: '*Remember I protest against the burning as contradictory to Lord Byron's wishes and unjust to me.*'"

By now a seventh person had joined the company, a boy sixteen years old, John Murray's son, destined to be the third in the unbroken succession of John Murrays whose history as publishers begins in the mid-eighteenth century. He was introduced as the heir to the house, to share in what was recognized as a momentous proceeding. As a man of eighty he could still recall the violence of the quarrel between Moore and Hobhouse.

To put down the pretensions of Moore seems by this time to have become Hobhouse's sole — as I think it was from the first his strongest — motive, for, when his Narrative is on the threshold of its culminating point, we find casually dropped into it this most significant passage:

Some one then asked whether or not the end proposed might not be answered by depositing the manuscripts under seals in the hands of some banker, in order to compare them with any spurious copy of the Memoirs which might afterwards appear. Mr. Hobhouse said he could see no objection to this proposal if Mrs. Leigh consented, but the proposal was overruled.

"Mr. Hobhouse could see no objection . . ." Then he was not opposed on principle to the preservation of his friend's recollections, but merely, it would appear, determined that they

should not be under the jurisdiction of Moore.

The person who ventured by far the soundest idea that had yet been put forward was Wilmot Horton; and as Hobhouse was willing that they should pause and refer the suggestion back to Mrs. Leigh, we are left with John Murray and Colonel Doyle as the only possible advocates of instant burning, Luttrell having been from the first on the side of Moore.

If we accept the account contained in a letter to Horton a year later, Doyle may be ruled out. "I regarded myself," he wrote, "only as a witness and not as a party to the proceeding."

Persuaded as he was that his conduct had been meritorious, John Murray would not have been at pains to deny that the last word was with him; but for one who regarded himself only as a witness, Colonel Doyle's behavior was curious. Hobhouse reports it thus:

Colonel Doyle then said to Mr. Moore "*I understand then that you stand to your original proposal to put the MSS at Mrs. Leigh's absolute disposal.*" Mr. Moore replied, "*I do but with the former protestation.*" "*Well then*" said Colonel Doyle, "*on the part of Mrs. Leigh, I put them into the fire.*" Accordingly Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle tore up the Memoirs and a copy of them, and burnt them.

Colonel Doyle's intervention "on the part of Mrs. Leigh" was unwarrantable, seeing that he was only, according to his own claim, holding a watching brief for Lady Byron. Though his subsequent denial of being given any definite instructions by her may have been true, it is straining credulity rather far to imagine their having the discussion which sent him hurrying to London, after she had received Hobhouse's urgent letter, without her once uttering an idea as to what the fate of the Memoirs ought to be. She had made her desire to prevent their circulation quite explicit in 1820, and must, one would suppose, have hinted an opinion in 1824. The expressions of satisfaction she wrote to at least two correspondents on hearing what had been done prove that Doyle was serving her loyally by putting the most drastic of all ends to the argument.

THE pages blazed, pages by the hand that had written *Don Juan* and also some of the finest prose of his century. Evidently under the impression that the holocaust was some sort of ritual, Wilmot Horton handed a batch of the papers to Hobhouse so that he might take his turn in feeding the fire. He declined, saying that only those empowered by Mrs. Leigh should do the work of destruction — a disingenuous excuse from the man who had said to her with so much emphasis: "*You must burn*

them." He was writer enough to have a glimmering, if there were a lucid interval in his fever, that what was being consumed was something of Byron. As the leaves, torn by the hands of Horton and Doyle, blackened and crumbled in the flames, the familiar handwriting must, for a moment at least, have reproached him. If so, his aching conscience served but to make him cruel. He seemed to take a pleasure in every discomfiture that Moore subsequently experienced; and there were many.

The first, over and above the loss of the battle, was the arrival of a solicitor with a draft of the missing agreement, which fully confirmed Murray's belief that, by neglecting to repay the loan during Byron's lifetime, Moore had totally forfeited his ownership of the Memoirs; after all the high words he was forced to confess lamely that his memory had erred and that he had never properly read the documents.

Then came a crucial dilemma. Murray, as it turned out, had only burned his own property. He had had the satisfaction of making a grandiose speech declaring that he did not care about the money, and now he could do no less than support his words by refusing to have it repaid. Why should Moore, to whom the sum was much greater than it was to Murray, not take him at his word? But pride compelled Moore to argue that, when he had consented to give up the Memoirs, he had looked upon them as his own.

Hobhouse not only led the chorus of disapprobation for Moore's vagueness in signing contracts without mastering their clauses, but implacably underlined in his Narrative Luttrell's reminder, interposed just when it looked as if Moore would consent to let Murray bear the loss: "*Recollect, Moore, you have had the money of Murray.*" Thus urged, there was no other course for one on the defensive but to become more persistent; and Murray, in the customary manner of those who make fine speeches, had it both ways, gaining the credit of his magnanimous words while accepting back in full his two thousand guineas — with interest and the other items he had mentioned.

Still unsated, Hobhouse asked him before they dispersed to own "that Mr. Murray had acted perfectly well and honourably in the business," to which Moore retorted, with a laugh that must have been rather a wry one, that he was like the Irishman who, when a judge inquired if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, exclaimed: "Oh nothing, except that by Jasus you've settled it all very nicely amongst you." Still Hobhouse would not let it go, but went on telling Moore, in a jesting style that must have been unutterably galling, how much he had been in the wrong.

Not that any degree of courage on Moore's part

could have averted the ultimate folly once it was proved that he was legally dispossessed; too many wheels had been set in motion. But the fact remains that he had consented — though protestingly — to what was done while he still believed he had the right to stop it. “The conclusion cannot be resisted,” says his biographer, L. A. G. Strong, “that Moore failed his friend.”

He was determined, however, not to make an admission so damaging either in public or in the privacy of his own meditations, and on the following day, May 18, restored to something like equanimity by a happy meeting with ladies of the Royal Family, he wrote an afterthought to his account of the scene at Albemarle Street, reminding himself how Hobhouse said Byron had ultimately regretted having given away the Memoirs. “This if I wanted any justification to myself for what I have done, would abundantly satisfy me as to the propriety of the sacrifice.”

It was a spurious justification introduced as a mere postscript with the words, “I ought to have mentioned —” Had Byron’s wishes been genuinely in his mind, they would not have been the last consideration he alluded to.

BUT even the most incontrovertible proof that Byron changed his mind about whether the Memoirs were to be made public would not have been a justification for what was done with them, seeing that an intention to refrain from publishing a document is in no wise synonymous with an intention to destroy it, and neither Hobhouse, Moore, nor anyone who had known Byron was ever so dishonest as to pretend that he had wished to recall his pages for the purpose of reducing them to ashes. On the contrary, all his references to them in letters and reported conversations are in a style which cannot but lead us to believe that their existence was a source of considerable satisfaction to him.

On this score testimony has come to light by a witness whose romantic and flowery mode of expression should not obscure the extremely valuable mass of firsthand evidence she has provided. This is the much underestimated Countess Guiccioli, author of two books on Byron, one of which has not yet been published except in the form of extracts. Writing the second work, *La Vie de Lord Byron en Italie*, in her old age and when a most sanctimonious code of morals prevailed, she was obliged to keep up a fiction that her relations with Byron had been platonic, but apart from this almost compulsory hypocrisy, her story, wherever it can be checked, proves reliable.

She recalls that when Byron gave Moore the

Memoirs — that is, the first batch of them — at his villa on the Brenta in 1819, “he was beaming. His beautiful face seemed to say that he could resign himself to the injustice of the present in the certainty that these pages would one day do him justice, and that at the same time he was lightening the burden of a friend.” She goes on to comment with bitterness on the treacherous destruction of these writings, which, had they been allowed to survive, would have made impossible “the disgusting fable that has crossed the Atlantic,* because they contained down to the tiniest details what had passed between him and Lady Byron.”

At the date in question, Countess Guiccioli had not sufficient command of English to have read the Memoirs, but Byron must have given her some notion of their contents. “Down to the tiniest detail” tallies well with his own phrase about the description of his married life. She saw him constantly while he proceeded with the work, which he sent off to Moore in successive parcels, and she lived with him till his embarkation for Greece in July, 1823. There is one sole point on which all observers are agreed, and that is that he was little disposed to concealment of his feelings; if he had repented of his memoir writing, his daily companion would not have remained in ignorance of the fact.

We may securely conclude with her that he would never have sanctioned the irrevocable suppression of the life story to which he had so long applied himself, any more than he sanctioned the suppression of *Don Juan*, when a conclave of his friends pleaded with him not to print it.

That a group of responsible people should presume to destroy unread a major work by a man whom each of them held to be a genius may seem so strange as almost to defy credence. It is not surprising that the public assumed it was being protected (much against its will) from disclosures of surpassing wickedness; we only marvel that Hobhouse and Murray should completely have failed to see the immense injury they were inflicting on the name they wished to glorify — injury crystallized in the following extract from the *New Monthly Magazine*:

It must be taken for granted that the Memoirs were utterly unfit for publication in any shape; and that Mr. Moore and Lord Byron’s other friends did not expurgate them only because they were incapable of expurgation.

The public were left unaware that, of the seven who saw Byron’s recollections consigned to oblivion, only two had read them, and theirs the voices

* Mrs. Beecher Stowe’s *True Story of Lady Byron*. The Memoirs certainly contained no anticipation of these disclosures.

that were raised in protest. The conclusions drawn by his detractors were inevitable; but if my synthesis of the various firsthand accounts has thrown any light on motives, the fantastic act can now be explained without any such sinister imaginings.

To sum these motives up, Colonel Doyle acted in accordance with what he presumed, having interviewed her, would be the wishes of Lady Byron. Wilmot Horton was also eager to be of service to her, and though he wavered and put forward sensible alternative proposals, he was not disposed to press them. He was ostensibly under directions from Byron's nearest adult relative, and did not understand how completely *she* had been directed by Hobhouse.

Moore suffered the spoliation under duress because he was financially involved and dreaded in his vanity to be thought regardful of self-interest. Had it not been for his fatal snobbery, he might have played a part of real instead of meretricious honor, for he could see the points that Hobhouse and Murray had missed — the slur from which his friend's memory would never recover. Luttrell was present only as a supporter of Moore. The position of these four participants, the willing and the unwilling, is not ambiguous.

Murray's was more complicated. We must take into consideration his hearty dislike of Byron's later works, and his having had such a deal of trouble over *Don Juan* and *Cain* that he may well have flinched from the prospect of bringing out anything more in, morally speaking, the same line. There was the report of Gifford, his trusted literary adviser, that the Memoirs were "fit only for a brothel," and possibly he had also been influenced by his lawyer, Sharon Turner, who was opposed to his publishing Byron.

To these factors must be added his deep distress at Byron's death and sincere desire to avert posthumous scandals, and the urgent representations of Lady Byron's partisans. Nor should we leave out of the account his natural aptitude for a striking gesture. He was taking a stand unique in the trade of bookselling, and the same daring which had inspired him, in 1820, to buy for a huge price a work which could not be published till a man of thirty-two had died may have been exactly what brought him to the pitch of sacrificing it.

As for Hobhouse, he behaved as if he feared the explosion of grave secrets, but that is very unlikely, for he was well aware, and stated in his Journals, that many persons had already seen the manuscripts. Without any specific revelation in mind, he may well have dreaded indecency and a self-portrait in what Byron had described as "my finest, ferocious Caravaggio style" — a style that Hob-

house totally failed to appreciate. It might even be hazarded that, having been sharply rebuked for his efforts to demolish *Cain* and *Don Juan*, he was unconsciously resolved to demolish *something*. But no one who studies Hobhouse's diaries and letters could doubt that, above all, he was impelled by an insensate desire for victory over Moore.

To have entrusted those pages to Moore with carte blanche to hand them round as he pleased and no stipulation that they should be shown to Hobhouse was one of the major follies of Byron's life. Hobhouse was unsympathetic at this period to most forms of biographical writing, but he was by no means addicted to the destruction of documents. As Byron's executor, it is actually what he kept when he had the opportunity forever of expunging it that amazes us. The book his friend had written would have been heavily censored, or its publication delayed for many years, but ultimately, his possessiveness once deferred to, Hobhouse might have proved as vigorous in protecting that ill-fated testament as he was in ensuring its oblivion.

Many years were to pass before Hobhouse would cease sniping in a peculiarly ill-natured manner at Moore. The next few days, during which the newspapers persisted in talking of the episode, were fraught with several occasions for disparagement. Though Moore had parted with a sum insanely beyond his means to pay for a measure which he had angrily opposed, and which had turned out after all to involve property not his own, Hobhouse could not bear him to be represented as having made any sacrifice. He viewed Moore's situation with a ruthlessness none the less deadly because it was entirely cloaked from his own eyes in considerations of propriety and gentlemanliness.

Had he realized that Lady Byron would now be able to transmit to future generations her records of her matrimonial life in the certainty that she would be the sole authority, he might not have congratulated himself so warmly on having stifled forever the only voice that could make an answer — a voice too which he always, publicly and privately, maintained was "true-spoken." But there was none of Byron's friends who guessed how busy his widow's pen and tongue had been and would remain over the thirty-six years that lay before her.

For the use of the manuscript sources on which this paper is largely based, the author acknowledges with sincere gratitude the facilities granted to her by Sir Charles Hobhouse, Bt., and Mr. and Mrs. John Hobhouse (*Journals of John Cam Hobhouse*); Sir John Murray, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., and Mr. John Grey Murray (*Murray MSS*); Professor Manara Valgimigli of the Biblioteca Classense, Ravenna (*Countess Guiccioli's MSS*); and the late Lady Wentworth (*Lovelace Papers*).

WHOSE AUTHORITY ?

BY JUAN CAMERON

Almost every state contains an "authority" which has financed and created many of our new bridges, tunnels, and toll roads.

JUAN CAMERON finds that although the concentration of power in these agencies continues to increase they seem accountable to neither the state nor the federal government. A graduate of the Harvard School of Business Administration, Mr. Cameron was on the Washington staff of the St. Louis POST-DISPATCH and is now a business reporter for the Boston HERALD.

MILLIONS of Americans today traverse a public authority's bridge or tunnel or ride an authority-run transit system to work. Citizens live in authority-built apartments; they motor over turnpikes, work in office buildings, and relax in parks created and maintained by authorities. The public authority, in fact, is the fastest growing unit of local government in the United States today.

In large part this growth is a post-World-War-II phenomenon brought on by the pressure to provide highways, schools, bridges, tunnels, and other public works for the exploding metropolitan areas. The Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia last year counted some twelve hundred authorities operating in Pennsylvania alone — a thousand of which have been established in the past eight years. The Council of State Governments in a 1953 study found widespread use of the public authority for a whole range of undertakings in Maine, Michigan, New Jersey, Ohio, Oklahoma, Washington, West Virginia, Delaware, Louisiana, Nebraska, Virginia, Kentucky, Massachusetts, and New York, as well as Pennsylvania.

In addition to scores of federally financed housing authorities, New York state has thirty-three public authorities, which in 1956 controlled \$2 billion of assets and employed fifty thousand men and women. An authority runs New York City's transit system, employing forty thousand; another authority operates a resort, including bathhouses, pools, gymnasiums, and water-bottling works. Robert Moses, chairman of the Power

Authority of the state of New York and also chairman of the New York City Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, has called the authority "the nearest thing to business in government . . . business with private capital under public auspices . . . often attacked because it is too independent of daily pressures, too unreachable by the boys and therefore undemocratic."

There is no doubt that the accomplishments of the public authority are impressive. For example, twenty-three authorities with a total investment of more than \$5 billion have built 3210 miles of toll highways; other authorities have built most of the major toll bridges and tunnels.

While the authorities have some common characteristics, they vary widely in their powers, make-up, and type of management. Austin J. Tobin, executive director of the multipurpose Port of New York Authority, operates a \$1-billion empire of tunnels, bridges, airfields, and bus, marine, and airline terminals that service much of the traffic in and out of New York City. To patrol this port complex, which last year collected \$93 million from users of its toll facilities, Tobin commands a police force as large as that of New Orleans. He is paid \$60,000 a year — more than either the mayor of New York City or the governor of the state.

William F. Callahan, chairman of the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority, runs what until recently was a single-purpose authority which operates a 123-mile dual highway built at a cost

of \$239 million. More than a million autos and trucks speed along Callahan's roadway each month and in the course of a year pour some \$9.8 million in tolls and gasoline and restaurant concession fees into his turnpike coffers.

Both authority managers enjoy the reputation of being "men who get things done." New York Authority's Tobin is a fifty-six-year-old lawyer-administrator — a gray-haired, urbane, efficient executive who has kept his authority away from partisan politics.

Callahan, a sixty-eight-year-old engineer-administrator who works in a more venal political community than many other authority chiefs do, runs a one-man show that relies heavily on political patronage to achieve its ends. While Tobin operates under a twelve-man unpaid board of trustees, Callahan operates as chairman of the turnpike's three-man governing board.

The dramatic nature of its undertakings; the visible achievement of a bridge, tunnel, airport, or toll road smartly maintained; the politically painless tolls imposed on the user, not the taxpayer, have won a considerable public respect for the authority in many states.

Yet the public authority alarms many political scientists and city and state officials because it has grown so powerful and so complex. Those who run authorities show a strong partiality to administrative secrecy. The authority displays a built-in tendency to keep growing and expanding. In the case of toll-road authorities, especially, the ideal of the authority's insulation from politics does not appear to have been achieved.

Municipal specialists like Britain's William A. Robson have said that the authority fragments local government at the same time that it challenges government leaders and others who plan policy. Critics of the Port of New York Authority have charged that the authority, supposedly nonpolitical, develops a politics of its own — a politics of specialists who may or may not be responsive to the public interest.

Outright scandals, such as rocked the Delaware Joint Toll Bridge Commission in 1956, have been rare. In that year Governor Leader of Pennsylvania charged that "certain bridge commissioners" used the commission "as their private mint" and squandered tolls for their own purposes. The governor charged that the commission, which supervises fourteen free and five toll bridges spanning the Delaware River, was "shot through with graft and corruption." The ten commissioners were found to be transacting business seated on chairs costing \$400 apiece, around a \$5320 director's table graced with \$200 gold cigarette lighters.

The governor alleged that three commissioners went to Phoenix, Arizona, to transact commission

business, then detoured to Las Vegas, where their inspection of the resort's night clubs and other establishments cost the commission \$3465. The commission's chairman is awaiting trial on charges that stemmed from these disclosures.

WHILE business transaction of port, housing, transit, and road authorities in Florida, Indiana, Massachusetts, and Illinois have raised charges of misdeeds from time to time, to date there is little proof of substantial graft and corruption on the authorities' part. The main criticism of these public business enterprises has been on other grounds.

New York's Temporary State Commission on Coordination of State Activities three years ago released a staff study that found that some of the state's authorities filed no reports at all. In cases where the authorities did prepare reports, they left unanswered such questions as who was on the payroll; how much employees were paid; who supplied dry-cleaning services to personnel or paint for bridges, buildings, and roads; who provided engineering services and grass-cutting crews.

The commission described the reports as "incomplete." Revenues by specific sources were not listed. Reserve funds were not explained. Personnel and salary policies and reports on personnel hired under contract were omitted. Said the staff report: "The fact that the state is not generally liable for authority bonds does not relieve the legislature, the governor and the controller of their duty . . . to protect the state's interest in public authorities."

Some authorities refuse to open their regular board meetings to the press and have balked at giving out more than fragmentary information to newspaper reporters, study commissions, or even, on occasion, to state officials. When Massachusetts' "Little Hoover Commission" in 1950 asked the Mystic River Bridge Authority for information to aid its survey of state government operations, it received a letter that has become the stock reply of Massachusetts authorities to state-appointed commissions of inquiry ever since. John F. Donovan, executive director of the bridge authority, wrote on June 7, 1950, to the Special Commission on the Structure of the State Government as follows:

The Authority, while recognizing the desirable and laudable purpose for which your committee is functioning, feels there is a possibility of error in your request for the following reasons:

1. No money of the Commonwealth is involved in the construction of the Mystic River Bridge [a \$27-million span crossing Boston harbor].
2. No employee of the Mystic River Bridge is subject

to Chapter 31 of the General Laws or in any way connected with any division or department of the Commonwealth.

3. The auditor of the Commonwealth and the Commissioner on Administration and Finance have no jurisdiction over the finances of the Authority.

4. . . . The Authority is not subject to supervision by any board or department of the Commonwealth in the construction, operations or maintenance of the Mystic River Bridge.

In view of the foregoing, it is the opinion of the Authority that our activities do not come within the scope of your committee.

The matter still hangs fire in Massachusetts. Last year the state's Legislative Research Bureau found it was "not clear" to what extent the Massachusetts law relating to public records applied to authority records.

In the mind of the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority chairman, William Callahan, however, the matter is resolved. "It's none of the newspapers' business. This is not a public corporation. I owe all my loyalty to my bondholders," says Callahan. A recent visitor to his office heard the authority chairman explain that he saw no reason to open either his personnel records or the minutes of board meetings to the press or others interested in his "public instrumentality." The Turnpike Authority defeated a provision in a bill last year which would have required it to open its regular meetings to the press. Turnpike police have attempted to halt newsmen from taking photographs of truck accidents on the toll road.

The legislature of the state of New York has conducted a running fight to learn more about its authorities' inner workings. When a bill to force authorities to report more fully came before the legislature two years ago, a statement couched in the unmistakable, vivid prose of Robert Moses was released by him and five other authority heads describing the legislation: "impractical ideas edged with malice which emanate from ambitious, professorial minds . . . obviously a first step towards subjecting authorities to political controls and the enervating effect of centralized bureaucratic management." Legislators replied that Mr. Moses had no sympathy with "democracy."

THE clash between state governments and the authorities they have created is in a sense inevitable because of the very forces that brought this hybrid of government and business into being. The authority was invented just prior to World War I in England as a device to run the London docks, which had fallen into decay. British statesman David Lloyd George, it is believed, gave the

new type of agency its name. To aides puzzling over what to call the London dock body, Lloyd George, recalling that the law creating it contained numerous phrases such as "authority is hereby given," and so forth, suggested: "Ah, why not the Port of London Authority?"

New York and New Jersey took up the British innovation in 1921, when they established the bistate Port of New York Authority to resolve conflicts between them over development of their joint harbor serving the New York City area.

In the depression of the 1930s, when tax bases shrank drastically, and again after World War II, states turned to the public authority as a means of getting badly needed public works projects under way. The device allowed forty states which have constitutional debt limits to escape the uncomfortable feeling of staring down the barrel of a debt limit while an exploding population clamored for roads, bridges, tunnels, and schools.

The authority organization varies greatly from state to state. However, it possesses generally one key characteristic: the power to issue revenue bonds payable solely from charges against the users of its facilities. The state confers upon the authority the powers of both a private corporation and a government body. Like any corporation, the authority can sue and be sued, enter into contracts, purchase and hold land, hire officers and employees, and generally manage its affairs as it pleases. At the same time it possesses governmental powers and privileges such as those of eminent domain and exemption from local as well as federal taxation and regulation.

Private investors who furnish the authority's building money have thought that a businesslike operation can flourish only if divorced from politics. They have generally insisted, consequently, that authorities be free from governmental control, as is any private corporation. For instance, in setting up the Massachusetts Port Authority to control and operate \$200 million worth of Boston airport, pier, and bridge properties, the bankers insisted that the governor of Massachusetts give up his attempt to retain a veto power over the decisions of the authority.

While jealous to preserve their status of private enterprises not dependent on state tax funds, authorities have been willing to accept substantial, often interest-free loans from states to get planning or construction under way. At the beginning of this year, authorities owed New York state \$106 million. The Thruway Authority owed \$76 million of this debt, Moses' Power Authority \$2.9 million, and his Jones Beach State Parkway Authority another \$15.2 million. Part of the Power Authority's debt dates back to 1931. Massachusetts has subsidized its authorities with sizable

advances and through deferred payments for state land takings.

Appointments to the authority, usually made by a mayor or a governor, help bridge the gap between the autonomous agency and its creating government. Because the authority is insulated from politics, leading citizens have been persuaded to accept authority appointments, and consequently it has been easier to sell authority bonds to investors. Lying in a hazy no man's land between government and business, the authority is neither a private enterprise nor a government body.

BEYOND the charge of administrative secrecy, many criticisms are leveled at the authority concept. Some people disagree that it combines the best features of government and business; they think that it combines the drawbacks of both.

Investment bankers have sharply criticized the authorities for the glowing forecasts of traffic revenue made for them by consulting engineers prior to financing. Overoptimistic prospectuses by authority-employed engineers, coupled with intense local newspaper publicity of proposed authority undertakings, have tended to season the market for the sale of authority bonds to individuals, life insurance and fire and casualty companies, savings banks, and pension funds. The Securities and Exchange Commission, which strictly regulates publicity claims prior to the sale of corporate securities, has no control (except in cases of fraud) over authority financing, since these bodies are, under federal law, considered in the same category as political subdivisions.

Because the authority is not backed with the credit and taxing powers of the state, it pays from a quarter to a full interest point more for its money than does a government. It siphons off the revenue-producing facilities of a community which could be used to help defray school, public health, and other governmental costs. Its operation is contrary to concepts of democratic control.

Large multipurpose authorities like Tobin's Port of New York Authority, which earned after operating costs \$50.8 million in 1958, or Moses' Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, with earnings of \$32 million available for debt service, are highly successful operations. Some of the newer and smaller single-purpose authorities, however, have performed less spectacularly.

Eighteen of twenty-three toll-road facilities, representing an investment of more than \$5 billion, failed to earn their level debt service last year. Investment bankers consider the ability to earn this debt service — the amount needed for interest and to retire the borrowed money by the time the

bonds mature — the general gauge of whether or not an authority is financially successful. Eleven of these same twenty-three road authorities failed to earn even their annual interest charges in 1958 — many by wide margins. At least one authority, the West Virginia Turnpike Commission, is able to make only partial interest payments to bondholders and has requested the state to take over the cost of policing the roadway.

In time, most of the road authorities are expected to be financially successful. Meanwhile, poor earnings have been the chief cause for the sharp drop in the price of authority bonds, with some issues selling at half their original face value. Investors' losses in these widely held and traded securities are estimated in the millions of dollars.

The wealth of some and the relative poverty of other authorities have given rise to a characteristic not anticipated by the creating legislatures; authorities show an inherent tendency to merge and expand and to refuse to die when their law-given life has expired. Robert Moses' Henry Hudson and Marine Parkway authorities of the 1930s have merged today, along with the New York City Parkway and Tunnel Authority, into the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority that last year counted some 152 million motor vehicles passing through or over its seven bridges, two tunnels, and several hundred miles of roadway.

The excess revenue of this operation — some \$13.6 million in 1958 — and the enormous new borrowing power it supports allow the authority engineers to start construction of new projects. At present, Moses' authority is constructing the \$90-million Throgs Neck Bridge and plans to use future revenues to take possession of the proposed \$320-million Narrows Bridge.

In creating the Massachusetts Port Authority, the Commonwealth combined a money-making bridge serving Boston with the city's pier and airport facilities, which operate in the red. Likewise, the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority has strengthened its credit rating by getting control of the money-making tunnel crossing Boston harbor. The turnpike that earned only 90 per cent of its interest requirements last year (its \$1000 face-value bonds were selling in June, 1959, at \$810) has improved its chances, consequently, for raising more money to push its toll road from the suburbs, where it now ends, into the heart of downtown Boston.

To obtain new grants of authority, such as Callahan did, requires negotiating with a legislature whose members are interested in jobs for constituents. It also requires a well-organized patronage apparatus.

Seasoned Massachusetts political reporters describe the turnpike head as more powerful than

the governor in the state legislature. Some indication of this power could be seen when the legislature voted through the "Callahan package" last year. This gave the chairman, whose reputation is that of a "practical" man, control over two tunnels, one now being built, and over construction of a new \$30-million state office building. It also appointed him to an authority to build a \$20-million underground garage in Boston, a position that Callahan recently resigned following a dispute over whether the public was to be admitted to the authority's meetings or not.

Callahan says that the legislature's willingness to grant him great powers is due not to patronage but to "friendships" he built up in his long public life that included two terms as head of the state's patronage-ridden highway department. A survey by the *Springfield Union* on May 15, 1957, the day the authority opened its turnpike, suggests other reasons for the chairman's popularity with the legislature. Springfield reporters driving along the midstate section of the road saw many familiar faces on duty at toll gates and in other supervisory positions. A count showed seven brothers, nephews, and fathers of politicians, as well as unemployed politicians themselves, in turnpike jobs. This list included brothers of three state representatives, the father of a district judge, and the chairman of the Holyoke Democratic city committee. A later check also found the son-in-law of a prominent Republican state senator on the payroll of the three-hundred-man authority.

Newspaper reporters covering road and bridge authorities in New York and New Jersey find these also patronage-minded. When Governor W. Averell Harriman retired from office last January, he used the New York Thruway as a haven for aides endangered by the shift in party control at Albany. Governor Harriman, following the example set by Governor Thomas E. Dewey before him, placed his patronage secretary, Milton Stewart, on the thruway as a \$16,000 part-time special counsel, although lawyer Stewart had never practiced law.

One turnpike specialist for a New York investment banking firm, hearing of these activities, said, "Let's not kid ourselves, these revenue authorities are political operations. They have to be, for their whole success depends on when and if the state builds access roads to bring traffic to and off their properties."

Authority advocates say that the demands of the bankers to safeguard their investors' money will force authorities to adhere to sound principles in finance and to curb inefficiency or graft, thus protecting the public interest as well. This argument

has a limited validity. The interest of the securities underwriters does not necessarily coincide with the public interest.

Many states are working in the dark about the authorities operating within their borders. In addition, there is confusion as to how these autonomous bodies are to be brought under the overall planning control of a state or municipality. The Port of New York Authority has stubbornly resisted any effort to tap its net earnings to help defray the enormous losses of New York City's rail commuting system, vital to the area's well-being. The Massachusetts Turnpike Authority has moved covertly and publicly against a metropolitan planning board, proposed to coordinate road building in the Greater Boston area. One objection: the proposed planning agency might interfere with the Turnpike Authority's aim to push its toll road into the city proper.

Here is the dilemma. Making the authority more subservient to public policy control also curtails its flexibility and autonomy, which are keystones in its ability to get things done. Yet as its numbers increase and its operations become more widespread, public officials need to be more fully and systematically informed about authority activities.

More political control by legislatures would undoubtedly, as investment bankers periodically warn, imperil the financing of authorities as well as raise involved legal points as to whether the state would not then become liable for authority debts and actions. If an authority goes into bankruptcy, however, there is little doubt that the state must take over its properties and pay off the bondholders. The roads, piers, bridges, airports, and tunnels must operate.

From its survey of Pennsylvania's authorities, the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia concluded: "Authorities are most dangerous when they operate behind a curtain of apathy. . . . [They] are established to serve the public interest. It's up to the public to show an interest in authorities."

To bring the authorities into the light of public scrutiny, state and municipal legislatures should require: 1. The filing of personnel plans and policies with the state, including salaries and the names of persons hired by contract; 2. submission to the legislature of annual reports, with the state controller having the right to postaudit authority accounts periodically; 3. the opening of the authority's regular board meetings to the press.

In the long run, public opinion must be the force that controls authorities, and as long as authorities can conceal the facts, public opinion cannot operate as it should.

BRIAN MOORE

A native of Belfast, Ireland, BRIAN MOORE is now living on Long Island and using his Guggenheim to work on his third novel. His first book, THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE, was chosen by the New York TIMES as one of the ten outstanding novels of 1956. His second, THE FEAST OF LUPERCAL, was equally well received by the critics.

Grieve for the dear departed

TELEGRAMS had been coming all day, punctuation marks of sympathy in the long story of people who nosed into the house from every part of Dublin, piled up wet overcoats in the hall, exchanged handshakes and gazed with doggy sincerity at members of the dead man's family in the parlor, tiptoed into the spare room to mumble prayers and praise, then back to the hall to meet new people as they were leaving. There had never been so many visitors on any day of Daniel Kelleher's life.

So the cable from New York was not noticed until evening. Then, when her mother had gone to lie down, Peggy took several envelopes into the kitchen. When she opened the fifth and saw whom it was from, she hurried upstairs to the big bedroom, its door ajar, no light inside.

"Are you asleep, Mama?"

"No, no."

She went in. The blinds had not been drawn, and in the failed light between day and dusk she saw her mother's outline by the window, sitting in the old wicker-and-stuffing chair in which she had nursed every one of them.

"What is it? Is that you, Peggy?"

"Mama, there's a cable from Michael. Will I put on the light?"

"Just the bed lamp. And hand me my glasses."

Mrs. Kelleher took the cable from her daughter, held it at arm's length, her lips moving as she puzzled at the strips of words. She said: "When will he be here?"

"He must have left as soon as he got your wire. He'll be in London tonight. He should arrive in time for the funeral."

"All right. We must tell Arthur. I'll come down."

Peggy switched the lamp off. "Now, why would you? Just you try to rest a bit. I can hold the fort. Would you like some tea?"

"No. I'll be down in a little while."

Her daughter went out, closing the door quietly, leaving her in the familiar room with her old things and her new things: the silver-backed brushes, a wedding present thirty-seven years ago from her uncle priest, and beside them a new pincushion doll sewed for her last Christmas by her eldest granddaughter. Her dead husband's shirts were in the dresser, his suits in the wardrobe, his slippers still under the big brass bed.

Alone to grieve, she did not grieve. Since the death she had wept with friends who came to console her, wept when her children wept because she was a woman who, at the sight of a hearse, a neighbor's distress, a sad film, was quickly, meaninglessly moved to tears. But now, isolated from the contagion of others' sorrow, she thought of the death only as a background to this sudden homecoming of Michael, her eldest son. Flying home at last to father. Father. Wax statue face in the spare-room bed downstairs, a tape to keep the jaws shut, another tape to keep the shrouded legs from sprawling. Hairy knuckles laced in a pose of prayer, garlanded by the brown beads of a rosary.

AT THE family conference when her husband had the stroke, her other children had been against letting Michael know. Arthur, her second son, insisted his father would not wish it. Her daughters agreed, said the shock of their meeting might provoke a fatal anger. Besides, he was sinking fast. It might be too late.

But she knew what they could not. Years of lying in that bed taught her that Dan's hate was mixed with pride.

— The other day down at the yard, Christy Madden was pointing me out, take Dan Kelleher, our foreman, said he, there's a man with a son a doctor, and his eldest boy the head of a massive engineering company in America, all his daughters married to men with money. You know, said Christy, I remember his eldest boy, Michael, he was first in the whole of Ireland in his Junior Intermediate. Clever. Aye, clever, said I to Christy, but a blaggard, an ungrateful blaggard. But it's true, he was clever, the lad, eh, Kate? Are you asleep, Kate? Oh aye, they never saw fit to make me supervisor, but never mind, I have my boys to point to. Eh, Kate? —

Besides, whether he wanted Michael home or not, hadn't she a right to see her son? Hadn't she? So she waited until the children were all gone and then, sitting in the sickroom, she looked down, cold, God forgive her! at that paralyzed face and wrote out a wire, wrote it in the way she knew for sure would bring Michael home. Surrender. *I have a bad stroke and may not last. Can you come?* Father. Looked at him, speechless on the bed, waiting his last end. What quarrel would not wither in the sorrow of a son at his father's deathbed? And he, stubborn hater, what else could he do but forgive?

But God did not wait for that. When she came back upstairs He had reached out in His mercy and taken her husband, leaving her only the

body, crumpled up on the bed like a thrown-off suit of clothes. Men and their quarrels. God had no time for that.

Quarrels, ah, she never knew the exact right of it, except that Michael had been disrespectful about the clergy, something he said in a debate his first year in university that was repeated to his father in a pub a few days later. Dan came home, furious, ordering him to go at once and apologize. Michael refused, and so Dan hit him across the face, calling him an atheist and a liar. Next morning Michael was not in his bed. A week after, they found out he was on his way to America. He wrote that he was sorry, but his father did not accept his sorrow. For Dan, with age, had become pi-odious, preaching, praying, narrow, too narrow not only for Michael but for the girls as well, complaining if they went to dances, asking questions that (if he only knew it) drove them out of the house and into marriages as fast as they could find men to ask them. And yet, with all his harsh talk, he held them, held them all. The letters Michael wrote to her were secret letters to his father, his father who would grab them off her and tear them up unread. He was her son too, hadn't she a right to worry about him, hadn't she a right to hear? Hold your whist, woman, he would shout, as he threw the torn letter scraps on the fire.

These last years, the letters were fewer. Sometimes there was money in them, and he was not too proud to take that, stuff it in his trousers, saying it was owed to them. Her married daughters made excuses when she asked them over. In avoiding him, they avoided her. She saw it in their eyes: half pity, and a half contempt.

Oh Michael, he was always her favorite. Tomorrow, he will walk in here after sixteen years with never once a sight of him. What will he be like now? She tried to see his face but saw instead a passport photograph, the one he sent her when he went down to South America on some job. Someplace in the heat with a lot of black men, was it any wonder she worried for that man, photograph face, for the son who wrote his little duty notes always with the same last sentence: *love to father and yourself, God bless, Michael.* But what, after sixteen years, did *love* mean?

Tomorrow she would know. Michael would be kind at least, he would help with money and Arthur would too, the children were good, they were a credit to her, every one of them, God had been good and her prayers for them had been answered. But oh! looking down now as the street lamps blinked suddenly lit in the avenue she felt alone, him dead, the harsh dialogue of thirty-seven years broken off forever. Quiet in this dark-filled room.

After a time she drew the blind and switched on her dressing-table lamp. The doorbell had been ringing: there would be new visitors downstairs. Maybe Arthur was back from the funeral arrangements? She put on her glasses, powdered her face, and went down, a tall woman, heavy breasted under her black mourning dress, her white floss of hair stiff as a guardsman's helmet. A widow, one day old, going to face condolence.

OLD Canon O'Rawe pushed past Christy Madden in the hall, advancing plump, clerical, clean, and comforting as new goods. His pink, plump hands enclosed hers.

"Ah, Mrs. Kelleher, I've just been in to say a mouthful of prayers, poor Daniel, God knows, a mercy, I hear he had little pain, when our time comes all of us, may we hope for a happy end, yes, miss him, many people will, a Mass I'm saying Sunday, not at all, the least I can do, nine o'clock Mass Sunday, yes, mustn't be keeping you now, not at all, not at all."

Pink hands opened, releasing hers, plump, prompt retreat, skilled in saying the right thing and how could he mean one word of it, wasn't there one of his parishioners dying every day, what was he to Dan or Dan to him? He moved to the hallstand, picking out his neat black hat, his white silk scarf, leaving Christy Madden to speak his piece, advancing now with cornerboy strut, humorous horseface stiff with sympathy.

"Poor Dan, ah, Mrs. Kelleher, Kate, I'm sorry for your trouble now. Sorry for your trouble."

"Thank you, Christy." (And is he drunk, I wonder?)

He gestured toward the back room, saying, could he go in now, did she think? To pay his last respects.

She nodded and followed as far as the door. Better keep an eye in case he . . . With her husband's old pals you could never be sure.

Christy hesitated in the doorway, then turned to her, hand shielding his mouth, a man giving a surreptitious tip on a good thing. "Ah, now he looks lovely, now. Ah, you'd not believe it. Now I never seen Dan look better."

Her youngest daughter, Maura, standing with Dennis Conneally, her husband, exchanged looks and giggles. But the other visitors in the dead man's room pretended not to hear. They eyed the Mass cards strewn about the dead man's feet, their heads bowed in prayer or mock prayer. Christy, unaware of his *gaffe*, moved toward the bed, stared with relish at the dead face, then knelt by the bedside to mumble a Hail Mary. Mrs. Kelleher kept her eyes from the face on the bed

but waited, nonetheless. Get rid of him. Grief he pretends now, drunk and maudlin he'll be in an hour or two. Oh Dan, have a look at your best pal, will you? Have a look at them all, every chancer you ever took up with, every boozy, boasting, small-minded one of them.

Christy stood up, dusting his knees. "I seen him last Tuesday, you know," he whispered to her. "And he was looking grand. Grand. No denying it was sudden. Sudden. Ah, we never know. We never know."

His eyes strayed wistfully over her shoulder to the table in the parlor with its parade of bottles. Let him die of thirst, she thought. Was a drink all he came for? And will I ever see him again? Is this your best pal, oh many's the time, year in year out, what wee Christy Madden said, you told me. As if I ever cared one iota then, or do now.

She let Christy out without asking him whether he had a mouth on him. She could hear her meanness told that night in some pub, and somehow this comforted her. Let them know at last what I think of them. But anger left her at the sight of Arthur, who had come in and was hanging up his coat in the hall.

"How are you, Mama? We must have a chat. I've a lot of things to see to and a surgery at eight."

That was Arthur. At times like this, a man, he followed the tradition, he assumed command. Although to her, he was still a boy. Confusedly she remembered that from now on it would always be like this. Her sons would assume her husband's authority. She nodded and went back upstairs with him following. He looked cold, so she lit the gas fire in her bedroom.

"I've been down to the church," Arthur said, "it's all arranged. We'll move the body tomorrow night and the funeral will be at ten on Wednesday. I've been to Devlin's too and ordered six cars and a hearse."

"Michael will be in time for the funeral then," she said.

"Michael? Mama, surely you didn't send for him."

"I did."

Arthur looked angry. "You never told me."

She changed the subject. "Who'll sit up to-night?"

"Dennis and Kevin," Arthur said. "I sat last night, and I have an early surgery in the morning. I'd sit again only I'm dropping on my feet."

"I know," she said. "Yes." So his sons-in-law would be Dan's last company at home. Dennis Conneally and Kevin Dunning, both mockers behind his back, they would wake him through this last night under his own roof. Because it was the custom. But would Dennis and Kevin grieve

for him? She doubted it. They married the girls, not an old cantankerous railway foreman.

"If Michael had only arrived tonight," she said. "He could have sat."

"Michael." Arthur's voice was bitter. "I doubt if Father would have been keen on that."

"Och, what do you know?" she said. "He was fond of Michael. He was fond of all of you."

"Fond? For all Michael ever did for him?"

Jealous of each other. Brothers. And their father was jealous too, jealous of everyone else.

"Why did you send for Michael anyway?" Arthur said. "I thought we agreed not to."

"Because," she said. "His father would have wanted him here."

"He never asked for him," Arthur said sharply. "Never."

"How could he?" she said. "When he couldn't speak."

Tears surprised her at the memory of that dropped, speechless mouth. Why did Dan's hate live in all of them?

Her son was glad as a doctor for her tears: tears, he had learned, bring relief. He put his arms around her shoulders and pulled her toward him. "Now, Mama," he said. "Now, Mama."

But she wept, at last. Why had she blamed Dan when they were all of them the same, all haters, even she? Why had she cared more for them, her children, than for him? He had not been all she wanted, there had been times in their life together when the sight of him spilling his pipe ash on the carpet, sitting on the edge of their bed cutting his toenails, groaning about preferment, about others who had better luck, yes, there had been times, times too many to think of, when she had felt her heart stiff with hate for him, times lately when she watched him at prayer by his bedside, righteous as a pharisee, an old man full of hate and pride and caring for no one, not even her. Times, times . . .

But he was my children's father, he never did any disgraceful thing, his weaknesses were small and I knew them, I forgave them, I stayed with him. He did his best, what more could any wife ask, and he died in the state of grace, what more could any man want? And Dan, you came to our house years ago, I never think of that now, but no one had asked for me and I wanted you to ask and you did and I told my mother yes and oh Dan, I was glad of you, glad of you once, always glad of you. We had our life together, I was proud of the family we raised, we put up with each other for their sake, but I should be proud we

managed that too, for it was not an easy thing for either of us. And now I grieve for you, only I am left to grieve, only I knew you, only I will remember, lonely I will be, the loss of you about this house, I must leave this house now for you never will, even though they carry you out tomorrow, you never will.

"Lonely," she said aloud. "I'll miss him."

A voice said at the door: "Dr. Kelleher? Is Dr. Kelleher there?"

"Yes," Arthur said, getting up.

"You're wanted on the phone, Doctor."

"I'll be down in a minute. Now, Mama, don't cry, we're all here. All the family. We won't let you be lonely."

"Yes, dear. Go on down now."

The family, ah, what can any of them do for me, children, children, none of you can take a husband's place. I never knew he meant that to me, I had my mind on you, all of you, educating you, feeding you, praying for you, bursting with pride that you all did so well for me, proud of the boy in America, the doctor, the sons-in-law, the grandchildren. And all these years I took him for granted, I never even saw him about the house, never thought for him, only for you children, children. And oh! yesterday, him lying in the bed with one side of him dead already, I wrote out that cable never thinking, thinking only of me, of Michael, a child I wanted to see again, cold to my husband, cold to his paralyzed face, writing down what he could no longer stop me writing, taking from him the only thing he had left, his pride, his right to hate. And then, God forgive me, I remember going downstairs to send it and afterwards I went into the kitchen and ironed the sheets and pillowcases for the spare-room bed, knowing they would be needed soon. Only thinking of Michael coming, of the neighbors, of the house being tidy for death.

And when I came back upstairs, he was gone. His stranger eyes watching me from the bed, watching me as though for the first time he saw me, saw what I hid from him all those years. Saw me and left.

She raised her head, sobbing, her breathing harsh in the quiet of the bedroom.

"Oh, Dan. Come back, Dan. Forgive me."

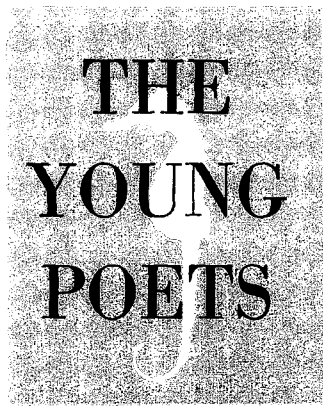
Frightened at the loud sound of her voice, she listened. Had anyone heard?

She switched on the table lamp. In the dressing-table mirror, her face, a road after rain, blurred, swollen, changed. Had no one heard?

No. She shook her head. No one.

Not even him.

At no time in our past has the ATLANTIC received as many poems as are now submitted to us. They are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens and which often burns most brightly in the undergraduate years. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, we have set aside each year a number of pages in our February and August issues to be devoted to the work of young poets.



MORNING-O

BY DEBORAH AUSTIN

Woke

and the quick red fox of morning jumped
over the lazy sleeping blue dog hill
and the neighbor's cock, on his wooden pinnacle,
was giving the view-halloo . . .

Then the whole pack of birds went

baying down the morning,
glad to be after him again, the old quarry
they never seem to catch, although each day,
unwearied, they give tongue,
whipping the sun up with a lash of song,
hot on the scent of daylight
(carols like red tongues lolling from the wide
beaks, the berry-black eyes bright with the joy
of chase)

Riding the heavy trees

which toss their green manes in the early light,
and strain toward the far horizon
where the wind went,
the hunting birds hold fast with their twiggy feet
for the gallop into full summer

And those whose steeds plunge tallest

into the waking sky
shout Gone away! longest and loudest
to the sun's hot yellow eye.

CRABBING

BY NORMAN LEVINE

Timbers heaving to heaven we sailed at seven
With bait aboard wet so sliced for smell,
Gurnards stinking, guts cut and skewered,
And our faces still fresh from the bundled bed.
We sailed alone and silent in the light of morning
From harbor shelter and a three-sided bell.
Saw the wind yawn to stretch skin over water,
Cough the white gossip, clot, into silence.
Sun over water. Sea sick with color.

And hungry the gull with her *turrow turrow*
Gathered an escort of gliding white hulls.
Cherry-splashed beaks plunged heads into water,
Slit-beak smiles spread morning's laughter.
They, and the rudder, looked for our market
And by all the braille signs we found the stall.
There we circled staring at landscape, waiting
For the tide to be well and truly in. Now sea domestic
Broke skin for marker, and there the flagstick rose.

We stood by the wheelhouse where spray was spitting
And lifted the black sheath onto the mizzen
Cupped up to heaven, steady for direction,
We cut our engine and steered with sail.
Soon the blue fullness laid out its carpet
In continual cadence of floor, wall, floor.
Silently we came forward, now weaving, now sliding,
Slow as a boxer with hands cautious in rhythm,
Pulling a rope's strength and wetness aboard.

And while we were heaving, now, to horizon,
The winch kept turning as a potter's wheel:
Rope swung dripping, ourselves waiting. What lodger
Within prison wire, turned chimney, inside?
The first cage broke angry out of its grievance.
Craw, Craw, was shouted in simple alphabet
(a Craw for a Crayfish: a Blue for a Lobster).
Words of children, all sound and color,
Formed a sweated sentence with a hard-worked verb.

After the first, the others filled spaces:
Of Craw empty, Blue empty, and sometimes Crab.
Nervous jewels of color, now covered, now hidden,
As cage changed to parlor and prepared to receive
The new bait, now hanging, so silent by chimney.
While still in that rhythm the pots went over
Side, to foam pulling, depth, under bubbles
Stretching ropes straightened, behind us, dove.
And there we left them for tomorrow's tide.

Returning we let rudder find fast its direction
And running as a hurdler, we rose, up and over,
Oak ribs to water keeled back those tons.
Shuddering we shot on, sometimes to heaven.

And land goes with us walking
In shapes the shadows formed. Where stone pierced bone
The earth made windows. Who watched our homecoming.

A WALTZ IN THE AFTERNOON

BY BETH BENTLEY

A double flower we were
upon a single stem;
my red skirt wrapped our legs
together like a flame
that flared as it was fanned:
the music was our wind.

Snow fell outside the windows.
His lips deep in my hair
dissolved my knee bones; still,
the music was my lover
and loosed my limbs to him.
In innocence we swam.

It was my seventeenth winter.
I saw dances stretch ahead,
an endless scroll brushed lightly,
a hundred waltzes waltzed.
The fiddlers smiled and tapped
their bows; somebody clapped.

Outside, the snow was falling.
His hand firm on my waist
bent and turned and lifted
me. My skirt embraced
our legs. And, in my joy,
I danced childhood away.

It was my seventeenth winter.
No spider on his thread
delighted more in motion.
Sometimes when I'm in bed
I dream that I am swimming
in a calm, a sunny ocean —

it is that dance again.
We swayed the afternoon
away; outside, the snow-
flakes fell. And now I know,
a hundred waltzes after,
that I've not danced since then.

SOLDIER ON LEAVE

BY JOHN M. RIDLAND

As if I were Caesar back from Gaul,
Or Antony strolling the streets of Rome,
I pass through a countryside full of fall
On roads that well might lead me home.
It is football weather, the balls are sent
Like lazy birds through the crisping air
To float like zeppelins over Kent
Or sea gulls over the walls of Troy.
My lungs are filled with a flood of cold,
The world is a crystal filament.

The leaves are Romans lining the way,
And they burn in bunches, sacrificed.
They are sacrificing the harvest to me
For the summer's sake I left behind.
And how I deserve this ritual
None knows better than I myself,
Who am their picture of bitter spring,
The Trojan horse and the Greeks within,
The return of the young, the fatal son
Come back to slaughter the innocent calf.

So cows and cattle shrill my name
And my bourgeois brother grits his teeth.
My father dumbly opens his store
To my noisy, filthy, and greedy mouth.
I am used to living with pigs and now
Clean my hands on the living sow.

The Roman leaves are ashes and smoke.
The neighbors offer up a ghost
In their memory of my innocence:
I become a figure in a mask.
They wear me like smiles on a whore's face.
I am laid in a painted vault of words.

VISIONS

BY MALINKA ROSEN

Last night too soon
the floor was tinted moon
and cold light wet the walls.

Through empty halls

I heard the snicker
of your voice go quicker
than the snuffing out of lights
on windy nights.

The nights like last night come
as if you'd planned their dumb
precision with a hate.

Each night I tense and wait
to hear your shuffle on the stair.
My call breaks empty air.

With eyes turned inside out
I stare at where my shout
is hanging. Then the dread
creeps up my restless bed.

A SNUG SONNET

BY PAUL COUGHLIN

somewhere along the limpèd line —
I think it must have been at three —
I lost the knack of being God
and settled down to being me;
and there are times I know an urge
to go on back to making moons,
to casting suns and stars about
on other earthly afternoons;
but when I think of being blamed
for wars and lesser shows of hate,
and dwell on that far loneliness
of being God, I hesitate,
and think how good it is to climb
a designated hank of Time.



THE EXECUTIVES' MAN



The Personnel Interview



BY ALAN HARRINGTON

ABANK, said Bob Hope, is a place that will lend you money if you can prove that you don't need it. Similarly, a corporation prefers to offer a job to a man who already has one, or doesn't immediately need one. The company accepts you if you are already accepted. To obtain entry into paradise, in terms of employment, you should be in a state of grace.

To make sure that you *are* a graceful person, and to screen out potential malefactors, a company's personnel and placement specialists use all kinds of pretesting devices. These vary in detail from one corporation to another, but they are likely to involve a series of interviews, your résumé, a searching employment form in which you account for yourself from high school and college years to the present, psychological tests, and, at many companies, cunningly contrived spot checks of your behavior under stress.

Some of these obstacle courses offer reasonable challenges. Others actually treat the job applicant as though he were a mental patient. All corporate hiring practices, it seems to me, whether they are reasonable or not, have two characteristics in common:

1. They represent an extraordinary downgrading of the intuitive faculty that keeps the relationship between man and man alive and exciting;
2. they tend to fill a company with the same kinds of people, to maintain a slow parade of mediocrity through the corridors, and to produce a standardized intelligence that must eventually weaken through continuous inbreeding.

Only in a limited sense do corporations like the company I shall call the Crystal Palace formulate

The reliance on forms and on psychological testing by personnel interviewers has contributed to the standardized thinking prevalent in our large corporations.

ALAN HARRINGTON used his writing fellowship from the Fund for the Republic to study the environment which management creates for its young recruits. The article that follows is the second of two excerpts from his book, *LIFE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE*, which Knopf will publish in September.

their own hiring policies. Instead they follow (and modify to their own needs) policies developed by industrial psychologists. These specialists in turn shape their systems to meet the corporations' requirements. But the form into which we must fit has been determined by someone at the Mt. McKinley Business School.

This is the sad thing: seldom in job interviews can we be ourselves and have a straight relationship with one another, because all the forms and tests and specifications get in the way. Occasionally a personnel officer, through his own warm qualities, can break through the "human engineering" paraphernalia that surround the interview. At the Crystal Palace we have one such man. He really tries to know you; he has a generous intelligence. But even he must take into account the standardized thinking of the people

upstairs. He can't afford to recommend too many unusual characters. All of us who hold jobs at the Crystal Palace are screened people. We are the pretested, predigested people. Many were called, but we were chosen. How? And what is the thinking behind this selective process?

The downgrading of intuition. Once, long ago it seems, hiring was done in a rough-and-ready way. It still is, by firms that are too small to maintain an employee relations staff, or by companies that expect a certain amount of turnover.

When my friends and I started looking for jobs in 1940, most of us were accepted or turned away on the basis of a personal interview and our record of experience. That was all. The interview was of the greatest importance. *I talked to you.* We sized each other up. We did what is now called a take on one another. Eventually the decision was, in effect, "Sorry, but you won't do," or "Young man, I like your style. We'll give you a tryout."

Employer and applicant made an intuitive connection. By intuition I mean perception through unconscious logic. Beyond the things we said, behind the polite formalities, each of us sought to discover what the other was really like.

Naturally the hit-or-miss hiring system had uneven results. Frequently the new employee couldn't do the job, or a good man was hired for the wrong job. If he failed, he was let go. It was as simple as that. This unscientific procedure at its worst wrought a good deal of misery. Bang! One was out of a job. It created clash and anger, and that great American line: "You can't fire me! I quit!" (Who hears that any more; it has gone, along with Fourth of July firecrackers.) But these intuitive hiring methods also produced a dashing, vigorous conduct of business. Above all, it was personal. There was no system interposed between us. If I rubbed you the wrong way, we rubbed. If we became friends, we earned our friendship. We were not pretested associates fitted together by employment counselors like so many blocks.

In an intuitive situation, *you* do the work. In a scientific milieu, you feed data into machines and formulas, and *they* do the work. This is all very well for computing the trajectories of missiles — but a man is not yet a guided missile.

The mania for pretesting. The hiring practices we have now reflect a trend in American life that has been developing through the 1950s. This tendency involves a growing distrust of imagination. We see evidence of it everywhere. In advertising and public relations, distrust of imagination has been fashionable for some years. The familiar motiva-

tional research has done away with the intuitions and visions of the copy writer in many agencies. Why have a man do the work when a survey, or a fast depth analysis, seems to hit the target with hardly a margin for error? Oscar Wilde's perception that life imitates art must be amended. Today life is imitating science.

At the Crystal Palace you may see the predigestion of mankind going on week after week in the form of multiple interviews and multiple testings of job candidates. No one, it seems, dares to be wrong any more. Or perhaps the idea now is that no single person can be right about anything, that the decision must be made by a group in order to be valid. At any rate, when the poor cob comes up our front steps everybody must get into the act of evaluating his resources. This also helps spread responsibility if a mistake is made.

Tom, Dick, and Harry interview him in turn and scribble their own chicken tracks on his various forms. Each of the sorcerer's apprentices naturally feels that he must earn his salary by adding his own modest but shrewd appraisal of the soul before him. So the applicant is viewed through a half-dozen lenses. As he is being chatted with, the dimensions of his personality are matched against the cardboard cutout, or the slot, which is the job. A multiple judgment, a dossier made up of opinions, forms, and tests, piles up around him. The net result: he is observed and tabulated to such an extent that this man, the one with his hat in his hand, you, me, John McGee, is really seen by *nobody*. His capacities and aptitudes are seen, but he isn't.

Knowing a person is a two-way process. You have to kick things around a bit, with both of you giving, both of you open, both being yourselves. Pattern interviewing is purely extractive. It is scientific. Now this may be fine for the psychologist, for he has no intention of associating with the patient, either as a friend or as a business acquaintance. He will not have to live with him or work with him.

Once a man is hired, the corporation will associate with him, presumably for the next twenty-five to forty years. This indeed is the major reason why hiring practices have become so formalized — science is called in to guard against a dreadful long-term mistake being made. But observe the two-fold irrelevancy of judging an applicant by standardized interviews, nondirective techniques, forms, and tests.

You have an interviewer pretending to be a person, and an applicant pretending to be what he is not. They are both talking past each other to the Mt. McKinley Business School. The average applicant, after all, is not so stupid. He can usually sense whether he is talking across the desk

to a man or to a servant of somebody else's method. Therefore, to land the job, he does his best to turn himself into the image that the job wants.

The reliance on forms. No one can reasonably object to an employment form as such. It would be foolhardy for an employer to hire you without first checking your record of experience. Good enough. But what we often encounter nowadays is an overreliance on the forms and misuse of them. There is a danger that a person may become his form and be trapped inside of it.

Here are three questions on a corporation qualification record: "General condition of health; any serious illness? When? Any physical defect or weakness?" These inquiries are perfectly proper. But if my health were not good, I wouldn't admit it to the company. How can they expect a straight answer? I know perfectly well that a history of illness would work against my being accepted for the job, if only for actuarial reasons. Such a record might indicate that I would not live to receive my thirty-year button. On the other hand, steady employment might improve my health. But since I am dealing with a medical form, I can't say that.

The same goes for the question regarding marital status. There is a square provided for "Divorced." I would not care to admit that either, not because I am ashamed of it but because, for the corporation form sheet, this is one more indication of instability. A divorced person is likely to have fewer ties than the married one, less likely to have property, such as a suburban house, to tie him down. No, it would be wiser to make good on the job and tell them about the divorce later.

The trouble is that forms crowd us so. There is no room for maneuvering one's personality around inside of them. Naturally they want to know about your previous positions, the dates, your title, your supervisor, nature of work, and so on. Again, well and good. But why must they ask "Reasons for leaving?" Who cares to answer "Fired" or "Dispute with my superior" or "Office politics"? Once more we may be forced to misrepresent the facts.

Some questionnaires ask you to turn informer on yourself. I remember one: "List your principal weaknesses." My answer was: "None pertinent." I still don't have a clue as to what the psychologist who thought that one up considered the proper response. It seems to me that anyone who would hand his weaknesses on a platter to his future employer is a fool.

Another technique used at many corporations is that of simulated stress. The idea is that you will normally encounter certain tensions on the job; therefore, why not simulate these tensions in a

mild way while you are being interviewed, and see how you will react? I can imagine that the simulated stress method is often effective. Yet one feels an instinctive resentment against it — even if it works. A friend at the Crystal Palace, an exceptionally able man, told me a story about being courted by a large company. They paid his expenses to cross the country for an interview, and he saw that they were pleased with him. They requested that, "as a matter of form," he sit down with a psychological test. It took him about an hour to complete the questionnaire, and they asked him to wait while it was being scored.

His interviewer came back with a long face. It seemed that my friend had flunked. The interviewer said, "We like to be fair. Let's go through some of your answers and see what went wrong." They did, and my friend calmly justified his responses. He was about to go, when the interviewer's face lit up. "I congratulate you," he said. "We want you to come with us." He then explained that the business of flunking the test had been part of the game. It was a stress situation imposed on all candidates. My friend had in fact made a high score. "When can you start?" asked the interviewer.

"Never," said my friend. "I don't want to work for anyone who cheats in the first round." Although they heaped offers on him, he didn't change his mind.

The worst thing about overreliance on forms is that, to an important extent, they can determine the course of a man's career. That is, through the medium of forms, a man may be pursued by his past, and his future with the company may be already indicated by his past, though he is no more than thirty-five years old.

Once at the Palace we needed a man in our department. Someone called my superior about an applicant, and he inquired at one point, "Is that the price level he wants, or what he *is*?" The employment form asks "Salary Desired?" This means "Salary to which, according to your record, you are entitled." In other words, "What salary *are* you?"

In the corporate scheme of things, which is governed by forms, your present salary depends on your preceding one. The job that will be offered to you derives from the job you have just filled. One marches in salary fetters. Once in formation, you find it next to impossible to break ranks, since there is always this form of you, the personnel file that defines and limits your capabilities. Executive Development specialists extrapolate or project a man's future on the basis of what he has accomplished so far, without providing for the marvelous and unexpected leaps we make, the comebacks, spurts, discoveries, revelations, and lucky hits

that come to men when their spirits roam free. The result: after years of being tabulated and boxed in, a man tends to give up his own idea of himself and accept the evaluation from outside.

I THINK there are two strong arguments against massive testing: 1. more and more people are tending to accept and, worse, to seek and, worse still, to conform to outside evaluations of themselves; 2. the investigators are in danger of being swallowed up by their own techniques and machines, which can only treat people as dead souls.

Ask the corporation personnel specialists why they believe so profoundly in tests and forms. The answer, as always, would seem to be eminently reasonable. Tests are designed to fit round pegs into round holes and square pegs into square holes. Their aim is to eliminate the friction, unhappiness, and inefficiency that result when an applicant is placed in the wrong job or in the wrong company. The idea is that maladjustment is bad for the individual and bad for the company; hence, why not do everything possible to avoid it?

But from the standpoint of our best interests, is it necessarily a bad idea to have a square peg in a round hole? Certainly the rub produces friction, but then friction produces heat and sparks, and sometimes light. If a newcomer is uncomfortable in his job he becomes tense — nevertheless he is reactive. Something will happen, for good or ill. Assume that the job is a bit too much for him. Perhaps then he will stretch, surpass himself, become bigger sooner because of his maladjustment. Or he will fail, fold up, and have to be let go. He will in this event have gone through the experience of making a mistake.

Tests are aimed at depriving us of the experience of making a mistake. The assumption appears to be that it is better for us not to have this experience. Why is it necessarily better? Mistakes and risks build young people; profiting from mistakes makes us wiser than those who have never had a chance to be wrong. The round peg in the round hole is untested against adversity. Of course, the Crystal Palace hopes that there will never be any adversity if things are properly organized. If so, it forgets that there are always barbarians outside the walls. It forgets that complete security is a corrupting thing; that when the young people of the Palace have no chance to experience friction, tension, and selfish desire, and fear, the organization is going to start softening from within.

A dire symptom of this softening process is the willingness of young people to seek out tests in order to discover their "aptitudes." Let's say the findings are right, the tests are right. Taking them

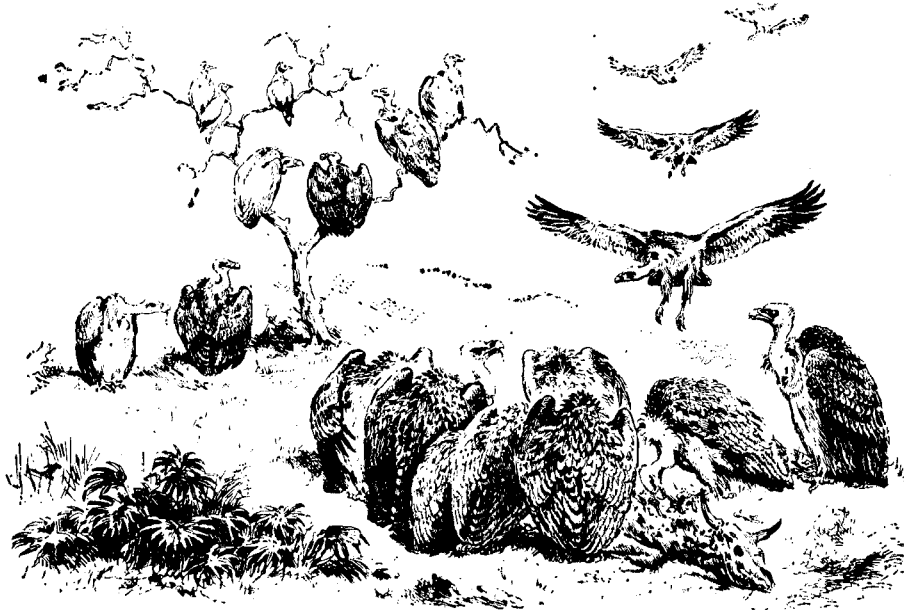
may still be wrong, again, because *you* haven't done the work of self-discovery; *they* have done the work. The tests are also assuming a static you, as you are now. They gauge your potential, yes. But achievement involves the interaction of potential and challenge. "I didn't know I had it in me" is the expression. Well, it is possible that the tests don't know either.

We are in love with systems, yet often it turns out that they are not as sacrosanct as we pretend. It is probably not fair to bring this up, but the Crystal Palace, for instance, is filled with nephews and nieces. What psychology is used in hiring them?

And who are the systematic, scientific gods who receive our obeisance? Perhaps they are not gods at all, but on the contrary rather unhappy and ill-adjusted men. What kind of person enjoys measuring the characters of others? Just as a guess, I would bet that the enthusiasts of measurement have fewer friends than most of us do. This bet would be made on the premise that those who seek to trap and tabulate the inner impulses of others, particularly by deception, have a basic contempt for these same impulses. (I realize that, scientifically, this is a foolish thought. How do we define "friendship," and so forth?) He who thinks your self is capturable by machine must proceed from a basic (if perhaps kindly) contempt for you — seldom a starting point for friendliness.

I once heard a strong and good personnel man whose proper advancement had been held back by upstairs stupidity trying to account for his slow progress. He complained for a while about certain inefficiencies. But obviously he felt that his grouching wasn't getting to the heart of the matter. Then he burst out: "I know I have faults, and they're serious. They have hurt me. I'm too impatient. I let my personal feelings get the better of me. I try to control them — but when I'm not thinking they come out." This was his confession to the gods of personnel. But his *mea culpa* was bunk. He had none of these faults. He was a good man precisely because on occasion he let his personal feelings get the better of him.

The curious self-denunciations we hear nowadays! The tyranny of forms has produced a new type of confessional. Instead of (or in addition to) confessing to God through his priest or confessing to himself via a psychoanalyst, the corporation man confesses to the form. He acknowledges his strengths and weaknesses as they have been defined by others and promises in his subdued heart to do better, to con to the form, or at least to appear to do so. And if you "appear" to think in a certain way for twenty years, the chances are that somewhere along the line you will be absorbed into your own disguise.



VULTURE COUNTRY BY JOHN D. STEWART

Author and playwright, still in his thirties, JOHN D. STEWART devotes his leisure time to writing and his working days to the British civil service. For the past eight years he has been stationed at Gibraltar, where he has had a chance to observe some of the mysterious flights and habits of the great vultures that constantly swoop down from the sky in southern Spain.

SPAIN is the stronghold of the vultures. There are four listed species in Europe, two common and two rare; if they are anywhere, they are in Spain. The bearded vulture and the black survive there, the Egyptian flourishes, and the great griffon swarms. The further south you go the more numerous they become, until you reach the hot grazing plains of Andalusia. There, summer and winter through, they hang in hordes in the roofless sky, for Andalusia is the vulture country.

There are three essential qualities for vulture country: a rich supply of unburied corpses, high mountains, a strong sun. Spain has the first of these, for in this sparsely populated and stony land it is not customary, or necessary, to bury dead animals. Where there are vultures in action such burial would be a self-evident waste of labor, with inferior sanitary results. Spain has mountains, too, in no part far to seek; and the summer sun is hot throughout the country. But it is hottest in Andalusia, and that is the decisive factor.

The sun, to the vulture, is not just something which makes life easier and pleasanter, a mere matter of preference. His mode of life is impossible without it. Here in Andalusia the summer sun dries up every pond and lake and almost every river. It drives the desperate frogs deep into the mud cracks and forces the storks to feed on locusts. It kills the food plants and wilts the fig trees over the heads of the panting flocks. An-

dalusia becomes like that part of ancient Greece, "a land where men fight for the shade of an ass."

All animals, both tame and wild, weaken in these circumstances, and the weakest go to the wall and die. The un pitying sun glares down on the corpses and speeds their putrefaction, rotting the hide and softening the sinews and the meat, to the vulture's advantage. But the sun plays a still greater part in his life. Its main and vital function, for him, is the creation of thermal currents in the atmosphere, for without these he would be helpless.

The vulture must fly high — high enough to command a wide territory, for, except at times of catastrophe, dead animals are never thick on the ground. His task is to soar to ten thousand feet, more or less, two or three times in a day, and to hang there and keep constant survey. A male griffon weighs up to sixteen pounds, so that to hoist himself up to that necessary viewpoint would call for fifty-three thousand calories, the equivalent of fifty pounds of meat. To find and eat three times his own weight in a day is clearly impossible; a short cut must be made. In the dawn of any day, in Andalusia, you may see the vulture discovering that short cut.

The eagles, buzzards, kites, and falcons are already on the wing, quartering the plain fast and low, seeking reptiles and small game. But the vulture sits on a crag and waits. He sees the sun

Drawing from WILD SPAIN.

bound up out of the sierra, and still he waits. He waits until the sun-struck rocks and the hard earth heat up and the thermal currents begin to rise. When the upstream is strong enough, he leaps out from the cliff, twists into it, and without one laborious wingbeat, spirals and soars.

By the time the vulture reaches his station, a half hour later and maybe more, the sun is blazing down on the plain and betraying every detail to his telescopic eye, and the updraft is strengthening as the day approaches its zenith. His ceiling for this day is fixed by two factors. One is the strength and buoyancy of his chosen thermal, which will vary with the strength of the sun and the behavior of the upper winds. But the more important factor, for it fixes his horizontal bearings as well, is the distribution of neighboring vultures in the sky, his colleagues and competitors.

He cocks his head from side to side and checks their various positions. There they hang, dotted across the clear sky at intervals of a mile or so — at the corners of one-mile squares. Height and lateral distances all adjusted, the vulture settles, circling slowly on his invisible support, and begins his long and lonely vigil.

THIS griffon vulture, which I select from the four species as being by far the most prevalent and typical, is almost sure to be a male. The female rarely leaves her nest from early March, when she lays her rough white egg, until August, when her huge poult is fledged and flying. The father has to feed and carry for all three.

At first glance, from below, he appears as one great wing, ten feet from tip to tip and two feet broad. His tail is square and very short, which is all it needs to be, for there are no sharp or sudden quirks in his flight that would call for a strong rudder. His movements are premeditated, stressless, and leisurely, for his energy must be conserved at all costs and never wasted on aerobatics.

The vulture's head and neck, too, protrude very little in front of his wing plane, and this distinguishes his flight silhouette from the eagle's. His neck is, in fact, some two feet long, but since it is bare — and must be bare — he folds it back into his collar to keep it warm. His head, apart from its nakedness, is like an eagle's; his yellow claws, which never kill and rarely carry, are shorter and not so strong. His plumage is a uniform sandy color, faded and tattered by work and waiting and, perhaps, by old age. It is relieved only by his coffee-colored ruff and the broad black primary wing feathers fingering the air.

The vulture sails in silence, for no vocal signals could serve him at such a distance from his fel-

lows. He croaks, growls, and whistles only in his family circle, and at his feasts. He circles by almost imperceptible adjustments of his wing planes, aided by slight twists of his tail. But his head is in constant and active movement. He swivels it from one side to the other, bringing each eye in turn to bear on the earth. Then he bends his neck to right or left to check on one of his neighbors to north, south, east, or west.

The whole vulture network is interdependent. Each vulture can give and receive two signals or, as the scientists call them, "visual stimuli." Circling means "Nothing doing"; dropping, or its resultant hole in the sky, calls "Come here!" Like all other vultures, he rests reassured by the first and is rapidly and relentlessly drawn by the second.

It is demonstrable how, with a special density of nerve endings on his retina, the vulture can see a small animal from a great height. Many other birds — gannets, for example — have the same propensity. Their eyesight is surprising only when we compare it with the poor standards of our own. But a mystery remains: how does the bird know that the animal is dead? The sense of smell is to be ruled out straightway. It is impossible that it would operate at such a distance, even allowing for the upward current of air. Birds are not, generally, well endowed in this respect, and in the vulture's case this may be especially fortunate.

No book, no expert, could answer this question for me, and I carried it through the vulture country for years, the one tantalizing imponderable, the broken link. Then, one hot afternoon, I lay down beside an old swineherd in the shade of a cork oak on the foothills overlooking the great plain of La Janda. For fifty years, he told me, he had watched pigs on that plain — the pigs, yes, and the vultures. I put my problem to him.

The swineherd's theory is not to be proved, but it is a wise one and I shall hold it until I find a better. No, he said, it is not the white belly skin that distinguishes the dead animals. White fur may fix the vulture's eye, but it does not offer him evidence of death. All herds and flocks, said the old man, lie down together and at one time. They have their place and their hour of rest. When a vulture sees an animal lying alone and apart, he is bound to notice it. The next time he crosses, the same image strikes his eye and startles him again. Over and over again he marks it and waits and watches; but now, alerted, he watches it more closely.

The next day the animal is still there; his attention is fixed upon it now, so he circles a little lower, his eye riveted, seeking the slightest movement of limb or lung. He sees none, but he continues to wait, said the old man. It takes him

two days, at least, to confirm death. He goes on circling, but lower. He becomes more engrossed, and more sure. The other vultures note his behavior and move over a little in the sky. Every time he falls, they move closer. Now he is very low. He seeks the heaving of the flanks or eye movements; he sees neither. At some point, perhaps, he receives a visual stimulus in some death sign — the protruding tongue or the wide and whitened eye. Then he falls quickly, landing heavily at a little distance from the corpse.

THE swineherd and I watched the first vulture land. We watched him sidling and circling the dead goat, standing erect to see better, wing tips trailing, naked neck stretched to the full, head swiveling rapidly to bring alternate eyes to bear. He hopped closer and paused, peering intently. If he could smell, even as well as we, his doubts would have been over. But he stood there, irresolute, famished yet fearful, with his bill open and his wings ready for use.

Then a big shadow swept across the brown grass, and the vulture glanced upwards. His involuntary signal had been answered, and a tall column of vultures wheeled overhead. He hopped to close quarters, stretched forward, pecked the corpse, and leapt back. He watched it for a second more; no movement. Then he croaked once, as though to bless himself, and threw himself on the body. He struck his heavy beak into the flank, flapped for balance, and thrust backwards with feet and wings to strip the hide from the ribs and belly.

Almost immediately there were eight more vultures at the corpse, and we saw that all of them sought and fought for the same place. Their aim was to penetrate, their object the viscera. Watching them thrusting their long necks deep into the belly cavity and withdrawing them befouled and bloodstained, I saw why those necks must be bare. Yes, said the swineherd, and that is the one part the vulture cannot reach to clean. His mate may clean it for him later, for pure greed, but if he had feathers there he would have maggots in them.

Now sixteen more vultures swept down, landing heavily in their haste and flap-hopping to the feast — the second square from the sky pattern. The corpse was covered, submerged in a heaving, struggling mass of broad brown wings. A new column wheeled above us, circling lower. There should be twenty-four up there, I reckoned. There were twenty-three.

The latecomers landed on nearby trees, including ours, and their weight bent thick limbs to the ground. From points four miles distant, we could

expect thirty-four more, and at the height of the carnival I counted just short of one hundred birds.

A mule lasts two hours, said the old man, and an ox, three. This goat became bones in the sun in half an hour.

As the hundred fed, or hoped and waited, many more vultures circled high above, assessing the situation and the prospects and treasuring their altitude. Toward the end, when the feasters scattered and exposed the small skeleton, the watchers flapped and drifted wearily away to resume their distant stations. But they had fulfilled their function. They had marked the spot and drawn the Egyptian vultures and the kites.

Now the little Egyptian vultures landed daintily and dodged nimbly through the throng of giants. They are bare on the face and throat only, with well-feathered head and neck, and so, perforce, they are cleaner feeders. The dirty work has been done; now the long and delicate beak comes into play. The Egyptian vultures attack the skull, the large joints, and the crevices of the pelvic girdle — all parts inaccessible to the griffon's heavy beak. They extract brains, membranes, and the spinal cord, and clip out tendons and ligaments. They dodge out through the encircling griffons with their spoils, gobble them swiftly, and dance back for more. The griffons, gorged with meat and panting in the sun, pay them scant attention.

Finally, when all but the whistling kites have left the scene, comes the great solitary bearded vulture, the fierce lammergeier. His whole head is feathered, so he despises carrion. He lives aloof from all the rest of the vulture tribe, but they serve his interests, so he keeps them within sight. The old swineherd calls him *Quebrantahuesos* — the bone smasher — and Aeschylus noted him, long ago, for the same behavior. The lammergeier seizes the largest bones, carries them high, in his claws, and drops them on the rocks. Then he swoops down and rakes out the marrow.

Like an eagle, he can kill as well as carry with his claws, and he has not the true vulture's patient, soaring habit. He attacks flocks and herds and carries off the lambs and kids and piglets. After his work has been done nothing will remain except an empty skull and some small bones, which the ants and carrion beetles pick and polish.

Our griffon, first on the scene, will not be the first to leave it. He is sure to have gorged himself with his advantage. Crop, throat, and neck distended, he squats back on his tail, with his wings spread to steady him and his beak hanging open. From time to time he chokes and belches and gags, and it is an hour, maybe, before the meat subsides in him.

When he is ready, the griffon runs and leaps across the plain, thrashing heavily with his big

wings, and labors into the air. He finds a thermal, circles in it to his altitude, then slips sideways and sweeps gently across the sierra to his distant nest.

The griffon vultures are gregarious in nesting, with colonies throughout the mountains at fairly regular intervals of thirty miles. They are said to pair for life. Certainly they return every year to the same nest. In January they begin to repair the nest, a broad and battered saucer of strong branches, topped with twigs and grass. They are careless builders, and many nests have bare rock protruding in them. No attempt is made to cover it. The egg is laid in late February and incubated for forty days. The new chick is bare and blue-skinned and looks as though he might become a dragon, but soon he sprouts white down and begins to assert the characteristics of his race. In a month he is voracious, and by the end of April he will demand four pounds of meat every day. Before he is fledged he will need eight pounds. Providentially, his demands coincide with the heyday of death.

When the male vulture arrives at the nest he settles on a nearby ledge, vomits, and sorts out the result with his beak. The female helps with this assessment, feeding herself hungrily on the larger relics. Then she offers her gape and crop to her cowering, whistling infant. The chick gobbles madly. With vultures it can never be "little and often," for animals die irregularly, as they must, so the birds, young and old, must gorge to the neck when opportunity offers. That is their instinct and their nature.

A male vulture with family responsibilities cannot rest for long. Now that his load is delivered and eaten, he is likely to be the hungriest of the family. This, too, is as it should be, for the hunger sends him out and up again, however little daylight may remain, to circle in the sky until the sunset reddens the sierra.

Time was when the summer drought killed thousands of beasts every year and the floods of winter hundreds more. Nowadays there are fewer casualties, but the vultures still have a fairly constant food supply in the charnel gorges, which lie below most mountain villages.

Grazalema, Arcos, Casares, and a hundred more were built, for protection from the raiding Moors, on the edge of the precipice. All dead and dying animals, as well as all the garbage of the town, are simply pushed over the cliff and left to the birds. There is a bird in Andalusia for every class and size of refuse. From the escarpment you can watch all the scavengers of the air, soaring below you or fighting on the feast. The great black vulture may be here, the griffon and Egyptian for sure, and two kinds of kites. The cunning ravens and carrion crows wait on the outskirts, dashing

in to snatch their choice. Clouds of choughs and jackdaws wheel and cry above them.

There is a new feeding ground in the unfenced highways of Andalusia. As motor traffic increases, these offer more and more dead dogs, cats, kids, pigs, and rabbits. If you are abroad at dawn, it is a common thing to run down a vulture intent on scraping a dead dog off the asphalt. Even so, with an apparently limitless population of these great birds, each looking for some thirty pounds of meat every day, one wonders how they flourish.

Their wonderful feeding system has, it seems to me, one fatal flaw. They can signal "Food here," but not how much. At the feast which I have described only some succeeded in feeding at all, and only two or three ate their fill. A majority came the distance and lost their height for little or for nothing.

In Africa, also vulture country, there is no such difficulty, for there all the game is big game, and every funeral is worth attending. It may be that some of our Andalusian vultures go there in the winter. Certainly our vulture population increases here, but that is because the vultures from further north crowd in as the heat decreases and the air currents weaken in their homelands. Fortunately, there is a seasonal food supply ready for them all, for it is the time of birth, with all its failures and fatalities. After the winter storms, too, the torrents offer up their toll of corpses. And in winter, each bird has only himself to feed. But you would not doubt, if you knew the constant panic for food which dominates him summer and winter alike, that the vulture leads a competitive and anxious life. He has strong forces for survival. It is held — and we know it to be true of eagles — that the vulture has a very long life. If this longevity is a fact, then the solitary chick each year may add up to a good replacement rate.

The nest is inaccessible, and the hen guards it constantly against the only possible natural enemy — other vultures or raptors. So the survival rate must be high, as is proved by the evident increase toward saturation point.

At times, lying on my back on the plain with binoculars trained on the sky, I have seen vultures circling in two or three layers, each one high above the other. What can this mean? A hungry duplication, or triplication, hopelessly covering the same feeding ground and using the only available thermals? Or the opposite — idle and well-fed reserves standing by for surplus?

No one can tell me. But here in the vulture country there are no birds more spectacular, more fascinating to watch and to study. In time we may find out the last of their secrets. I lie on the plains and keep on watching them. And they, I know, keep on watching me.



Tonight he'll KNOW

That special point which so absorbs him now—by tonight it will be his.

But tomorrow he will move on to the next point, the next topic, the next chapter.

And a week from now, a year from now, in the same subject, or in another, he will face new frontiers of KNOWING.

So it is with knowing the news. Today's news is only the beginning of tomorrow's news, this week's news only the first chapter of next week's.

For knowing the news, like *all* knowing, never ends. Each day mankind makes more news, has new triumphs and trials, crosses new horizons, faces new crises.

And all of this news matters to intelligent people, responsible people, successful people.

It was exactly for people like these that TIME was invented.

It is to people like these that TIME has become a life-long weekly habit, just as their favorite morning newspaper is a lifelong daily habit.

Read TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine



THE TRANSLATING MACHINE



BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

FOUR months before Sputnik I split the skies, the Soviet Academy of Sciences published a description of its plans for tracking that nation's first scientific satellite. The article appeared in an amateur radio magazine, putting all Russian "hams" on the alert. The inference was that the little missile would soon be fired.

Many American libraries subscribed to the publication and duly received it early in June, 1957. But there was only one translation known to have been made of the satellite article — by the Air Force — and that was kept secret. Details of the power and wave length of the satellite's broadcasting unit were therefore unavailable to American science. Nor were they known, apparently, to the Naval Research Laboratory, doggedly struggling with Project Vanguard, nor to its tracking experts of the Bureau of Standards and the Smithsonian Institution.

When Sputnik circled the globe on October 4 no one was more embarrassed than the Navy. Vanguard's elaborate "radio fence," stretching five thousand miles to southern Chile, could not listen in. It had been designed for a very different wave length. Over that first weekend of man's conquest of space, technicians from Washington to Santiago worked without sleep to convert their equipment in order to find out what Sputnik was doing. Meanwhile the first American contact was established by radio amateurs, by chance. Officially we had been caught napping because no one had thought it important to translate what the Russians had published.

Even with increased staffs of translators, the United States is able to put into English less than half the year's grist of scientific material from other countries. But much has been accomplished toward creation of an electronic computer that will read and translate the printed page. DAVID O. WOODBURY writes from long experience in electrical engineering research.

The incident sharply illuminates the unhappy fact that the world has no organized means of surmounting its language barrier, a situation rapidly becoming more dangerous as science and technology leap ahead. Thousands of languages and dialects are spoken around the globe. At the very least, essential material in fifty tongues must be available to all if civilization is to share its progress. Nothing remotely approaching this has been accomplished. Even if there were ten or a hundred times as many human translators as there are, and funds to pay them, they could not deal with the flood of material that is pouring from the world's technical minds and is lost.

In a report issued in 1957, UNESCO said:

At least 50% of scientific literature is in languages which more than half the world's scientists cannot read. Nearly two thirds of engineering literature appears in English, but more than two thirds of the world's professional engineers cannot read English and a still larger proportion of English-reading engineers cannot read scientific literature in other languages. . . . The greater part of what is published is inaccessible to most of those who could otherwise benefit from it.

The lack is serious not only in the scientific disciplines but in law, medicine, agriculture, archi-

ture, economics, and the arts. When a specialist in any field publishes but cannot be read, others in the same field must rediscover his findings for themselves. Patents in one language, if unintelligible generally, cannot be licensed for the general good.

Since Sputnik I, a crash program by the National Science Foundation has been turning out an estimated 100 million words per year of technical Russian translation alone, but this is less than half of the text we should be handling. Little has been done with other important tongues. It is impossible to obtain enough translators, especially the trained people required for work in technical fields. Such people as there are cannot be spared from their chosen professions.

About ten years ago Dr. Warren Weaver of the Rockefeller Foundation, foreseeing the situation, suggested that the enormous routine job of translation might be done by machines. The idea was quickly taken up by linguists and electronics specialists in America and England. Today, the computer, or electronic brain, is well along toward picking up the burden of machine translation, known as "MT."

THE computer is a highly complex electronic device, often filling many rooms, based on the principle of the adding machine. It does not merely add, however. It can make comparisons and choices between numbers and deduce which of many intricate patterns will fulfill specified requirements. Since numerical quantities can symbolize entities which are not numbers, problems in logic are well within the machine's range. This is where machine translation will come in.

The modern computer's speed is so great that, even though the steps of computation may be difficult and numerous, it can handle investigations far too laborious for human beings. A large aircraft maker, for example, can now program an electronic brain with the design details of a score of airplane wings, "fly the ship" under all conceivable airborne conditions, and discover in a few days which is the best wing. Such thoroughness would require years of human analysis and has never been possible before. Electronic impulses travel at a speed of nearly 186,000 miles per second. Comparable human nerve stimuli, biologists have found, can achieve no more than 260 miles an hour. A single item of machine computation may be completed in a few millionths of a second and is instantly followed by the next.

Stuart Chase once pointed out whimsically that IBM's 701 computer was 100,000 times faster at arithmetic than he was. "After receiving 963

instructions," he wrote, "the 701 can calculate the path of a guided missile, performing eleven hundred thousand calculations, in two minutes. This sum I could toss off in a matter of fifteen years." The newer IBM-704 and the Univac are much faster. Computers are aiming at speeds a million times faster than human beings. It will tax even this speed to solve the problems of machine translation.

The heart of the computer is its "memory," which stores tens of thousands of bits of information comprising a statement of the problem to be solved and instructions for solving it. A difficult problem may take months of human effort to arrange in machine language and place in the memory. But once the button is pushed, the answers may be out in minutes. Thus, the computer is best suited to the solution of great numbers of problems using a single formula covered by one set of instructions. In addition to numerical solutions, the computer can search through incredible quantities of data and find a desired item, relating it to as many other items as may be demanded. Language translation falls in this class of operation.

In such use, the machine's memory becomes a dictionary or glossary of words in any two tongues desired. On the average, it takes about twenty-five separate bits of stored information to encode and hold a single word. This is not prohibitive, because of the speed with which the computer can assemble these bits and operate upon them. To translate, the machine will receive a word, like the German *mein*, and will hunt through its entire collection for it, locate the equivalent "my" in English, and deliver it to storage to await the rest of the translation. When all the words of the original have been run through, the converted text will be printed out or recorded on tape or cards in code form. The exact order of occurrence will be preserved.

Experimental word-for-word translations have been made in this way and constitute the first attempts to reach the "hardware" stage in machine translation. For the most part they have confined themselves to narrowly scientific fields such as brain surgery, genetics, and chemistry. A glossary of about five thousand words most often used in a particular discipline will give a fairly intelligible result in technical subjects.

Most of the earlier experiments involved no computer at all. In one of these, for example, the words of a few Russian sentences were numbered consecutively and each was written on a separate slip of paper. The slips were then shuffled to destroy their order and translated, all English meanings being entered on each slip. When they were reassembled in numerical order, a rough

translation resulted, and this could be improved by a proper choice of meanings made by a person familiar with the subject matter but with no knowledge of Russian. The test showed that a computer could handle this elementary type of word-for-word translation. A successful paper exploration of this sort was made by Dr. A. D. Booth of the University of London and Dr. R. H. Richens of the Commonwealth Bureau of Genetics. They arranged glossaries for the subject of genetics in twenty different languages, then turned out simulated machine translations of a few sentences in each. After suitable postediting, the results were claimed to be very good indeed. Subsequently, an actual hardware experiment was conducted by the Institute of Languages and Linguistics of Georgetown University, under the direction of Professor Leon Dostert and his staff. International Business Machines Corporation contributed a 701 computer, and some two hundred and fifty words of a few Russian sentences were translated. It was a carefully groomed experiment termed a "pilot Russian-English conversion scheme" and couldn't very well fail. However, it did demonstrate a mechanical robot in action in the MT field, probably for the first time. Generous post-editing made the translation a success.

The need for this postediting was humorously presented in Mark Twain's hilarious essay in which he translates his story of the jumping frog back from its French rendering. "Eh bien!" goes his word-for-word version. "I no saw that that frog had nothing of better than each frog." Such a translation would be dangerous for a surgeon seeking technical background in a foreign tongue for some risky new operation.

Nevertheless, there is a strong tendency today to use word-for-word MT for the preliminary drudgery of classifying foreign writings. Of the millions of words turned out by the world's technicians in all fields, only a very small part is truly informative. Somebody must winnow out the genuine contributions by reading everything, good and bad alike. To avoid this, it is proposed that computers be set to work merely indexing foreign articles as to subject and general content. To do this the computer will need to be provided with a list of key words in a given subject. When a whole article is fed to it, the machine will locate and assemble translations of the key words with page references. By inspecting a finished index of many such articles, an expert can quickly tell which items will interest him.

AN EXTENSION of this idea will be the abstracting of specific articles after indexing. Much more

elaborate machine preparation will be necessary, because abstracting involves choice. The instructions will direct the computer to look for ideas. As it finds them it will assemble them in order and finally print them out. Any person familiar with the subject can then decide which articles will be of use to him and can have them translated in the usual way.

Abstracting, however, does not face up to the real problem of machine translation. The final goal is high-grade automatic communication between tongues that can be relied upon for accuracy and, indeed, will make a reasonable job of preserving style. The computer must come close to functioning as a human translator functions; it must do something perilously like thinking. The obvious difficulty is that a word-for-word rendering is not good enough. It fails to take into account differences in word order, syntax, and grammar. Thus, the mechanical dictionary in the advanced machine must contain not only all forms and meanings of all words but must be able to interpret the significance of varying word arrangements.

It is impossible to accomplish this without loading the memory with a great number of rules telling the robot what to do in an enormous variety of situations. Computer designers expect that a really adequate machine memory will need a capacity of a billion or more separate bits of information. But they are surprisingly comfortable about this staggering requirement and have said, simply, "Tell us exactly what your rules are and how they work, and we will build a machine that will handle them."

The trouble is that linguists and grammarians have not yet discovered the rules, as they apply between two different languages. In fact, researchers in the machine translation art have spent nearly all of their first decade in trying to find them. Their problem has broken down into two parts: first, the painstaking discovery of the patterns of dependence between the rules of one language and those of another, and second, the translation of these patterns into rigorously logical structures with which a computer can deal. So far, a method of establishing logical rules is all that has come to light. The method consists of comparative studies of each pair of languages which will yield, in the end, a complete description of the interplay between their structures.

An enormous amount of routine research is needed for this. The sense of a text in one language is obtained by words, word prefixes and suffixes, grammatical relationships, and syntax. In another the same elements are used quite differently, sometimes not at all, to produce the same sense. Any attempt to transliterate the rules would end in gibberish. Some sort of bridge must be discovered

between them — a bridge that will always remain firm. The search is vastly complicated by the large number of exceptions, all of which must be rounded up and reduced to logical rules of their own. The early workers in machine translation have been dismayed to find that no adequate knowledge has been accumulated in this vital area. Comprehensive studies have never been made.

These studies must be done statistically by collecting large numbers of examples of each rule in each language and codifying them as to authenticity and frequency of infraction. Rules must then be set up to care for the exceptions. The most skilled linguist would need to devote a lifetime to a small fraction of this work. Fortunately, a short cut is offered by the computer itself, and a great deal of preliminary exploring is in progress at a number of universities. Two typical institutions among the many hard at work in this new field are the computation laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, led by Professor V. H. Yngve, and Harvard University, under the direction of Dr. A. G. Oettinger. MIT is developing a special system of instructions for the conventional computer so that it can "read" large quantities of common newspaper text, search out the occurrences of particular language structures, and list them. It will soon be possible, for instance, to feed a million words of German into the computer memory and then ask the machine to search for a particular structural phenomenon and indicate whether or not it is a standard form. The machine will readily do this once the text it is to work on has been pretranslated into the punch-card or taped form.

For example, demands like these will come up: What is the sort of context that determines a specific German word order? Pick out all cases where a subject follows a verb. Show how punctuation is related to sense, how and when a compound word is used, the significance of capital initial letters. Search for the exceptions to all these things and devise rules that will reduce them to logic.

To investigate all important languages, even by rapid machine methods, may take a long time. But a start has been made with a few language pairs so that the scheme can be verified. Harvard is working from Russian to English and MIT from German to English.

The blue-ribbon translating machine that will operate on the rules thus learned will work something like this: it will have a kind of "outer office," or reception room, into which individual sentences in a foreign language will be introduced. Here the text will be scrutinized, and all of its structural factors will be recognized and codified into computer-type data. The code will say, in

effect, "for this group of words, Rule 948 applies," and so on. These code elements will then go on through the computer to a department of structural transfer. Here, equivalent rules in the terminal language will be looked up and codified. With this new codification the original word cargo will pass along to a third department, where the code will be broken down into a construction routine for the equivalent English sentence. At this point the glossary will come into play and the original words will be translated and meanings assigned to them compatible with their sentence structure. The final operation will be simply the printing out of the solution to the problem. Sentences will be used as the basic units because they are, in general, self-contained and complete as to sense. The translation should be near perfect.

IF THE laboratories and the many helping hands from other universities and companies succeed, and the linguistic research is thorough enough, it will then be up to computer designers to produce a machine built specially for this one service. The general-purpose engineering computer is not well adapted to the stiff MT requirements at present. Its main shortcoming is its memory. The human mind, which achieves a large part of its functioning by consulting stored experience, requires about 10 billion neurons, or storage cells. No computer so far has anything like such a capacity. Mechanical memories today are usually magnetic, storing their bits of information as tiny areas which are either magnetized or not. Each of these states represents information when it is located at a particular physical "address." The simplest magnetic memory is a whirling drum of steel a few feet long and a foot or two in diameter. Its polished surface has room for tens of thousands of activated magnetic spots. As it revolves, at nearly a mile a minute, the surface sweeps beneath tiny coils of wire which can read out the magnetic condition of any spot in terms of a small electric pulse. These pulses can be combined to signify numerical "words," or code sequences.

A newer type of memory involves thousands of magnetic rings of about pinhead size, strung on a grid of wires. Since nothing moves but the electric pulses, these storage units respond virtually at the speed of light. The arrangement is so much more compact and rapid in its response that its storage capacity is many times greater than that of the revolving drum. But even so, the physical space requirements are large and the cost very high. New steps are being taken in the metallurgy of magnetism; soon we shall see disks of tremendous capacity, whirling at tens of thousands of

r.p.m., and beyond that photographic memories stepping up storage facilities still more. A new order of efficiency is expected, too, from a tiny transistorlike device known as the cryotron. This can do extraordinary feats of memory storage when chilled by a bath of liquid helium to some 450 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. It is the first practical electronic device to come out of the wonderland of near-absolute zero, where the behavior of the elements is entirely different from that in the ordinary world.

Even so, computer scientists will not be satisfied. They are already talking about using the individual atoms themselves as memory storage units. Atoms are tiny magnets, so small that 100 million of them, end to end, occupy only an inch. If computers can use them, translating machines no bigger than desks will be possible, and the billion-sized information load required for the perfect mechanical dictionary will be at hand.

Memories, of course, are essential, but the crux of the problem is to make the computer human in its abilities. The late Dr. John von Neumann, one of the world's great mathematicians, spent years studying the possibilities of computers as independent thinkers. He thought it conceivable to design a machine capable of reproducing itself. Short of that, he felt machines could be trained to exercise a limited kind of personal judgment.

The continuing attempt among communications specialists has already yielded machines that can play games and "think" their way out of unexpected difficulties. Several have played games of checkers with human opponents and have sometimes beaten them. The famous Mouse, designed by Professor Norbert Wiener, can penetrate a mechanical maze in search of "cheese" (an electric contact which rings a bell), and, once it has figured out the correct path, can unerringly reach the goal again. If the maze is changed, Mouse utilizes past experience in solving the new difficulty more rapidly. Professor Wiener's machine and several other robots like it have proved that the act of learning is possible for electronic brains. The faculty can undoubtedly be extended and applied to the smooth translation of languages.

At present, a machine can accept only material expressed in special codes. Again, it is but a step to the computer that will read a printed page. The automatic reading of print is already a well-established science called "character recognition." Many banks use devices which sort checks by recognizing the numbers on them. An advanced machine goes through huge piles of travelers' checks, adds the digits of the numbers on them, and picks out any that may be fraudulent. Patents

have already been obtained on electronic readers which actually view a page of type and print it out at a distance, without human intervention. As soon as such equipment can be applied to the translating computer, the time-consuming job of preparing texts in coded form will be eliminated. As for printing out translated texts, this is already old hat. In a big computer room one can see automatic printers racing along at the rate of six hundred lines per minute — about one page every three seconds.

Professor William N. Locke, head of MIT's modern languages department and a prime mover in machine translation, is not going to be satisfied even with this kind of short cut. He would like to have a machine that will translate material that is merely spoken to it. This is not so fantastic as it sounds. Voice recognition techniques are far along in the laboratory already. The Bell Telephone Laboratories have a pet machine they call Audrey, which can listen to spoken numbers as well as sixteen of the principal phonetic sounds and repeat them. With the aid of a hiss-and-buzz generator, which produces the basic sound waves of speech, it can reconstruct simple conversation well enough to be understood. Its achievement does not seem so startling until one learns that it can transmit and make intelligible one hundred times as many telephone conversations as the average subscriber can. Audrey would make an admirable secretary for a translating machine, listening to a speech read aloud and then stuffing it into the computer for processing. Its only trouble is that it can't recognize a woman's voice.

At least half a dozen laboratories are hard at work in search of an electronic system for recognizing speech and coding it, no matter who talks, whether the speaker has a cold, is excited, or is underwater. When it succeeds, we shall be able to talk to a typewriter which has no stenographer in front of it or yell a number at a telephone and have it do its own dialing.

The ultimate in translation machines is thus not too hard to imagine. The final word — and no informed engineer would be surprised — will be the machine to which one can talk in one language while it simultaneously intones the translation in another, perhaps several others at once, depending upon what buttons are pushed. And if someday this ultimate robot, made a little tipsy by its own cleverness, should hear the lines

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,

we might find out what Lewis Carroll really meant.

THE HOT RAIN

An Atlantic "First" by

MICHAEL FISHER

WE PICKED her up at Beit Bridge. She stood by the customs counter, small and thin, her head on one side. It was early morning but already hot. She was wearing a tweed skirt.

"Please," she said, smiling.

Van Rensburg stood with his feet apart, his thumbs in his trouser waistband. Even he seemed amused. He snorted down his nose and turned to the man with her.

"Ja, we can give her a lift to Salisbury," he said and walked out of the customs house down to his truck. The man had no time to thank him, so he thanked me instead. He shuffled his feet and said he had brought his sister-in-law up from Durban. She had arrived from England to join her husband, who had come out to a new job in Salisbury a month before. But now he had business to do in Bulawayo, so if we could take her on the straight road to Salisbury through Fort Victoria . . .

"Well, that's fine," I said. "Glad to have her."

He put her suitcases in the back of the truck, thanked us again, and kissed her good-by.

A thought came to him. "She'll be all right, I suppose. I mean, you will look after her, won't you?" I don't know why he hadn't thought of it before.

"She'll be all right," I said. "Yes, I think she'll be all right."

The three of us got into the cab of van Rensburg's half-ton open truck. The woman sat in the middle. With a lurch we started off. "Now," she said, "I think we should introduce ourselves. I'm Mrs. Gibbs, Beatrice Gibbs. How do you do?"

"Van Rensburg," said van Rensburg. He was



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an Afrikaner, burned and thick. He was returning to his farm east of Salisbury after a week's trip to Pretoria.

I told her my name. I didn't tell her that I was hitchhiking to Salisbury and that van Rensburg had only picked me up at Messina early that morning. I didn't want her to know yet that I was not necessarily on van Rensburg's side.

"Oh, I do like this country!" said Mrs. Gibbs. "I've never been outside England before," and she went on to tell us what a wonderful country South Africa was and how nice the people were. Her features were sharp, bony, but her skin was draped over them softly. Her eyes were dark and deep-set, giving her face a look of intelligence I was not sure it deserved. She carried a tweed coat matching her skirt. Through her white blouse you could see the mechanics of her underwear. She was very English. With no other woman around for comparison, she looked good.

She stopped talking suddenly and looked at us. "Actually I feel quite nervous here with you two strange men." She laughed. "I don't know what my husband would say!"

Van Rensburg looked at her a minute. "You'll be all right," he said. He reached across her and took a bottle of brandy from the glove box and

Etching by A. Legros. Courtesy of Print Department, Boston Public Library.

drank from it. His neck muscles stood out like a bull's. He wiped the neck of the bottle with his hand. "You want a drink?" he said to her.

Mrs. Gibbs didn't say anything.

"Don't worry," he said, "I got a whole case in the back."

She still didn't say anything, so he passed the bottle to me. She didn't say anything for ten minutes after that.

I watched the road. The road was hammering the truck. It was asphalt strips, twin strips, one for each set of wheels, and whenever you met another car you had to skid off into the dust at the side. The government had put them down just before the war as a temporary measure. They were meant to last three years. They were still there.

The bush we were going through was tall, thick, and green. Ahead on the horizon there was a mass of blue clouds. There was a lot of rain there. "We going to get through?" I asked. "The customs man said the rivers were up way over the bridges."

"We'll get through," said van Rensburg. "The customs man is a fool."

A scorpion scuttled across the road ahead. I pointed it out, and Mrs. Gibbs got excited. "What! You don't get scorpions here, do you? The things that sting you and you die?"

"Ja," said van Rensburg. "We also got crocodiles," and he told her how the crocodiles ate anyone that went near a river.

"And if the crocodiles don't get you the bilharzia will," I said, and I told her of the worms in the water that get under your skin into your blood and lay eggs with spikes on that tear your insides to bits. Then van Rensburg told her of the hyenas that would snatch a man's face off while he was sleeping round a campfire, and I told her about mambas and he told her about tarantulas. We had a great time. We certainly got her scared. But she didn't say much. She only poked at her untidy brown hair a little faster than usual.

The clouds ahead did not look good. Even where we were there were signs that the rivers had been over their banks, and that meant over the road too, for there were no proper bridges on this road, nothing but cement causeways a few feet above water level with two-foot guardrails at either side. This made driving tricky at this time of year, January, for rain upcountry could change a small stream inside half an hour into a torrent roaring six feet over the guardrails. I had seen a three-ton diesel truck swept a hundred yards downstream by a small river the driver had underestimated. But in another half hour you might find the river back to normal again.

Many miles on, an African got up from the side of the road and waved to the truck. Van Rens-

burg stopped. "This is my boss boy from my farm," he said. "I brought him with me when I came down a week ago. He's been recruiting labor for me." The boss boy stood like a sergeant and showed six Africans he had with him, who looked at the ground and moved their feet in the dust. They were very black against the forest burning in the yellow sun. Van Rensburg leaned out of the window and shouted at them, "You will work on my mealie farm near Inyazura. I will pay you thirty-seven shillings a month. I will give you a hut and meat and mealie-meal. All right?" The six nodded without looking up. "Get in then," and he started the truck at once, so that two of the six had to run fast and fling themselves on. With a sudden relief of tension the others shouted with laughter.

"My boss boy's good," said van Rensburg. "He always gets labor. They are too scared to say no to him." He laughed.

"Thirty-seven shillings doesn't seem very much," said Mrs. Gibbs.

"Oh, they're happy. They think they are going to farm maize. That's easy work."

"Don't you grow maize then?"

"No," he said. "No, I'm a tobacco farmer. That's hard work for them. That's why I pick them right down here. When they find they have got to work tobacco they are three hundred miles from home. They won't leave you then."

Mrs. Gibbs gave van Rensburg another of her silences. This one went on for fifteen minutes.

Then she said, as if thinking to herself, "Three weeks ago I was having morning tea at the vicarage in Betchworth." It was something to think about, too.

WE ARRIVED then at the White Rhino Hotel on the banks of the Lundi, a hundred and ten miles from Beit Bridge. We stretched ourselves on the long wooden chairs on the veranda. It was twelve o'clock now and very hot. The shade where we sat was blue and cool as running water, but the white huts of the hotel burned in the sun. I had a beer, van Rensburg brandy, and Mrs. Gibbs ordered, of course, tea. It was good to stretch and feel the beer go down cold on the throat. There was a torrid, sensuous feel to the place. After a few minutes I realized what it was. The frangipani in front of us were in bloom and were filling the place with their strong voluptuous smell. I think even Mrs. Gibbs felt it, for she turned to van Rensburg and said almost gaily, "Actually I think I would like a drink. Please, would you get me a shandy?" He brought it to her without a word. For a moment she seemed warmer and

almost to belong with the sun and the smell of frangipani. Then she contracted again. "Whatever would my husband say!"

The owner of the hotel came and scratched his head and told us that we might get across the Lundi, although it was high, but we hadn't a hope with the Tokwe forty miles on. He said we should stay at the hotel till the Tokwe went down.

We crossed the Lundi all right. The water came up to the floor boards, but the truck didn't stall.

The country got wetter from then on. Pools lay at the side of the road. The storm clouds were like fat women sitting naked and dirty on the land. We were almost under them now. Occasionally the natives in the back had to push the truck through a swollen stream.

Then we were into the rain. The drops spat on the cab roof, then came down like hammers on an anvil. The Africans in the back of the truck didn't look happy. Van Rensburg stopped and took a blanket from under his seat and gave it to his boss boy to cover himself with.

About one o'clock we pulled in to the side of the road and ate sandwiches. Van Rensburg was putting down the brandy. The bottle looked like a natural growth coming out of his thick burned face with the white area at the top of his forehead where his hat usually came. He wiped the sweat off his forehead and the brandy off his mouth with the back of his hand. He passed me the bottle.

"You have some," he said to Mrs. Gibbs. "It won't bite you." His teeth showed white against his face when he smiled.

So she had some. She coughed. "It tastes awful," she said. But she took another mouthful.

As we battered out some more miles over those roads she said, "You know, this is quite an adventure for me. I'm not used to the company of strange men. Not that you are so strange any more," and she smiled at us. "But I met my husband when I was sixteen, and we went out together for four years, and then we got married, and we've been married for twelve years now. I've hardly known any other man — except the vicar."

We laughed, and she laughed with us. Van Rensburg said, "I was brought up on a farm in the Free State. Except for my sisters I never saw a girl till I was twenty-two. Man, but I've made up for lost time since then though," and he roared at that. I put his age at forty, so he had had some time to do it in. "But I never got married," he added with satisfaction.

The cab was becoming uncomfortable. The truck banged us about a lot, and I had to watch out for my head hitting the roof. With the hot rain we started sweating heavily. I watched

Mrs. Gibbs's arm lying next to mine. It looked cool and white half-seen through her blouse. She was sitting silent, a little tense, her head turned away from me. I wondered what she was looking at, but all I could see were van Rensburg's arms and hands gripping the bucking wheel. They were matted with hair and thick as a bull's haunches.

The rain fell, gray, monotonous, noisy. There was nothing to see but the hot rain.

IT WAS half past two when we came to the Tokwe. We got out and walked past the twenty-odd waiting cars and lorries down to the water's edge. The river usually ran at the bottom of a deep ravine. Now the water was so high above the trees growing in the river bed that nothing broke the surface and the water flowed smooth and brown and fast.

A group of men stood looking at a stone in the road which the water was lapping. "I put that there two hours ago," said a man. "The water's not going down."

"How long you been here?" we asked.

"I been here three days," said another man.

We walked around. Some of the lorries had tarpaulins out from the sides and fires going underneath. In the cars the people were huddled up sleeping or they were sitting on the running boards looking at the river, for the rain had stopped for a moment.

Van Rensburg had been rubbing his chin in silence, and now he said, "Man, I know what we must do." We followed him back to the group.

"There's a track turns off left back there to Chibi police station," he told them. "It crosses the river thirty miles up, comes back to Fort Vic. There'll be less water there, and the river is wide, so it will not be deep. That is where we must go."

So we formed a convoy. There were eight cars and three trucks that chose to come with us. We waved good-bye to the rest of the Tokwe crowd and set off up the track. And after that for hour after hour we struggled up the bush track, splashing through pools and stopping for people who stalled in them and for one man who, of all things, ran out of gasoline, and always there was the hot rain. The drive was getting grim now.

In the truck none of us had much to say. Every ten minutes van Rensburg would pull out a box of cigarettes from the pocket of his khaki shirt and pass them round. Mrs. Gibbs had stopped her flow of small talk and sat leaning forward, biting her knuckles. Her eyes were darker than ever in her pale face. I felt bad about her. For

her first day in her new home country she was having a rough time of it. Van Rensburg must have felt the same, for once he leaned forward and patted her knee, not saying anything. She didn't draw away from him either, but put her hand on his arm, white against the dark.

It was six and the sun was low when van Rensburg said we should be getting near the river crossing.

"Once across the river," he said, "and we've got a clear thirty-mile run to Fort Vic." Long ago we had given up the idea of getting to Salisbury that night. Now all we wanted to do was to get to Fort Victoria.

"Think of a plate of steak and eggs," I said, "with chops and sausages and kidneys."

"Make that two," said van Rensburg.

"Think of a bed at the hotel to sleep in," said Mrs. Gibbs. Well, she must have been tired by then.

We sat and thought of these things for a while. It was one of the best thoughts I had had for a long time.

"We'll get to the river any minute now," said van Rensburg.

And then we saw it. We came round a wide bend in the road to see the river two hundred yards across, gleaming silver in the evening light. There was no sign of bridge or guardrails. The water covered them by several feet.

We sat in the truck. Nobody said anything. Then we got out and went down to the water. The river was wide and deep and fast. White crests smashed past, riding the brown waves. It roared like the sea. We turned back to the truck.

"All right," said Mrs. Gibbs. "So we spend the night here." She smiled at van Rensburg.

THE other cars in the party arrived, and people milled around. They didn't look happy. Already men were putting rocks at the water's edge to be watched hour after hour to see if the water was rising or falling. Van Rensburg established himself as the head of the group. There was a knot of men grouped around him where he stood, his feet apart, his thumbs in his trousers. But there was no need to tell them what to do, for their wives were already getting out their thermos flasks of coffee and all the food they had — sandwiches, biscuits, oranges — and were dividing it among us: fourteen men, ten women, eight children. That meant half a cup of coffee and half a sandwich or its equivalent each. The children got a bit more. Mrs. Gibbs saw to that.

Van Rensburg marched up and down the line of cars. He had a bottle of brandy in one hand and

Mrs. Gibbs in the other. He told everybody to drink and everybody drank, even Mrs. Gibbs, and he laughed at her because her eyes were bright and she was laughing. Her arm was round his waist, her fingers digging under his trouser waistband. People thought they were husband and wife, but van Rensburg roared, "No, we're just lovers," and Mrs. Gibbs said, "Really, what would my husband say!"

The clouds had cleared in the west, but the sun had gone down behind a hill. The evening sky was green, a deep emerald green. The hill was alive with glowworms. They were emerald as the sky. They looked like pinpricks in the hill through which gleamed the sunset sky. I saw van Rensburg and Mrs. Gibbs, standing away from us, as one shape black against the green.

We gathered at the water's edge and smoked and talked and listened to the water's roar. In the half darkness lit by glowworms we were unreal people talking of unreal things.

Then the hot rain came down again, and we went to look for somewhere to sleep. I walked over to some native huts away from the road. Three of them were dark and probably full of snakes. The fourth was lit by a fire and looked warm and red and comfortable. Inside with the owners of the huts were van Rensburg's Africans, eating, drinking, and laughing. He may have stolen them from their homes, but they were at home anywhere in this land where still we were alien.

I went back to the truck and climbed in. Van Rensburg had his arm round Mrs. Gibbs, and her head with her hair tangled was on his chest.

"Hullo," they said, and "Have a smoke," said van Rensburg, and "Have a drink!" said Mrs. Gibbs.

I had them, and for a long time there was silence. We could hear the roar of the water. Then van Rensburg said to Mrs. Gibbs, "Are you thinking about your husband?"

"No. No. I'm thinking about the river."

"The river will not hurt you. I will see that the river does not hurt you." His voice was soft and deep. He moved his arm further round her.

I've had enough of this, I thought. The rain had stopped, so I got out and put my coat on the road and lay down. There were several men lying on rugs on the wet road, leaving room in the cars for their wives to sleep. The line of cars looked black and lifeless in the night.

After a while the hot light rain started again. I got up and went down to the water. The water was high and loud as ever. The clouds did not cover the sky, so a few stars could be seen. In their light the river gleamed silver and black. Walking back, I saw there were still a few glowworms

setting their green sparks against the yellow sparks of the stars.

As I passed the truck I heard them moving inside. There was an intensity to the movements that made me stop. There was the sound of heavy breathing; then I heard two quick sighs and a long deep shudder from the throat of a body tense and straining. Then there was a heavy silence. I went and lay down on my coat again.

In the morning the sun shone and the river was down. Most cars got across by themselves, and the rest we pushed. On the far bank everyone stretched and laughed and shook hands and said what a lousy night it had been but good fun and we must meet again in Fort Vic over breakfast. Breakfast!

Van Rensburg came over to me. He had Mrs. Gibbs in tow. "I'm sorry," he said. "I cannot

take you further. One of these cars will give you a lift."

"You're not going to Salisbury after all?" I said.

"No," he said, and grinned. "My business in Salisbury must wait. We are turning off at Fort Vic and going straight to my farm." He put his arm round Mrs. Gibbs. She looked like a pebble under a boulder. "We are going together. We are not stopping for breakfast. We are going there as fast as we can." His body shook as he said it.

I gripped their hands and said I thought that was fine. I looked from the Africans in the back of the truck to the English Mrs. Gibbs. So he had kidnaped them all. They would all go to the farm from which there would be no return.

But then I looked at Mrs. Gibbs again and wondered which of them in fact had won. Her face was like a new morning.

FROG DREAM

BY ALASTAIR REID

Nightlong, frogs in the pool
croak out calamity till, wakeful,
I interpret each crooked syllable.

The sound is churlish, coarse —
frog notes grating out a hoarse
chorus of slow remorse,

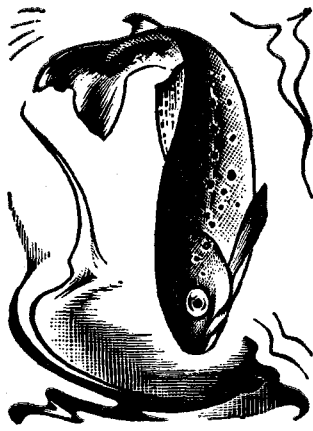
as I do, in half sleep,
until, drifting, I cannot keep
the dark from deepening,

or dream voices from becoming
peepers and grunTERS, churning
my madness over. The pool is lapping,

weed-streaked, in my head.
Frogs echo from the edges of the bed,
in the grieving voices of the long dead,

grudges long hidden in their old throats,
hauntings, water horror, hates.
Somewhere, shivering, daylight waits.

Later, I wake, in the sanity of dawn,
and walk to the pool, glassy under the sun.
What did I dream? The frogs have all gone down.



RODERICK L. HAIG-BROWN

The Day Everything Went Wrong

An Englishman who moved with his family from his native land to British Columbia, RODERICK L. HAIG-BROWN is a master angler who can also write. In his two books, FISHERMAN'S SPRING and FISHERMAN'S WINTER, he revealed his keen observation of the woods and the streams he has known. The following essay is drawn from his new volume, FISHERMAN'S SUMMER, which will be published by Morrow in September.

Most anglers have a parent stream and a home river, which may or may not be one and the same. The parent stream is the river of youth, the scene of boyhood endeavors, successes, and failures; it nursed the fisherman and taught him and in large measure formed the angling side of his character. The home river of his later years may be this same stream, changed much or little by the passing of time, the hand of man, or its own flow; or it may be another stream altogether, in some near or distant part of the world to which his life has taken him. All that really matters is that it should be the stream he knows best, fishes most regularly, and has adopted as his own.

Whether it be the stream of youth or the adopted stream of later years, a fisherman's home river is of ultimate importance to him. It is a familiar place, full of memories and associations. It is well beloved, or he would not have persisted in it. It may yield fish freely or grudgingly. It may produce large fish or small ones. It may be difficult or easy. These things do not really matter. Any good fish from it is worth a dozen better and larger ones from some distant place. Any new discovery is an impressive triumph. The measure of a disaster can be exactly calculated, for this is the true testing ground.

My own home river is the Campbell on Vancouver Island, beside which I have now lived for twenty-five years. It heads in the high mountains of Strathcona Park and used to come down through three good-sized lakes to the two-hundred-

foot drop of Elk Falls, some two and a half miles from the salt water of Discovery Passage. This last two and a half miles is now all that is left of the Campbell proper because of the building of a hydroelectric dam. The river has not improved, as I had hoped it might, from the higher and steadier flow below the turbines. But it has changed. There are new things to be learned in its familiar places, some of them surprising and exciting. And this is important compensation.

Most of my days on the Campbell are full of accident, and many of my triumphs have hung on threads much finer than 4x gut, but there was one day in my search of the changing river that I shall always remember. Nearly everything I did, with one exception, was done as well as I could do it. It should have been a day of immense triumph instead of disaster. I recall it vividly and with delight — though still with a sense of frustration. And I can readily recognize it now as the turning point in my struggle to understand my changing home river.

It was an early September day in 1951, bright and sunny, and the river was in perfect shape. I managed to get away at about three in the afternoon for what I thought would be a quiet hour or two in the Main Island Pool, which always holds something that will move to a fly.

In spite of the rather high proportion of small — and occasionally large — steelhead I had happened on in the previous two or three summers, I was still thinking in terms of the thick-bodied,

Woodcut by Agnes Miller Parker from DOWN THE RIVER, courtesy Victor Gollancz, Ltd.

golden cutthroats that had disappeared from the Canyon Pool when the dams and turbines took over. I was fishing for cutthroats, expecting to find cutthroats, and geared for cutthroats. Now a cutthroat, even one that is fresh from the sea and of good size, is generally rather a slow and dogged fighter. He does not often run wildly or jump repeatedly, and he rarely takes out more than ten or fifteen yards of backing in his longest run; quiet and careful handling will usually bring him to terms within the length of a thirty-five-yard fly line.

I don't say I had weighed all this before I started out—I didn't need to; I knew it in my bones after twenty-five years of fishing for cutthroats. So it never occurred to me to worry about my reel. The line I wanted was on a little narrow-drum Hardy Uniqua which just held it with some twenty yards of fine backing. I took the little reel along without the least hesitation—in fact with some satisfaction, because it nicely balanced the Lambuth spiral rod I intended to use.

I started in at the lower end of the bar in the Main Island Pool with 2x gut and a new fly pattern—a variation of the Mackenzie River Brown and Yellow Bug, tied Wulff fashion with fox squirrel wings and tail on a No. 6 hook.

I BEGAN fishing at the very first ripple that could be considered a holding spot, right down near the tail of the bar, as I had trained myself to do in case any fish should be foolish enough to lie there in the bright sunlight. It was an exercise to make sure my gear was working right rather than a cast made to catch a fish. But a fish rose almost as soon as the fly landed, a good one, and I missed him. He would not come again, so I moved on and cast to the head of the first real run. The fly danced back toward me over the darker water. A broad-backed streak of brown and silver came down after it, lunged at it, and took it away in an upstream run as sudden as an explosion. He jumped three or four times, still running, then turned downstream in the heavy current. He jumped again, handsomely silver, and the reel was still running when the 2x leader broke at the fly.

I was upset but not warned. I simply tied on another fly and continued the job. Another good fish rose in the same run, but I missed him and he would not come again. In the next run my fly disappeared in a perfect head and tail rise, and I was fast in a fish exactly like the one that had broken me. He fought with the same violence and determination, but just a fraction more slowly. Somehow he always stopped short of taking out all

my backing, though twice he turned when there were no more than a few feet left on the reel; somehow I got him into the net, clutched net and fish against my waders, and stumbled to dry land. He was a perfectly fresh run steelhead, twenty-two inches long and four and a half pounds. I was so shaken that I tried to kill him with a rap on the head from my pipe, as I would a one-pound trout, but all I accomplished was to break the pipe and persuade myself to take stock for a moment.

Here I was, less than halfway up the pool, not even into the best of the water yet. I had risen four fish, all good ones, missed two, broken in one, and killed one more by luck than good management. Obviously this was a day of days, and heaven only knew what lay ahead of me in the rest of the pool. I had nothing heavier than 2x gut, and it was obvious that the little reel simply was not up to the job. In the first place it did not carry enough backing, and in the second place the friction of the ratchet alone, without any help from me, was enough to break 2x gut when a strong fish was running with only a few turns left on the spindle. The smart thing to do would be to go home and get another reel. But I had an appointment to be met in less than two hours, so I dried my fly and went on to my fate.

It came promptly. The next run I had to fish was what I call the second main run, and is perhaps the most dependable lie in the pool. It is quite a wide run, and I drifted the fly some half a dozen times without a rise. Then, in the broken water right up on the shallows, an enormous head and back and tail rolled out, and the fly was gone—engulfed. So slow, so calm, so dignified was that rise that I had plenty of time to admit to myself that I was thoroughly scared to set the hook. But I did set it, and the effect was immediate and awesome. The fish went away like a bullet, straight upstream with the reel screaming. He jumped forty or fifty yards upstream and came back just as fast, without the slightest pause. Somewhere opposite me he turned, and the next thing I knew he was jumping by a brush pile under the far bank. Then he was back again, almost at my feet. I cranked the reel frantically, caught up at last, and tightened on him again. That was all he needed. He ran down and across this time, just as fast, still jumping, toward the deepest part of the pool, where I could not possibly follow. I touched the reel to try to slow him, and that was the end; it was also the end of the backing—there were not half a dozen turns left on the spindle when I looked.

I knew then that I was completely out of my league on my own home stream. Here were fish—big, beautiful, fresh run fish—begging to take and be taken, and I just couldn't handle them.

I was shaken not only metaphorically, but physically. My hands shook, my knees shook, and I was breathing as though I had climbed a mountain. As soon as I was partially recovered, I broke my 2x leader back to what I judged to be 9/5, or about double its previous breaking strain. I did the same with another leader and tied the two together to give me a reasonable length again. Then I put up another fly.

While I was going through this performance, I had seen what I very seldom see in the Campbell: another good big steelhead break water. I covered him, and nothing happened until the fly had drifted ten or twelve feet past him. Then he came back after it, very fast, right along the top of the water, and took going away. He was considerably smaller than his partner but just as wild, and I treated him to all the pressure the rod would stand, which probably made him jump more. There was no question of netting him, but I worked him back down the length of the bar and finally got a finger in his gills and lifted him out. Just as bright and fresh as the first one, and a little over seven pounds.

That made me feel better, and I went back for more. They were in the main run, too; a wild fish of nine or ten pounds broke me with all the backing out. I missed one, perhaps two, and then killed a four-pounder. As nearly as I can remember, I had risen at least twelve good fish, all to the dry fly, had missed six or seven, been broken by three, and had killed three. So far as I know, they were all steelhead — not a cutthroat among them.

Of course, I was up there again the next day, with all the right rigging. I searched the pool back and forth and up and down, but all I could find were two sixteen-inch fish — one a cutthroat, one a steelhead. It was quite clear that I had happened on a run of fish straight in from the sea; they had been holding briefly in the rather open water of the island pools and had passed on up — presumably to the deep pools in the canyon,

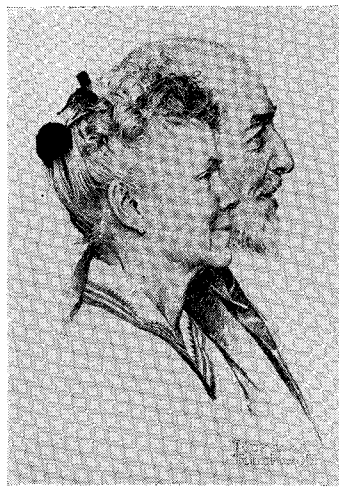
which had a slight flow of water through it at that time.

Losing the run did not really matter, though it would have been nice to find them with a good big reel and plenty of backing. I promised myself that time would come on another day in another season. Meanwhile I was completely satisfied that under the right conditions summer steelhead would come better to a floating fly than to a wet fly; and from that day forward I found myself going out on the Campbell in the late summer and early fall months to look for steelhead first and cutthroats second.

Eight seasons have passed since that famous day, and each year I have caught fewer of the big harvest cutthroats; in fact, I do not think I have had a cutthroat of over three pounds, and not more than one or two over two pounds, in the past three seasons. Presumably the changing water conditions have had something to do with this, but I doubt if they are the whole story. Intensive fishing in the estuary and all over the river during the winter steelhead season, when the cutthroats are spawning, has taken a heavy toll. With salmon roe a legal bait again and with the average fisherman's spinning gear infinitely more effective than it used to be, it seems likely that very few fish manage to survive through the four years necessary to produce three-pounders.

But the summer steelhead are there every season and in increasing numbers. They are still hard to find and hard to predict — more like a few passing strays than a regular run — but they make wonderful sport for someone who lives on the river and can get out for an hour or two at regular intervals between late July and late September. I miss the great golden cutthroats and still hope that I may one day find a few of them again. But the steelhead are more exciting fish, and their wild fast water rises are as rough a test of the mixture of skill and luck that makes fishing as any man could want. And their fighting qualities are extraordinary.

BOOKS AND MEN



Author and educator who lived for many years as near neighbor of Dorothy Canfield Fisher, BRADFORD SMITH here draws a memorable portrait of that staunch and lively Vermonter. A graduate of Columbia University, Mr. Smith has taught in Japan and at Columbia, directs the International Summer School at Bennington College, and has written many books, including BRADFORD OF PLYMOUTH and WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE AMERICANS.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

BY BRADFORD SMITH

NORTH of Arlington, Vermont, the road glides through a narrow valley until it crosses that famous trout stream, the Battenkill, and twists northward at a brick house. Just beyond, a dirt road climbs the first rise of Red Mountain and within a quarter of a mile veers aside as if to leave room for the small white house which rests snugly against the mountain's slope.

This is Canfield land, and has been since 1764. The brick farmhouse is a Canfield house. The towering pine plantations that climb the slope, planted there forty years ago with the idea of supplying funds to send the children to college, seem to enclose the space so as to aid the great bulk of the mountain in protecting the house and its occupants.

Here from the time of their marriage in 1907 Dorothy Canfield and John Fisher lived lives uncluttered by superfluous possessions or time-wasting activity. Close to earth and unencumbered by the demands of city living, they put all their time and effort into the things that matter. When Dorothy Fisher died in her eightieth year, she had completed — from this unpretentious headquarters — one of the most active and serviceable lives in America.

The pines still standing so thickly remind one that when the Fishers went to help France during World War I, they had some of their trees cut to furnish money for the desperate needs they saw all about them. And at one edge of the pines stands a little cabin which has housed many a distinguished visitor. During World War II the Fishers, thinking about an Arlington boy who was homesick overseas, decided that it would do him good to feel

that he had a place back home which he could call his own. So they wrote to tell him it was his.

In the last year or two, Dorothy Fisher had arranged for all her friends and neighbors who wanted perennials from her garden to have them. As the flowers rise to life each spring, many a family will think of Dorothy Fisher, remembering her as a person whose life was centered in love — in caring. It is the central theme in her ten novels and her many short stories.

When she and John Fisher decided to live their lives in her ancestral town (population 1500), their city friends thought them foolish. They had no income but what they could earn with their pens. They would be out of touch with editors and other writers. But they persisted, and aided by the rise of mass-circulation magazines, they were successful from the start. Although they often left Arlington for Europe, where Dorothy (thanks to her artist mother and college-president father) felt as much at home as in Vermont, the little house on the great slope of Red Mountain was always home.

Into the house, as Dorothy's audience widened, poured a great tide of correspondence. Her writing made readers think of her as a friend. The mail literally came by the basketful. After it had come in, the small study often looked as if a whirlwind had struck it, with letters piled here and there according to the way they were to be handled, magazines set down on table or davenport, and books (especially after Dorothy became a judge for the Book-of-the-Month Club) spilling off chairs and end tables.

The Fishers managed to combine plain country

Drawing of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher by Norman Rockwell, courtesy of the artist.

living with a rather constant involvement in the world's affairs. They proved that it could be done, and by prodding and leading their neighbors they proved that a whole community could do the same. One instance was the local library. Dorothy Fisher gave to the town the brick house on Main Street which had come to her from the Canfields. It became the community center, and in one wing a library was established. To have done this much would have satisfied the ordinary donor. But Dorothy kept up a continual supply of books. More important still, she inspired the formation of a library board which met once a month to discuss and choose the books to be purchased. While this method horrified some librarians, who felt it should be the professional task of a librarian to choose books, it proved in the long run to be a wise and stimulating idea. For it involved the community in the library, got people to reading reviews, looking for likely titles, reading and talking about books.

When Arlington needed a new high school building but was in doubt how to finance it, especially since it was also considering a plan to erect some sort of war memorial to its sons, Dorothy Fisher said, in effect: "What better memorial could we have than a school?" She had reason to feel deeply: her only son had been killed in the Philippines. Arlington made the effort — a big one for so small a town — and built its high school. The Fishers and other friends also gave a memorial playground.

Whether it was supporting a local kindergarten, or forums on world affairs, or better education, or equal treatment for women, Dorothy Fisher in the midst of an incredibly busy schedule always had time to help. In her last years her amazing physical strength began to leave her, yet the spirit and the zest for action would not let her rest.

"The pressure against the UN may get worse in the United States," she would remark. And then, with a rousing of her spirit and a rise in the pitch of her voice: "I'd like fine to get the old claymore out for one more good swing in the good cause." And she would do it, too.

Another of her strong feelings was for fairness in racial relations. "It is the most ordinary, everyday sense which makes us see to it that POISON labels are kept pasted on the bottles of dangerous chemicals in our medicine closets," she would argue. "In exactly the same way a constant repetition is needed of the label POISON on all forms of mass prejudice, racial injustices, making an individual suffer for something he doesn't do or is not, because some of his group have done it or been it."

On one occasion Mrs. Fisher was invited to bestow a prize on a Negro girl at exercises in Harlem. She went, made one of her apt and charming

speeches, and kissed the girl on both cheeks after the French manner. The house exploded in applause and affection.

As a trustee of Howard University, she was well acquainted with many Negroes of top professional standing. After a meeting with them one day she asked where they planned to go for the approaching summer vacation. Some mentioned Europe, others Canada, Mexico, South America.

"Good gracious!" she remarked. "What travelers you all are. Don't you ever spend a vacation in the United States?"

A silence fell on the group. It was a silence she never forgot.

Yet even more tragic, it seemed to her, was the fact that half of humankind were relegated to an inferior position by the other half. The very Negroes who resented being treated as inferiors by whites were, she often found, willing to relegate their womenfolk to inferiority. That women were the equals of men and entitled to equal treatment was one of the main themes of her fiction. And surely she managed to show them in that light. Mrs. Knapp in *The Home-Maker* drives her family ill with her compulsive orderliness and management. But when an accident makes a cripple of her husband so that she must become the breadwinner and he the homemaker — free at last to indulge his love for the children, his gift for dealing with them, and his love for reading — peace comes to the household.

"Why shouldn't some women be better off as wage earners, and some men be better off as homemakers?" she asks. She herself was both. When her two children were growing up, she gave them the motherly attention they needed and still did a day's literary work.

As her time became freer, Mrs. Fisher served on the state board of education, lectured widely on literary and educational subjects, served as president of the Adult Education Association — all because she felt that people have in them the power of growth if only it can be properly stimulated. From her earliest books on English composition and child training to her latest effort for the United Nations and the Charter of Human Rights, she believed in education.

She felt a deep and tender concern for others to the end of her life, even when her eyes had grown so weak she could no longer read and her voice small and no longer pulsing with its old vigor and enthusiasm. To save eyestrain, she had taught herself touch typing in the last years of her life; but then a cerebral accident left her fingers partly paralyzed. She had her dictaphone, though, and

she went on with that. If she had had to write with her toes, she would have done it!

"Like trying to dance a hornpipe on a steel rail of a railroad," she would say when the difficulties crowded in. But she never gave up trying. Nor did her gift for such picturable phrases ever leave her. A combination of tried-and-true folk sayings with her own lively imagination gave her speech the vividness and intensity with which to convey the enthusiasm and deep concern she felt for all things that really matter.

"I hang over all the sports news," she told me once, "not because I care for the sports themselves but because there is an emanation which gets through to me from the astonishing vocabulary used in writing about them."

"What is your news?" she would ask when we dropped in for a chat. It was because she had this capacity to live in the lives of others that her fiction has so authentic an aura of reality about it. And because she put her own life into it, as well as the emanations she was quick to pick up from others. All writing, one way or another, is autobiographical, but Dorothy Fisher's books are full of herself — not simply of experiences she had but of convictions she held deeply, of messages she felt driven to express, of a faith in human growth and love despite all the ugliness to which her eyes were equally open.

An internationalist as firmly as she was a Vermonter, Dorothy Fisher helped us to see how a life fully and richly lived in the country can, because of its roots deep in earth (like one of her own beloved trees), spread out over a wide area. Her faith and enthusiasm brought to life the Children's Crusade to save child refugees from fascism and Nazism. She and her husband also aided personally any number of refugee intellectuals. They brought to the United States for postgraduate medical study the Filipino doctors, man and wife, who had been with their own beloved doctor-son at his death. As long as she was able, Dorothy Fisher met each summer with the group of Fulbright students from all over the world who came to Bennington College for a summer course. She made them feel that Vermont, small and poor yet resourceful and proud, gave them a homely welcome.

DOROTHY FISHER wrote more than forty books, of which ten were novels. She wrote books for children, books on education (she was the popularizer of the Montessori method in the United States), collections of short stories, and that unique book, *Vermont Tradition*, which sums up her feeling for a heritage in which she found universal meaning.

When she and John moved into the little house in Arlington where they were to live and work for the rest of their lives, it had no space for a separate writing room. When the two children came along, there was even less space where Dorothy could have quiet. But it was not until they returned from their war work in France that John, handy in all things, built an addition which would provide a downstairs study for Dorothy.

The study soon proved too accessible. When Dorothy wanted to work undisturbed, she would take herself to a tiny room over the study, so small it could hold nothing more than a chair and a table. But that was all she required. Like all really professional writers, she was a craftsman — able to do her work like any skilled worker without making a production of it.

Did any one of her novels give her more difficulty than the others? When I asked John Fisher this question shortly before his death in June, he said: "She didn't groan much about any of them. She just went upstairs and plugged and plugged and plugged." But he felt that her last novel, *Seasoned Timber*, because it was more complicated and because it attempted a very unfamiliar theme — that there can be love between a man and a woman which is not sexual — was the most demanding.

"She was never purely satisfied with her work," he added. "Great Scott — the amount of paper that's been used in this house!" It was habitual with her to rewrite and rewrite, and then to be still dissatisfied.

"What had I produced?" she asked after finishing one of her better stories. "A trivial, paltry, complicated tale, with certain cheaply ingenious devices in it. Those little black marks on white paper lay dead, dead in my hands. What horrible people second-rate authors were! I would never write again. All that effort, enough to have achieved a masterpiece it seemed at the time . . . and this, *this*, for result!"

But by the next day the story seemed already far away, and "the question of whether it was good or bad not very important or interesting, like the chart of your temperature in a fever now gone by."

The genesis of her fiction Dorothy described as "a strong thrill of intense feeling, and an intense desire to pass it on to other people." The initial impulse might come from the chance remark of an acquaintance, the sound of a spring brook, the expression on somebody's face.

"I cannot conceive of any creative fiction written from any other beginning than that of a generally intensified emotional sensibility," she once wrote, adding that such an emotion refused to crystallize around the events of her own life or

around those stories offered by friends who were sure that the incidents were strange or interesting enough to be "written up."

Most readers of Dorothy Fisher's fiction have felt that it must be copied from life because it sounds so convincing. This is a tribute to her skill as a writer, to her preference for dealing with plain folks whose idiom she could catch exactly, and to the intense feeling for people which she was able to communicate.

"Nowhere in her books will you find more than a glimpse of an actually observed life story," her husband asserted. Even *The Deepening Stream*, which contains much of the Fishers' life during the years when they gave their services to France, is not a transcript of their experiences. The Forts in the book are different people from the Fishers, and react differently to the experiences they meet. Yet it was in this book that John Fisher found Dorothy herself most fully. "Not in the day-by-day events, but her spirit — how the deeper values of life look to her."

"I can write nothing at all about places, people, or phases of life which I do not intimately know, down to the last detail," Dorothy once said. Perhaps this is another reason for the authentic character of her work. Surely it gives a genre-like quality to her writing, so that her scenes of life have the loving intimacy of detail we find in Brueghel.

Because she had a dedicated faith in the power of human beings to grow and develop, Dorothy Fisher's fiction always had this element of growth in it. In her work, story and idea coalesce. She hated to be told that she was preaching, but because she was a born teacher all her books have an idea to get across. Sometimes her people do talk a little too pedagogically, but usually she was able to work out what she had to say through story.

The themes which meant most to her, and which kept recurring in her books, are the right relation between husband and wife, the power of growth and the importance of allowing and encouraging a natural and healthy growth in children, the importance of bringing out what is best in man and the ways in which this can be done, the moral obligation to fight tyranny of all kinds — Nazism, racism, the degrading of women to a status inferior to that of men.

The growth of the individual through loving care to a maturity which combines love with understanding and leads to a creative life within the family and the community — this was her continuing concern, and her books are parables, both positive and negative, on this prevailing theme.

To foster internationalism, equality of the races and sexes, sound education, and the sane rearing

of children — these are the causes for which she would willingly have given her heart's blood, and did. Rarely have we had a writer of fiction who lived so fully in the world of affairs in order to bring her own ideals to fruition.

ANOTHER unique aspect of Dorothy Fisher's work was the part her husband played in it. One can easily guess from her novels that her own marriage was singularly ideal. It was also a working partnership. For *Rough Hewn* John Fisher provided the school and college memories, the life-like incidents from which Neale's story could be fashioned. Dorothy meanwhile worked on the more complex Marise, and then reworked John's notes so as to bring the two lives into a final harmony. The contrapuntal effect of the two separate stories finally merging is highly satisfactory.

A sympathetic but honest critic, John also supplied the other mind which a writer badly needs after he has worked so hard on a book that he can no longer tell what is good or what is bad. Because his mind was sympathetically tuned to hers, Dorothy felt that she could depend upon its reactions. What greater boon could a writer ask for than that!

When she took up her work for the Book-of-the-Month Club, John's help became indispensable. Dorothy had consented to be a judge for the club after some misgivings. She was already as busy as anyone had a right to be. Besides, she didn't like the name very well, for it seemed to imply that there would be one book each month which would suit all readers. And why should anyone assume to pick another's reading for him? Then one day in New York, after finding things so crowded in a department store that she could not even get in to buy what she wanted, she went to a bookstore on another errand and found it empty and silent. The next day she accepted the Book-of-the-Month job, certain that a new method of getting books out to people all over the country was needed.

For twenty-five years she served as the only woman on the editorial board. The other members of the original board were Christopher Morley, William Allen White, Heywood Brown, and Henry Seidel Canby. No wonder that she enjoyed the three-hour monthly meetings when each of those individualists hotly and capably argued for the book he favored.

"Time after time, when we stand up at the end of a long meeting," she reported, "we are pretty tired. . . . But we often have the intellectual satisfaction of realizing that some problem which has seemed insoluble has been dissolved to nothingness by the application of the earnest, not to

say ardent, desire to get honestly at the truth about a book."

The board soon found that they could quickly agree on narrowing the field to two or three books. But then to choose one — the one — that was where the fun and the hard work came in.

Of course there had been plenty of work before each meeting. For twenty-five years Dorothy read fifteen books a month, and not only read them but thought about them, often writing notices which appeared in the club's newssheet.

"I couldn't have done it without John," she told me. He usually read the "B" books — borderline books which had been read at the office and judged to be strong candidates. Then he would tell Dorothy what he thought of them and whether he felt that she should read them too. The six to ten "A" books she of course had to read herself.

Until her eyesight began to weaken, she was a very fast reader. Therefore it was not a hardship for her to do all this work. Rather, it spread before her a feast of reading which kept her, as she loved to be, in touch with everything that was going on in a constantly accelerating world. It helped keep her alive to the very finger tips, interested in every current of thought, every evidence of the human achievement.

Her enthusiasms were infectious. If she liked a book, she would write a rousing come-on for it, write the author to say how much she had enjoyed it, buy copies to give her friends. Many of us are in her debt for these services so gladly given, and we miss the mails which frequently brought a marked magazine, a newspaper clipping, a cheerful hand-penned note. How she found time to do these things while still writing, reading for the Book-of-the-Month Club, and answering the piles of letters that came to her, no one will ever know.

Unfortunately, all this activity cut down her time for writing her own fiction. Of her ten novels, only three were written after she went to work for the club. They show a developing maturity which makes one wish there could have been more. Like the earlier ones, they also show her great skill in inventing parables of the human heart.

IN SPITE of infirmities, Dorothy's last years were good ones.

"Here on the side of Red Mountain, with the

road as quiet as my work schedule, with the main events the coming and disappearance of the sun back of the mountain, I find much sweetness in just drawing breath and looking at these beautiful surroundings . . . the pine forest . . . Such tree-like life as the old Fishers are having, and very enjoyable — tree-like because we are absolutely stationary and still pretty much alive."

Yet until near the end of life she was able to get out onto her beloved mountain, roaming the woods in a jeep. "With four chains on, I believe that jeep could climb up the side of a barn," she exulted. She loved the winters — the cold crisp air, the crunchy snow, the peace and quiet of the country, the absence of visitors.

And the long evenings. "We immensely enjoy those interests — noble music and fine books and good talk — which are as open to old age as to those with nimble joints and lively feet.

"Last night we heard (by radio) an enchanting rendition of 'The Magic Flute.' We had just been deep in some especially interesting and thought-provoking chapters of Montaigne's Essays which John had been reading aloud to me, and as we went to bed very much uplifted by those two pleasures, we felt that life in the deep country in sub-zero weather wasn't so bad."

The day before she died she was having *Doctor Zhivago* read to her. Whatever her bodily infirmities, her mind never stopped growing.

"Doubt till thou canst doubt no more," she quoted from her friend Albert Guérard. "Pause and resume the course of thy doubt. For doubt is thought, and thought is life. Systems which end doubt are devices for drugging thought."

But she had no doubt about the value of life itself, the dignity of man, the preciousness of freedom, the right to equality. To the discouraged modern who looks at the world and says, "But what can I do?" Dorothy Fisher's life answers, "Do what you can do and do it to the hilt, and you'll find you *have* done something." Old-fashioned? Perhaps. Like sunrise, or the earth's turning.

In a story called "The Heyday of the Blood," the young Dorothy Fisher wrote of an old man who went to the county fair despite the doctor's warning that it might kill him, and in his zest for life shouted out: "Live while you live, and then die and be done with it!" It was a motto that served Dorothy Fisher in her own life.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHEN I first visited MARY LAVIN at Bective in County Meath, she and her attractive auburn-haired husband were living in the back quarters of the big country estate for which William acted as lawyer and overseer. They met me at the Dublin airport, and as we drove down the country lanes through the silver July dusk, Mary told me the story of the Mount of Tara, the ancient stronghold of the Irish kings, now a bare, sloping hilltop we could see under the crescent moon. Next day as we talked about her writing, she showed me the site on the curving bank of the River Boyne where their white Irish cottage would soon be building.

On our return the following year, my wife accompanied me, and now the cottage was three-quarters complete, enough of it warm and secure beneath the blue tile roof to house William and the little girls, with a cozy living room where we all had tea. Eudora Welty had come over from England with us; she and Mary had been drawn together by their stories, and their sympathetic interchange in Mary's new house, so filled with hope, was tonic for them both. To me, Mary spoke confidently of having the morning hours to herself in the autumn when the baby would be in her crib and the older girls at school. But her manuscripts were scarce in the months that followed, and I gathered that she was making no headway with the new novel.

On my third visit to Bective, I came up to the cottage in waders after some early futile casts at the brown-tinted Boyne, where salmon were showing but not taking. Mary greeted me: William, she said, had been nominated for the Dail, and if his health would permit, he would soon begin campaigning; now he was upstairs abed with a troublesome cough. She spoke reassuringly of what the doctors had said, but I was never to see that gay spirit again, and his sudden death a fortnight later left Mary with the farm to run, the children to educate, the cooking and housekeeping — and

what time left to write? Two years ago her writing was resumed, and in the preface to her new volume, *SELECTED STORIES* (Macmillan, \$3.95), she has some purposeful things to say to other women whose art has been deferred: "All my writing life, over twenty years now, the actual writing down of stories has been done in snatches of time filched from other duties, and particularly of late years when I have had to run the farm from which we get our livelihood. . . .

"I believe that the things that took up my time, and even used up creative energy that might have gone into writing, have served me well. They imposed a selectivity that I might not otherwise have been strong enough to impose upon my often feverish, overfertile imagination. So if my life has set limits to my writing I am glad of it. I do not get a chance to write more stories than I ought; or put more into them than ought to be there.

"But how much is that? I think I begin to know. I even wish that I could break up the two long novels I have published into the few short stories they ought to have been in the first place. For in spite of the fact that I may write other novels, I feel that it is in the short story that a writer distills the essence of his thought. I believe this because the short story, shape as well as matter, is determined by the writer's own character. *Both are one.* Short-story writing — for me — is only looking beyond normal into the human heart."

That is an accurate self-analysis. Like Lord Dunsany, who first encouraged her, like her friend Eudora Welty, like Katherine Mansfield, Mary Lavin does her best work in the short form. Her stories are skillfully inclusive; she keeps them clearly focused in the bright light of the present — the reading of a will, the reminiscence of an old fiddler — and then by weaving the shuttle of time back and forth she involves us in a hungry love or a heart's despair of a lifetime. In "At

Sallygap," the most poignant story she has yet written, which ought to have been included in the new volume and which I am sorry to say was not, Mary controls the shuttle with consummate skill. In "The Little Prince," the longest of the new pieces, she tries to compass too much time: this forty-year curiosity about a younger brother who has disappeared in America moves unhappily from one implausibility to another.

The author is at her best when she writes about the rebel, the one against the group — and that one the tenderhearted, the lone voice of feeling oppressed by the hardheaded, the practical, and the mercenary. "The Will," the lead in her *Selected Stories*, is a thing of beauty, and Lally's rebellion against her family is touched with poetry and is so valiant that one can only read with pity. In "Assigh," the captivity of a daughter by her father and his denial of a love that cannot be subdued are surely and beautifully disclosed. And in "Posy," as in "Sallygap," there is the might-have-been to add its magic to the dreariest of lives. Death is ever present in Mrs. Lavin's books, and it overcasts some of them with almost monotonous melancholy. But when she sees most clearly and feels most deeply, these stories of the long feud, of the starved affection, of the Cinderella daughter, of the Irish son who never quite dared — these tragedies so symbolic of Ireland's plight — are authentic and haunting and masterful.

MISS MOWGLI

The legend of a child who was rescued and nurtured by wild animals and who lived with his foster parents, generally wolves, with understanding, is as old as the hills. Kipling dramatized it with his superb portrait of Mowgli in the jungle books, and Arnold Gesell again demonstrated the possibility in his study of the Wolf Child. Now comes a new variation of this theme in the novel, *THE LION*, by JOSEPH KESSEL (Knopf, \$3.75), a book translated from the French by Peter Green and selected for the Book-of-the-Month Club. This is a theatrical story placed against the theatrical background of Kilimanjaro. John Bullit, the game warden of the National Park in Kenya, and his daughter, Patricia, rescue a two-day-old lion cub, no bigger than two fists, which had been abandoned. With bottle feeding and tender care, they raise him as a family pet; they call him King; they teach him games as they would any intelligent dog; and by the time he is fully grown and ready for release, he and Patricia have attained a brother-sister relationship; well, almost. They have daily meetings at King's lair; they wrestle without Patricia's ever feeling a scratch; and their understanding is such that at her command

King will subdue his natural suspicion of white man and native.

Patricia's mother is naturally somewhat apprehensive about these daily rendezvous, which usually occur at dusk after King has eaten (I thought lions had a rather formidable smell after they had made their kill?), and Mrs. Bullit would like to break up the affair by sending her daughter to a finishing school, but Patricia "dissolved worry and perplexity by a kind of soothing hypnotic magic." Things run along without too much friction until a wandering tribe of Masai cross the reserve. Among the warriors there is one very striking *morane*, a glamour boy with an elaborate hairdo and an accurate spear; and long, long before it happens, the reader has the telegram that he and King are going to tangle and that when they do Patricia will be upset. Well, there it is. You can take it with or without salt, and personally I don't believe a word of it.

Among the several discrepancies there is the question of Patricia's age. The story is narrated by a rather goofy tourist who has come to Kenya to see if he too can live unarmed and on speaking terms among the great herds, and when he first sees Patricia, a slender figure in gray overalls, "smile, stance, even the poise of her neck now quickened into seductively feminine warmth," he realizes that he is dealing with a "child of about twelve." But when he has his first cup of tea with Mrs. Bullit, she shows him the picture of the chapel in which she and her husband were married just ten years earlier. By inference — since nothing is said about her being born out of wedlock — this cuts Patricia to nine. With no knowledge whatever of Kenya but something of little girls, I venture to doubt that any nine-year-old ever exerted the authority and hypnotism with which Patricia is credited in this dubious story.

BETRAYAL OF AN EMPIRE

An American Marine who rose to be a company commander and who was wounded at the assault on Iwo Jima, ROBERT ASPREY at the war's end returned to the University of Iowa. A Fulbright took him to New College, Oxford, and thereafter he moved into the American Army Intelligence in Salzburg, Austria, where with his mastery of German and his interest in espionage he found himself absorbed in the extraordinary case of Alfred Redl. In 1913 Colonel Redl was deputy chief of the Intelligence Bureau in Vienna, an officer of thirty-two years' standing, honored by Emperor Francis Joseph and regarded by his superiors as the best counterintelligence officer in the dual monarchy. On May 25 of that year he committed suicide when it was discovered by the German

headquarters that he was in the pay of the Russians, to whom he had systematically betrayed the war plans and innermost secrets of the high command.

In **THE PANTHER'S FEAST** (Putnam, \$5.00) Robert Asprey tells the unvarnished, engrossing story of Colonel Redl's rise and fall; it is a biography based upon the documents and research which the author secured while attending the University of Vienna in 1955-1956. Some of the documents in the scandal had been burned at the end of World War I, but the author found retired intelligence officers who remembered their contents, and by some lucky poking into other archives he produced the official records of five espionage cases in which Redl was deeply involved. He also ran to earth the Colonel's male paramour, Stefan, for it was Redl's homosexuality, indulged in when he was a junior officer in the dreary outposts, that forced him into debt and thence into treachery. This book reads like a novel, but a novel of whose authenticity there can be little question. I like it for its picture of Vienna in its heyday, for its account of advancement in the imperial staff, and most of all for its devious and explicit explanation of how a mastermind betrayed himself.

THE GREEK WAY

I once asked my cousin, Dr. Alice Hamilton, who of all our immigrants were the swiftest to adapt themselves to American life, and she replied unhesitatingly the Island Greeks. **LION AT MY HEART** by **HARRY MARK PETRAKIS** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.95) is a strong-willed and passionate story of a Greek-American family and of the storms they go through in the process of taking root in Chicago. Angelo Varinakis is the Lion: a gusty, impulsive steelworker imbued with his love of Greece, exultant in the leadership he has forged for himself in the new land, and set in his ways. The Lion is proud of his two sons — Mike, who has inherited his strength and who works beside him in the steel mill, and Tony, the tenderhearted, who is studying to be a teacher. But when Mike falls in love with Sheila, who is as Irish as she is red-headed, and determines to marry her, the bond is broken and the story begins in earnest.

Mr. Petrakis writes feelingly of the Greek colony, their wild dances, their feasts of wine and roast lamb, their outspoken priests, their loyalties, and their feuds. As his name suggests, the author has sprung from just such a clan. His father was a Greek Orthodox minister who had his first parish in Utah, in a coal-mining community where young Greek immigrants worked the mines. This is the wellspring of a book which is warmhearted and clear and appealing in its characterization.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

COLLECTIONS

Tales of Ancient India

Rambling and intricate in the nest-of-boxes manner of the Arabian Nights, these engaging old Sanskrit stories, translated by J. A. B. Van Buitenen, mix glittery magic and guttersnipe cunning. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, \$4.50.

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Euripedes V

The latest volume in the excellent Greek Tragedies series, edited by David Grene and Richmond Lattimore, contains translations of, and comments on, *Electra*, *The Phoenician Women*, and the *Bacchae*. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, \$3.95.

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Dali: A Study of His Art in Jewels

Literal ruby lips containing literal pearly teeth, a sapphire eye weeping a diamond tear, a symbolic explosion of golden leaves. Dali's jeweled toys are certainly beautiful, unwearable, and worth looking at. Edited by Lida Livingston. NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY, \$10.00.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

The misdeeds of people in their seventies do not seem, offhand, like promising material for comedy, but in *MEMENTO MORI* (Lippincott, \$3.95) **MURIEL SPARK** has written a very funny novel indeed about the ancient and enterprising. The plot of the affair, while perfectly serviceable, is nothing much, merely a series of anonymous telephone calls. These calls incite the victims to action, and action reveals their characters, which have retained a high degree of energy and originality in the midst of the owners' physical decay.

Miss Spark's technique is to introduce her characters as they appear in public and then to reveal what lurks behind the façade. Godfrey, eightyish and in arrogant possession of all of what he calls his "faculties," turns on closer acquaintance into a veritable walnut tree, with a nuttiness compounded of the greed, cowardice, and lechery that have distinguished him all his life. His wife, Charmian, a once-popular novelist whose wits seem to have gone hopelessly astray, is actually only intermittently daft. When the wind is southerly, she is more than a match for all Godfrey's faculties. Guy Leet, crippled and waspish, is at heart still the cynical gallant that he was in good king Oscar's glorious days. Although the angry young critics who will eventually review them will probably miss the point, the inaccurate and mischievous memoirs that Guy is writing would have delighted Max Beerbohm. They have already involved Guy in a row with old Percy Mannering, the poet, who takes exception by telegraph and walking stick to the description of Ernest Dowson as a "weak-kneed wailer of Gallic weariness." Luckily, in the matter of the

walking stick, Percy's reach exceeds his grasp.

As all these people bestir themselves about their telephone caller, their past connections come to the surface. Thirty or forty years before, this whole little literary clique had been involved in a network of love affairs, blackmail, and secret marriage. The aftereffects of the tangle are still in force, producing an outbreak of chicanery most inappropriate to years and dignity but very entertaining for the reader.

Much of the fun of *Memento Mori* lies in Miss Spark's style. She is lavish with unexpected but vivid comparisons. She can pin down exactly what is wrong with Mannering's poetry in two lines of neo-Georgian pastiche, followed by a revision which makes them worse. She preserves an air of kindly, unflustered drawing-room politeness while describing the most alarming events. Charmian's housekeeper doing a spot of burglary and Godfrey pocketing cakes at a funeral tea are treated in precisely the same tone. A similar incongruity makes the actions of Miss Spark's characters laughable. Most of them are, in their own view, as capable intellectually as they ever were and only mildly limited physically; the reader sees them beleaguered by arthritis, high blood pressure, outmoded tastes, and erratic judgment. The laughter in *Memento Mori* is frequently a delicate version of that aroused by a dignified citizen treading on a banana peel, but this is no disparagement, for the scheme is an old and honorable one and its effect is infallibly comic.

A GENIUS FOR COMPROMISE

IMAGE OF AMERICA (Viking, \$4.50) is another of those books in which a European explains us to ourselves, but an unusually amiable one. **RAYMOND LEOPOLD BRUCKBERGER** is a French Dominican who lived for some years in the United States. His book was originally written for a French audience. The American edition, although somewhat cut and revised, is consequently a kind of double mirror reflecting what Father Bruckberger wants his countrymen to see in our country and, more dimly, some things he does not like to see in his own.

Beginning with the statement that the vital center of European culture has shifted several times in the course

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of history, Father Bruckberger assumes that it is now located in the United States and goes on to analyze and discuss the ways in which the American version of European civilization differs from earlier ones. He finds much to admire and tactfully concentrates on that.

His first point is that America has always refused to subordinate men to theories; his second, that we have a genius for compromise based on the awareness that "life is a continuous movement, advancing only through contradictions" and a consequent hatred of all-or-nothing solutions; his third point, a really astonishing notion for a Frenchman to harbor and a pleasant surprise to the American reader, is that our concern with individual rights and the reconciliation of conflicting interests makes us very slow to decide upon a course of action. "If Americans seem obsessed by the need for haste," remarks Father Bruckberger acutely, "it is because they are always slow to start."

After describing the intellectual features of the Revolution and the ideas of Thomas Jefferson, and incidentally excoriating Saint Just, Father Bruckberger settles down to consider three Americans who, in his opinion, illustrate the development and operation of our society at its most characteristic. They are Samuel Gompers, the labor leader who could never come to terms with socialism because he insisted that the trade-union movement "must function in the world as it is and that its development must be part of the evolutionary process in which many factors are involved. There is nothing to be gained in taking an immovable stand for an impossible cause"; Henry Ford, the capitalist who said, before hardening of his administrative arteries set in, "if you cut wages, you just cut the number of your own customers" and with that turned the downtrodden proletariat of the old economists into free citizens of the world of supply and demand; and a neglected economist, Henry Charles Carey, who conducted a war of attrition against Ricardo and Malthus throughout his long career, essentially because these classical economists insisted on viewing men as objects subordinate to the motions of money, a claim which, to Carey's common-sense eye, was not only disgraceful but flatly not true.

Father Bruckberger argues that the social and economic developments typified by these men and illustrated by modern American practice have proved that Marx's inevitable opposition of labor and capital is a phony war. A coalition between the two for the benefit of both is not only possible but is already well under way.

The intrusion of Karl Marx upon the scene reveals the basic purpose of Father Bruckberger's book. He is writing extremely intelligent, unsentimental anti-Communist propaganda. He supposes that the spiritual weakness of modern Europe is caused by the seeming necessity of choosing between capitalism and socialism, which would turn out to be Russian Communism. He means to persuade waverers toward Moscow that this choice is not necessary at all, by demonstrating that the United States, although calling itself a capitalist country, has actually evolved a social system which makes both these economic extremes obsolete.

The last chapter of the book seems to have been added solely for the American audience. In it, Father Bruckberger exhorts us to take prompt action and save, first, Western civilization from tyranny and, then, all humanity from war and hunger. In view of what he has just observed about our congenital slowness and aversion to absolute solutions, this seems rather like asking an elephant to fly. And yet, it is flattering.

A GIFTED DEMAGOGUE

American reluctance to take steps that may set a precedent probably had something to do with the phenomenon celebrated by **RICHARD H. ROVERE** in **SENATOR JOE MCCARTHY** (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95). Among the many reasons for the intrusion of this particular camel into the tent, one was certainly reluctance to make what might become a binding rule for the sake of what might be only a temporary nuisance.

It is Mr. Rovere's opinion that McCarthy "was in many ways the most gifted demagogue ever bred on these shores. No bolder seditionist ever moved among us — nor any politician with a surer, swifter access to the dark places of the American mind." This is a large claim, and Mr. Rovere's book does not seem to

me entirely to support it. As the author unrolls the long record of lies, misquotations, revelations of dangerous mare's-nests, and discoveries of defunct red herrings with which McCarthy made headlines for four years, one waits in vain for any evidence that sizable numbers of the citizenry would ever have manned the barricades in his behalf. Certainly, he had supporters. People sent him money for the cause which Mr. Rovere suspects was spent on the horses, and one of those polls that proved Dewey would beat Truman found, at one point, that half the population approved of McCarthy. But surely the essential point about a great demagogue is that he can stir up an extralegal mob to back his demands. McCarthy never did. There is small doubt that his colleagues in the legislature believed he could, or that their belief enabled him to spread panic and confusion by wily misuse of orthodox government machinery, but at the moment of his downfall, his followers proved to be mist and moonshine. McCarthy did not call upon them, and they did not rise spontaneously. If the senator really had access to the dark places of the American mind, we can take comfort in the demonstration that these depths are not wellsprings of action.

As a chronicle of the public operations of McCarthy, Mr. Rovere's book is excellent, for he is an expert journalist who followed much of the senator's career at close range and writes with acid enthusiasm of the whole strange folly. The private forces that raised the poltergeist can, of course, never be identified with certainty, and perhaps Mr. Rovere is right in refusing to speculate about them. I wish he had been less cautious; this is a field where the educated guess is the only possible authority. It cannot take much of Mr. Rovere's knowledge to conclude that McCarthy "showed us to be more vulnerable than many of us had guessed to a seditious demagoguery — as well as less vulnerable than some of us feared."

LITERARY PARODIES

Any reader with a confirmed distaste for literary parody had best be wary of **PETER DE VRIES's** amusing new novel, **THE TENTS OF WICKEDNESS** (Little, Brown, \$3.75), for the book is a positive anthology of current

literary fashions. The plot is another of Mr. De Vries's explorations of the practical difficulties and nervous strain of committing adultery, but his hero, a well-read type, has the notion that while poets can only teach us how to die, novelists show us how to live. He is attempting to live in the Marquandian key suitable to a newspaperman in Decency, Connecticut, when the past recaptures him. There is a resurgence of a girl called Sweetie with whom he was childish and obscurely involved in a coalbin, and off he goes, trailing clouds of Faulkner.

Our hero's problem is how to shake Sweetie loose from arrested adolescence and the writing of imitative verse without shaking himself loose from his wife or his paper, for which he writes a column of advice to the bedeviled. His attempts to straighten things out in the manner of various authors lead Sweetie from late Dickinson to middle Millay to the solid prose ground of early Fitzgerald. Only an idiot like Swallow would mistake Fitzgerald for a reforming influence. He is very shortly trying to retrieve Sweetie from a Gatsbyish establishment in Rye. The next step is D. H. Lawrence and Swallow's downfall, from which he flees via Graham Greene, Hemingway, Thurber, Kafka, and Joyce. None of these worthies is of the slightest help, and Mr. De Vries might be accused of a Platonic mistrust of literature if he had not created, in Swallow, a hero so ineffably stupid that his affairs are clearly beyond remedy by any means.

What with Sweetie skipping barefoot from coalbin to tree house, and Swallow's brother-in-law developing a second personality, the book does not lack for action. This is just as well, for the parodies are not always successful. The final development of the Faulknerian coalbin is a clever twist, but there's more to parodying Faulkner than merely spreading obfuscation; besides, Mr. De Vries tends to get lost in his own parentheses. Sweetie's derivative verses, later turned into conscious parodies, are decidedly uneven. Mr. De Vries does pretty well with Dylan Thomas, but he is thrown by, of all people, Byron.

Considering the whole case, I am not certain that this parody scheme was a happy one. The author undoubtedly had fun with it, but he

The new hit
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DE VRIES**

Author of
THE TUNNEL OF LOVE

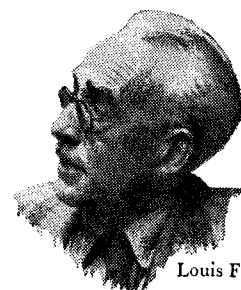
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has so little confidence in his clients
that he continually throws clues,
and often flat announcements, to the
reader, lest that illiterate should fail
to recognize the original of the par-
ody. Now these clues are useless,
for the reader who does not recog-
nize, of his own accord, the victim of

Loveliest of pies, the cherry now
Completes a fine repast

has never read Housman and even
given his identity will have only half
the joke.

OUR ACCIDENTAL SCIENCE

ARTHUR KOESTLER's book, *THE
SLEEPWALKERS* (Macmillan, \$6.95),
is a history of cosmography, designed
to show that modern astronomy and
physics were developed inadvertent-
ly by men who were bent upon dis-
covering or fostering something quite
different.

As a nonscientist and a firm be-
liever in accident, I am not qualified
to judge the revolutionary impact of
this thesis. It has always seemed day-
light clear to me that chaos is the
one permanent feature of human
affairs, and therefore nothing could
be more reasonable than that Coperni-
cus, attempting to account for a
few discrepancies in the Ptolemaic
system, should prove the whole thing
to be nonsense.

I can report, however, that Mr.
Koestler writes with his usual liveli-
ness and authority, and that his ex-
planations of astronomical theory are
so ingenious that even the most lunk-
headed layman can follow him about
the heavens with no more than rea-
sonable effort. Not that the book is
altogether given to orbits. It is part
of Mr. Koestler's theme that progress
in any science is controlled by the
intellectual shibboleths of the times
as well as by the characters of the
practitioners. With this in mind, he
describes the lives and work of Co-
pernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and New-
ton.

They do not get equal attention.
Copernicus was a dull and timid
cleric with an unreadable style; Mr.
Koestler feels a testy contempt for
the man. Newton was too reason-
able to be personally intriguing. Mr.
Koestler works hard on Galileo but
only succeeds in portraying a jealous
egomaniac who went out of his way
to provoke the authorities. Kepler
is another matter entirely. Armed
with some previously unpublished

papers and a vast delight in Kepler's
character, Mr. Koestler goes after
him at great length, and Kepler is
worth every word of it.

This landmark in the orderly
progress of cosmography proves, un-
der Mr. Koestler's microscope, to be
an amusing muddlehead who hit
upon his great discoveries while try-
ing to demonstrate that the universe
is composed of perfect geometric fig-
ures. He wrote surrealist memoirs,
married the right girl for the wrong
reasons, and suffered every anguish
available to a seventeenth-century
neurotic, including a mother who
was tried for witchcraft. He also
joined forces with Tycho de Brahe,
the flamboyant Danish astronomer,
playing Nym to Tycho's Falstaff.
They make an irresistible pair, and
The Sleepwalkers, apart from its many
other merits, is worth reading for
their sake alone.

WITH LOGIC AND LAUGHTER

JAMES HOGG's *THE PRIVATE MEM-
OIRS AND CONFESSIONS OF A JUSTIFIED
SINNER* (Grove, \$3.50) has just been
reissued with an introduction by
André Gide. It seems probable that
Gide's introduction, rather than
Hogg's story, is the primary reason
for this enterprise, but in fact the
Ettrick Shepherd is still a very
readable eccentric.

Gide, always fascinated by evil,
saw in the *Confessions* an early and
brilliant attempt to personify a man's
criminal impulses as an external fig-
ure, a combination of double and
bad angel. He was also impressed
by the logical extreme to which
Hogg pushed the ferocious Cal-
vinist doctrine of predestination. If
the elect were chosen for salvation
by divine whimsey, without regard
to their own actions, presumably
one so chosen at birth could com-
mit any crime with impunity. If it
was impossible to pray one's way
into heaven, it must be equally im-
possible to sin one's way into hell.
Gide discusses both these points in
relation to modern psychology.

What Gide does not mention,
what in fact he seems not to have
noticed (let it stand as an awful
warning to all critics and reviewers)
is that the *Confessions*, taken in its
Scottish context, is a funny book.
Hogg was one of those self-educated
literary men of peasant origin who
proliferated in Scotland in the gen-
eration after Robert Burns. He was

a friend of Walter Scott; Byron recommended his work to Murray for English publication; he wrote for *Blackwood's* and was caricatured around literary Edinburgh as a kindly drunk and giddy buffoon, probably with his own deliberate connivance. He wrote tinny fashionable verse in unreliable English. His poetry in Scots is better but still something that only a fellow Scot, preferably of Jacobite leanings, could truly love.

There's news — news — gallant news
That Caril disna ken, joe;
There's gallant news of tartan trews,
And red Clan-Ranald's men, joe,

falls about halfway between his two styles and does no great injustice to either. Brazen and unrepentant, he stole subjects from Burns, who was safely dead, and Tom Moore, who was alive and furious. There are enough echoes of "Holy Willie's Prayer" and the "Address to the Unco' Guid" in Hogg to indicate that he found the professionally pious as trying as Burns had done. He seems to have had few other grudges.

Hogg's prose has worn much better than his verse. The *Confessions* is a short novel which owes a little to Gothic fashion and a great deal to Scottish folklore and Calvinist dogma. The justified sinner, under the influence of a mysterious and eloquent friend, indulges in outrageous crimes in the conviction that he is among the predestined elect and immune to damnation. He is a theological student, incidentally, and all the crimes are committed for the highest motives and justified by his demonic companion with pulpit argument and praises to high heaven, a very nice touch. The main thread of the story is grim and retains a macabre power despite all the more sophisticated fiends who have capered through literature since Hogg's day. The decorations are wild spoofs of hell-fire sermons, burlesques of country ghost stories, extraneous horseplay, caricatures of pompous clergymen and vaporish ladies, and careful, malicious parodies of theological reasoning. Hogg was an erratic, undisciplined author, but he could be a craftsman when he found a suitable target. In this case, his target was the whole apparatus of the barbarous, old-fashioned Calvinist doctrine, and between logic and laughter, he creamed it.



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Accent on

DO THE manufacturers who package their products in plastics know their own strength? Are the packages designed to be unopenable? Or perhaps unopenable without tools?

I raise these questions having just bought a nebulizer, for use with an inhalant. The nebulizer itself comes in a readily openable, nay, a flimsy paper box, but its two corks, I found, had been thoughtfully encased in a plastic envelope. Excellent, I mused, as I fished out the envelope, a simple, sanitary way of keeping the corks from getting lost.

Of the struggle that followed with the envelope, I shall spare you the details. About two inches square, it was sealed — welded, fused, melted, or whatever — on all four edges, so I had only to rip it apart. By pulling with both hands as hard as I could, at what coronary and cerebral hazards I prefer not to think, I succeeded in stretching the envelope to a length of some five inches, but it remained unopenable, its corks still out of reach. I finally outwitted it by finding a pair of scissors and snipping it to bits.

The inhalant for the nebulizer is equally difficult: it comes in a small bottle whose screw cap is rendered unopenable by an invisible collar of plastic that defies the toughest thumbnail. Scissors are too dull to punch through it, and a certain nail

file is the only tool in my own kit to which it yields. An asthmatic, seeking to open one of these bottles in a nocturnal spasm without benefit of nail file, might as well throw in his hand. (As a further bedevilment, the manufacturer tried out for several months a completely opaque bottle in a metallic finish, with the result that there was no way of seeing after a few withdrawals how much of the inhalant remained in the bottle.)

For real unopenability nothing quite compares with a book, a single copy of *The Years with Ross*, for example, fondly packaged by its publishers for delivery through the mails. Years ago, some book, somewhere, was damaged in the mails, and the consequent hullabaloo raised by the recipient must have given all publishers an armor-plate complex that has lasted to this day. A book is wrapped as if it were a valuable egg or a Dresden figurine to be dropped, en route, from the top of the Washington Monument. All sorts of corrugated board and insulating materials go into the interior layers of the package, and the whole is then wrapped in a tearproof heavy paper. All edges and chinks are sealed with a wonderful tape which is neither plastic nor paper but against which ordinary desk tools are like a rubber dagger from

the joke shop. The easiest way to open a properly packaged book is to use a power saw.

The litter is considerable after the book is finally opened, but a far messier task is opening a case of French table wine. This calls for a crate opener or a small wrecking bar, and prying up the top is only the beginning of the work. Each bottle, one finds, is wearing a kind of paper overcoat that looks much like a tenpin, and all extra space inside the overcoat is stuffed with a malign kind of excelsior as further protection. The excelsior has long been awaiting release and a chance to show its springy qualities, and simply to touch one of the bottles as they lie there in the case is to see bits of excelsior flying in all directions. Eventually, one has on his hands a box overflowing with tissue paper (some of which continues to stick to the wine bottles), cardboard, and stuffings, shedding a trail of excelsior wherever it is carried in the search for a safe dumping ground. The upshot of it all is a major job with the vacuum cleaner.

There is less litter but more exasperation in the simple act of uncorking a bottle of sherry. The owner, on this occasion, carefully centers the corkscrew, turns it all the way down for the maximum grip, wedges the bottle between his

knees, and pulls. Nothing at all happens. At this point he asks a more muscular friend to bear a hand. The friend gives a powerful yank and brings out the top half of the cork. The bottom half won't come. There follows: business of chipping at bottom half with ice pick, poking the remains down into the bottle, and straining the sherry into a decanter (a funnel is also

needed), a slow interval because the cork gets in the way.

Unopenability is here to stay, no doubt. It protects whatever is inside from all that is outside, including the ultimate consumer. The perfect package has been achieved. What remains is for some farsighted designer to add the built-in rip cord, the self-ejecting feature.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Beauty Contests

BY FRANCIS W. DAHL

FRANCIS W. DAHL is widely known for his books of cartoons and his daily drawing on the editorial page of the Boston HERALD.

I do not like to judge beauty contests. I just don't care for the work, that's all. The first time I admitted this openly, the reaction was, "How's that again?" and one perturbed friend said, "You don't like girls?" Well, I used to, or rather I used to like judging beauty contests, and as a newspaper cartoonist I enjoyed the privilege of visiting college campuses to pick a queen or two from among the boys' dates at carnivals.

I considered such an affair a stunt rather than a contest, a spoof on the big publicized pageants, and certainly a much more festive and charming spectacle than the commercial tub thumpings.

It was not until one gala evening when the judges had reached their decision and our chief justice, the dapper head of a New York model agency, was placing the crown on the curls of the winner that I looked around and saw most of the other girls twisting their handkerchiefs and looking as though their hearts would break. End of spoof.

When I discovered that there might be coeds who did not expect to disappoint themselves and their young men by not being crowned Queen of the May, I withdrew from the bench, letting it be known that I was just a big softie who couldn't bear to frustrate so many lovely young hopefuls.

Perhaps this was not strictly honest. It might be that I am no softer than the Atlantic City Board of Trade. Those hotel operators are still judging beauty contests, but if you will scan the requirements of a

Miss America today, you will see that although the judges are not yet in full flight, they are looking for the nearest exit.

Today's Miss America is chosen for her talent, poise, intelligence, stamina, good breeding, imperturbability, and beauty. They got it in there, that beauty, but Miss A. also has to answer a quiz and be able to speak to groups. Here we have all the qualifications of a corresponding secretary for the League of Women Something-or-other; and it is obvious that the poor, miserable Bonifaces are trying to say, "Girls, if you don't win our contest it is because you are too hopelessly beautiful."

Judging from my own experience, I would say it is the Atlantic City beauty judges who need poise, stamina, and imperturbability, and they have not got them. As for intelligence and judgment, if they possessed any they would not try to mollify the losers of a beauty contest with any falderal about academic requirements.

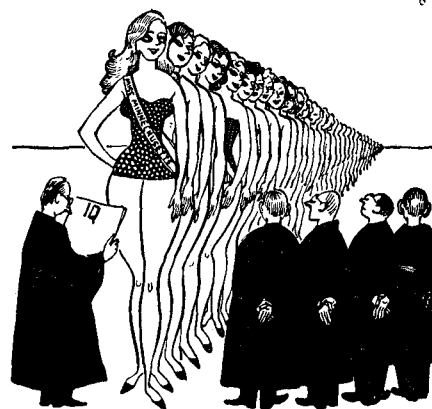
My fellow judges in the Ivy League were frequently college presidents; but if we did not always see eye to eye, the prexy's eye was just as reliable as mine in such matters and perhaps more so. Never did I hear one of these educators ask a girl to recite a quiz before handing her the palm. One college president said he thought we ought to pick a wholesome type of girl with character, but he gladly went along when the rest of us chose the one with the giggle.

Let us contrast this with the big international contest at Long Beach in which the tempestuous Miss Chile, an also-ran, berated the judges in proper Latin fashion. She pointed out that an American had won first place as usual; that the second choice, Miss Germany, was top-heavy; and that Miss Sweden, third place, could not recite or speak in public!

If Miss Chile's criticism is accepted, and I hasten to say that I would not care to differ with Miss Chile for one moment, then the high-minded judges of the international beauty contest are, after all, just a bunch of ordinary chauvinists who like a big dame who doesn't talk too much.

I know how it is, fellows. You get a long line of terrific gals swinging past, smiling their prettiest and pausing on the turn to look you right in the eye, and that stuff about talent, humility, and public speaking fades. But don't forget about Miss Chile, fellows. Miss Chile is judging you.

You have seen those page-wide panoramas of all the Miss America or Miss Universe contestants holding the official pose: shoulders back, chests out, smiling. You have seen similar shots of West Point cadets standing at attention: shoulders back, chests out, not smiling. As a youngster I visited the West Point parade ground to see the latter spectacle and was annoyed when one of the lads keeled over. It certainly spoiled the newsreel effect. On the other hand, I recall that two loyal comrades fell out immediately, seized



him between them, and hustled him off, presumably to the infirmary, a third brother trotting behind with the unfortunate's kepi and rifle.

A few years ago when the national, or perhaps it was the international, beauties lined up for the big official picture taking, one of the girls in the front row keeled over. She lay there on her face, passed out cold, while the other beauties held the three-quarter stance and smiled and smiled and smiled.

West Pointers may lead a Spartan existence, but does it compare with what takes place at Atlantic City? I think not.

Come Fly with Me

BY ELEANOR PERÉNYI

ELEANOR PERÉNYI is the author of several travel articles which have appeared in our Pleasures and Places section. She is engaged in magazine writing and work in New York.

I am terrified of flying. Not just a little nervous, not uncomfortable, and certainly not airsick, just terrified — out of my wits, or senses, whichever you prefer. I am worried about that thin trickle of oil on the wing, the tuning of the No. 2 engine, the black case that the little old lady in the third seat from the end is carrying (remember the boy who blew up a whole plane full of people just because he wanted to collect Mama's insurance?), and the bell that has just rung sharply from the pilot's cabin. I don't like the bumping, and then I have this little private superstition that if somebody gives me flowers before I leave, which someone did. . . In fact, I need another phenobarbital and possibly a drink — not, you understand, of water.

Is this my first flight? It is not. I started in those modest little crates that, before World War II, used to ferry you from Paris to London. Flying boats came next, taking off like ducks but with much more noise. I have flapped over the mountains of Central America in DC-3s (oh, yes, I know they won the war); I have hurtled the Atlantic in Constellations that looked like silver serpents and subjected one to such preposterous experiences as suddenly being asked to eat breakfast in Iceland. I have flown in super-Constellations, DC-7Cs, and turboprops that screamed like banshees. It has been a long quarter of a century. And now jets. Well, enough's enough. And don't tell me they fly at between 30,000 and 40,000 feet, because it is not the kind of thing I want to hear at all. I have been looking all my life for an airplane that would fly at about 10 feet.

The trouble is, one can't admit to being afraid of flying. Society, which offers aid and comfort to alcoholics, homosexuals, dope addicts, and kleptomaniacs, is cool to airophobes and hostile to what ails them. Being afraid to fly does not make you interesting. It just makes you a square, lucky to meet another such

with whom you can compare notes at a dinner party ("the most ghastly thunderstorm, and you can imagine what I felt") because you will never by any chance meet him on a flight. Clearly, the airlines have some sort of radar for screening out 'fraidy cats, to whom they apply this rule: Never let two travel on the same plane. The theory must be that they would egg each other on in, say, an attempt to assault the pilot with the demand that they be returned to La Guardia. If so, the airlines are misinformed. Most of us are glued to our seats by a variety of subfears, of which the most tenacious is that any commotion will make the bottom of the plane fall out. We would do anything rather than disturb the fragile mechanism which has us at its mercy.

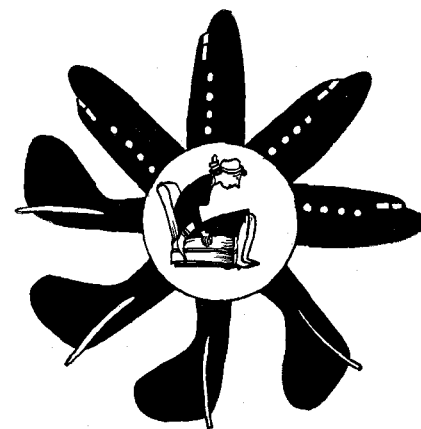
Flying is, therefore, almost unique among fear-engendering experiences. Unlike war, surgical operations, dangerous scientific experiments, or childbirth, it must be undertaken on the strict understanding that you are not eligible for public sympathy. Your triumphs — an Atlantic crossing during which you never once screamed, the finding of Nantucket after twenty cloudy minutes when it obviously was not there, the landing in Guatemala City through a sort of wind tunnel between two very large volcanoes — are as private as death. They exclude your family, who are



excluded anyhow. People who are afraid of planes never marry each other, and airophobia is not inheritable. The parent who is afraid of flying has merely discovered a new way of making himself ridiculous. ("Golly, Ma, what's the matter with you?") One person, of course, does

understand: your psychiatrist. He knows exactly why you are afraid to fly, and you will not like it when you hear it.

What are the airlines doing about this portion of their audience who fly in fear — or not at all? Well, something, but not enough. Food, for instance, is served in delicious, stupefying quantities, especially by the foreigners. Frightened people need food, as any army knows. Also drink, which is another matter that ought to be straightened out. The sovereign state of Georgia, for example, says it is dry at 25,000 feet and presumably to infinity. This is



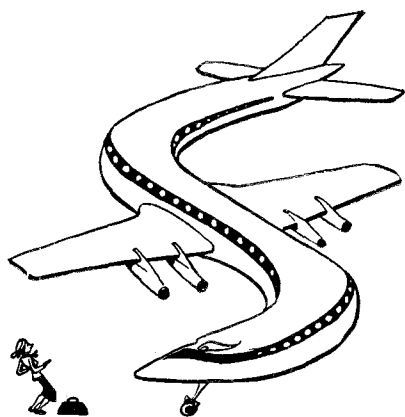
clearly absurd, and the airlines should serve notice that alcohol will be supplied to nervous passengers at any altitude. Regardless.

What is mostly needed, though, is a sympathetic attitude, an understanding gleam in the eye, and the admission that one's fears may be perfectly justifiable. I remember the cheery representative of a British airline who, noting my shaking hand as I collected my ticket, said briskly: "Nervous, what? Can't say I blame you. I've a yellow streak a mile wide myself." Now *that* was public relations. I went forth bold as a lion. Failing, however, such heartening honesty, I have some suggestions, which might be put into booklet form. This could be slipped into that pocket attached to the back of the seat, presently taken up with pointless promotional literature or shy requests for complaints and suggestions. It would serve the double purpose of giving the passenger something to do and reassuring him, and it might start off like this:

"Since misery loves company, let us tell you about some of the famous people who are alleged to hate flying as much as you do. Churchill is the most distinguished, but Vivien Leigh loathes it too. Stalin never flew.

That was why all those conferences had to be held on Russian soil. Have you tried hypnotism? Don Newcombe, whose baseball career was being ruined because he couldn't fly with the team, claims he was cured by a hypnotist called Joseph Edelman. We're checking . . ."

This sort of thing would quickly establish a mood of confidence. It should then be easy to give out a little practical information: "The whine you hear as a Constellation rises or descends comes from the ailerons. It is *not* a fire truck which has been summoned to the field below."



Or: "That flame as from an acetylene torch you see issuing from the engines does not mean the plane is on fire. It always does that at night."

Finally, the booklet could come to grips with the real problem: What is the frightened passenger going to do with himself for all those hours and hours? It should come straight to the point. "Never," it should say, "look at your watch. It is incredible how long it can take the minute hand to get from 1:00 to 1:10, and calculating that you have 14,400 seconds to go is no help at all." It should advise the wearing of earplugs. This prevents your listening to the tuning of the engines and may stop you from hearing such nerve-racking announcements as, "We are approaching the volcano of Popocatepetl; flying at 18,000 feet. We will pass over the crater in one minute's time." The booklet should frankly state that serious reading is out of the question, unless it somehow manages to be more frightening than the plane itself. George Orwell's *1984* once served me admirably in this respect, but there are not many such books. The booklet should admit that it is inadvisable to look out the window. There is only one thing

worse than the fleecy nothingness which is the usual view on a long flight, and that is something that might be familiar if you were not seeing it from this appalling vantage point: the Alps, or Cape Cod, looking like a map of itself.

The advice is, so far, negative. And it is a fact that learning *not* to do certain things in a plane is far more important than learning to do anything. "Don't," the booklet might say, "try to strike up an acquaintance to pass the time. In the first place, your neighbors are never nervous — making you feel even sillier than you do already — and secondly, you may find yourself studying them for signs of the doom which perhaps awaits them." Those who like to say that they never worry about flying because either their number is up or it isn't never seem to have considered that planes carry up to eighty people — and jets will carry even more.

But it is not only for these reasons that one should avoid all activity when in flight. The fact is that one is working toward a goal. One is learning a vegetable art. Yoga might help, or Zen Buddhism, if one were up to them, and future space travelers may well have to be indoctrinated to some form of meditation, with or without an object. The young man who was recently sealed for a week in a simulated moon ship got very tired of pushing buttons and soon asked the experimenters to shut off his piped-in music. Eventually he turned surly. There is no doubt

about it: fear becomes ennui, the uneasy but colossal boredom of the soldier in the trench or the condemned man in the cell. Real space travelers may find this so menacing as to drive them to the reading of *The Critique of Pure Reason*, but that is their problem. For us frightened but short-term air travelers, boredom is the salvation, the magical release we work toward. Bored, we can stretch, yawn, look out the window, even — if the flight is long enough — sleep. Bored to death, we become that euphoric creature, the one who has just stopped being scared to death.

The sensation is glorious and very nearly worth the anguish it took to achieve it. It also takes a longish flight; on short ones, we may arrive as terrified as we started. But see us as we step down from the transcontinental hop, the overseas jaunt. How do we feel? Marvelous. Not a tremor. With a devil-may-care smile, we collect our luggage and stroll off, looking very much like the other passengers except that we want to keep talking about how unexciting flying really is. Jets? We can't wait. They will be even duller. Until the moment when we find ourselves standing once again by the exit gate, teeth chattering like castanets, waiting for the siren call of the announcer: "Will the passengers for Flight Number . . ." "*Messieurs les passagers pour . . .*" "*I signori passeggeri . . .*" See us then. Or perhaps you would rather not.

Let the Feast Begin!

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

Playwright and author of light prose, ROBERT FONTAINE lives in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Late at night when my wife and I are in bed, relaxed, my wife devotes a great deal of time to thumbing through magazines, punctuating her perusing with cries of delight and smackings of her pretty lips.

Meals at our house are adequate but generally made of something hastily thought and quickly cooked, rich in nourishment but lacking in imagination.

It is now, about midnight, when my wife unselfishly shares with me her culinary dreams. She smiles,

sighs, clucks, chuckles happily, and quotes aloud the appetizing ingredients.

She hands me a page with a colored photograph. "It even *looks* heavenly," she cries, enchanted. "I must make it for you." Notice her lack of ego. She must make it, yes, but for *me*. How satisfying, how soothing, how touching!

She rips the recipe from the magazine, her eyes gleaming with hope and determination, as if the quick, competent gesture with which she removed the recipe would be carried over the next day into action.

On a good night she may do this four or five times. She reads, she halts, she remarks, she glows, and she rips. Scandinavian pastry, Oriental curries, French meats in Burgundy. For me she chooses the best of every land, the choicest of every time, the most complex and wonderful of each sort.

All these shining recipes, complete with photographs, she files in a drawer she can reach from the bedside. Now and then she empties the drawer and puts the cuttings in another drawer somewhat removed from the first one. Then once more she begins to stuff the first one.

Her collection mounts and grows. It is probably the finest collection of cooking items ever assembled in several drawers. It plays no favorites. It sides with no nationality. It includes everything from borsch to baklava. It is as complete and varied as any form of happiness can be, enough to make one joyous and yet leave one unsatisfied.

Unsatisfied, because I know my wife will, the following evening, find still more delicious formulas to read to me and remove from her magazine. I do not mean unsatisfied in the sense that she, being so busy collecting and stuffing into drawers, will never find the time actually to cook any of her discoveries.

Yet I am not without hope, for every now and then she feels that she is not doing quite enough by quoting and tearing. She says plaintively and promisingly, "I'm really going to *cook* some of these someday. Honest, I am!"

Meanwhile I am married with a certain degree of happiness to the world's most exotic and versatile noncooking cook; a certain degree of hopefulness, too, I might add, for just today she has begun to paste her items in an enormous book. Who knows?



NEVER SHOW DEFIANCE TOWARD A KITCHEN APPLIANCE

BY C. S. JENNISON

Speak carefully to my stove and sink,
And flatter my nice Disposall.
My kitchen's smarter than people think,
And not only hears, but knows all.
The hours I damn it with doubtful praise
And act like a boorish smarty,
It lies in wait
To retaliate
The next time I give a party.

(Although a modern kitchen is grand and much of its work miraculous,
The lowliest kitchen has a soul as deadly and dark as Dracula's.)

Today, when the oven got too hot
And drove me to quick profaning,
The kitchen noted what I forgot:
The fact I was entertaining.
A brooding burner was swift to scorch
The gravy I'd left to thicken;
And — doing its bit —
The oven quit,
Refusing to cook the chicken.

(Don't ever question a stove's I.Q. A stove is an Einstein mentally
And terribly smart at accidents that happen unaccidentally.)

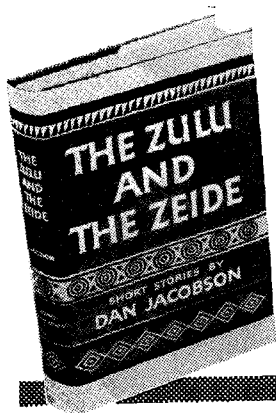
Another burner leapt up to burn
A dishcloth I'd dropped across it,
And when at last I'd managed to turn
The knob on the sticking faucet,
The garbage Disposall chuckled low
Like some old witch in a grotto
And filled the sink
To beyond the brink
With lettuce and limp tomato.

(A garbage Disposall's steely heart is venomous and unpardoning,
So now when the garbage overflows, I bury it when I'm gardening.)

The moment the wall fan noticed smoke
It ceased like a weary linnet;
And when I'd given its grille a poke
And lost a good steak knife in it,
The icebox suddenly realized
My comments had been too curt
And, acting exhausted,
Gently defrosted
Into the molded dessert.

(It's silly calling a kitchen's deeds reliable or commendable.
Whatever talents a kitchen has, it readily finds expendable.)

You can't fool kitchens with false aplomb
Or feelings you think don't show.
It does no good to whistle and hum.
Like horses and dogs, They Know.
The stupidest kitchen's not appeased
By blandishments meek or hearty.
Aware of its rights,
It counts its slights
Till next time you give a party.

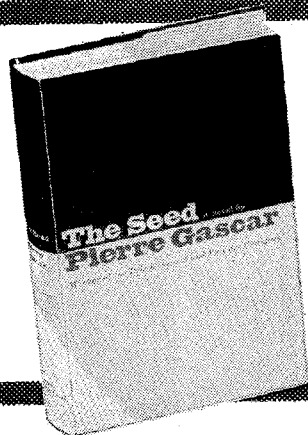
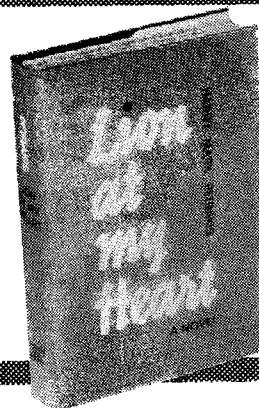


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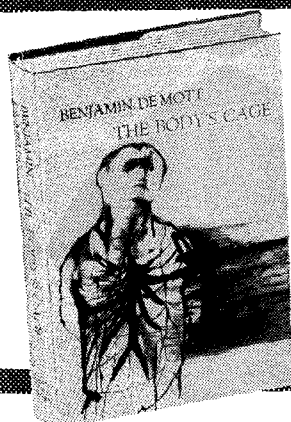
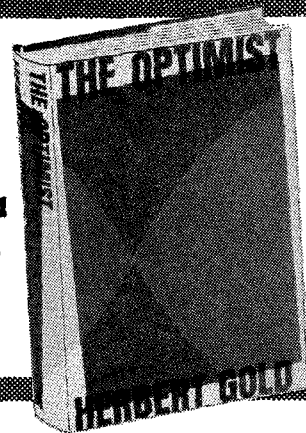


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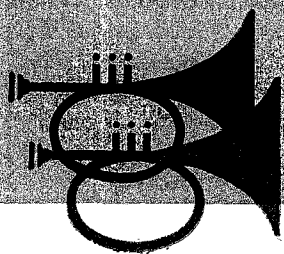
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they shall have Music

JOHN M. CONLY

THE HAYDN COUNTRY

A HAYDN pilgrimage, if it is not to be time wasted, should be undertaken in a spirit very nearly Chaucerian. The goal may be sensed as holy, but the going must be fun.

This fits the nature of the man we honor this year, who died just a century and a half ago. In his inventive symphonies, antic violins dance with themes of Gregorian chant. In his great Masses, trumpets blaze an outright joy strange to today's dark-clad devout. And, most of the while, Croat folk tunes caper within earshot, to keep us from taking our souls too soberly. That was Haydn.

The place to go on a Haydn pilgrimage, this Haydn year, has been the Austrian town of Eisenstadt, which the Hungarians once called Kismarton, where a charmingly small music festival began in March and continues halfway through October. It was in Eisenstadt that Haydn first took service, in 1761, with the Esterházy, rootless princes of fabulous wealth, to whom he ministered musically for nearly all his days. The Esterházy moved five years later to Prince Nicholas' incredible construct in the Hungarian marshes, the wilderness Versailles known as Esterháza. Still Haydn kept a house in Eisenstadt for wintertimes, and it was in Eisenstadt that he launched himself as first master of the symphony.

The direct route to Eisenstadt is the Budapest road, southward out of Vienna and not much traveled now, for obvious reasons. However, on a sunny Austrian spring day no one in his right mind would take a direct route anywhere, so for the opening concert we went southeast, toward the wine country and the juncture of the Czechoslovakian and Hungar-

ian borders. For the record, our conveyance was a yellow Opel convertible, and we had as fellow passenger the prettiest newspaperwoman in Vienna, the Countess Else von Hacker zu Hart.

Our pilot was the best of all possible guides on a Haydn pilgrimage, H. C. (Howard Chandler) Robbins Landon, a thirty-three-year-old ex-Bostonian now pretty widely regarded as the world's leading Haydn scholar. He decided in his thirteenth year to devote his life to Haydn. Preparatory school officials, at Asheville and Lenox, wrote direly to his parents of this obsession, but without avail. He put aside a family Harvard tradition to study under Karl Geiringer at Boston University. At twenty-two he founded the Haydn Society, a Boston-Vienna endeavor that financed research in Europe by selling LP records in the United States. Landon went to Vienna to handle matters there, directing recording sessions and digging up Haydn lore. The society was successful to start with, prospering even when Landon entered American military service (in Vienna, whereby he escaped basic training, quite a feat), but in the early 1950s the Boston or business end of the venture collapsed. Landon kept working. The best-known fruit of his labors is a gigantic (863 pages, Universal Edition, Rockliff, London) and fascinating book, *The Symphonies of Joseph Haydn*, which is now a sort of Haydnist bible.

A large and tireless young man with a formidable chin, Landon drives like any other Bostonian, with his right foot flat on the floor board. Wise Austrians scattered from our path, and in nearly no time we were in Bruck an der Leitha. This is close by Rohrau, where Haydn was born

to a wheelwright father. Bruck was (and is yet) the home of the Counts Harrach. It was the Count Harrach of 1790 who headed the first real Austrian show of appreciation for Haydn (after he had taken London by storm) and who led him, on his return from England, to the park on the Leitha where Haydn confronted a sculpture of himself, his first monument. The rest of the town is a sort of monument to certain other folk, not loved: the dread Turkish armies seldom out of mind in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Its main feature is a mile-long moat and grim fortress wall of gray-yellow masonry. It looks peaceful now, with cottages stacked against it and laundry fluttering in the breeze.

It is possible, I suspect, to go straight from Bruck to Eisenstadt, but we didn't. There was a need for wine. Austrian wine is drunk young, and Viennese commonly go into the countryside, bearing bottles, to buy it. We sped past miles of grass-topped mounded cellars, each with a wreath hung to advertise its wares. The favorite vintner of Landon and the Countess was beyond the town of Gols. This is an Austrian town by virtue of a plebiscite, but Hungarian in all other ways, including its layout: close-knit houses lining the main street and almost none elsewhere. It is nearly unique in Europe as an attraction for storks. They stand on all chimneys above the red tile roofs, looking like silly sentinels and paying absolutely no attention to anything.

Entering and leaving Gols, one skirts the Neusiedler See, the strange border lake beyond which Esterháza sits and the plains stretch out.

"Neusiedler See is very unusual,"

said the Countess in a sudden burst of lingual valor. "In some years when it makes wet he is very big, long, wide; many miles. When it makes dry he becomes like nothing; he is so small. He is only feet deep."

"You mean *it*, not *he*," said Landon, heartlessly stoppering this poetry, and went on: "This place is a kind of continental crossroads. Europe ends here. Over there the East begins. Hundreds of peoples have passed this way, each with their own freight of tunes and rhythms. Haydn was their treasurer; listen to his minuets. Formal Germans haven't liked this much. In fact, during the nineteenth century it wasn't unusual for German performers to edit Haydn scores before playing them, to take out the Balkan or Slavonic parts."

Meditating upon this sin, the world's leading Haydn scholar hit the accelerator anew. We curved superbly past a crouched motorcyclist, who waved in admiration as we went by. The Countess smiled the kind of smile that can only be learned in Vienna. Downhill in the dusk ahead the lights of Eisenstadt came on.

"*Gulyas Suppe!*" said the Countess at once and with authority. She won friends, since the concert was to start at seven thirty, an hour awkward for people used to metropolitan dining schedules. To keep the inner man happy and the mind from distraction, a sup of goulash soup was clearly indicated.

At the Schwechaterhof in Eisenstadt, a friendly small hotel, it was forthcoming and delicious, too. As we rejoiced in it and the local red wine, a little Grundig tape recorder, over in the corner, ground out for us a grotesquely homey touch. It played *Tom Dooley* in German.

"No lingering," said Landon. "I have to be there for the speech by



the Landeskulturreferent Landesrat, Herr Bögl." Everyone gulped obediently, and the goulash soup disappeared.

Just the same, from the Schwechaterhof the yellow Opel pursued a somewhat devious route, taking in the Haydngasse. Eisenstadt is almost circumscribed by old Esterházy buildings: the palace, the stables, the enormous commissary, the street of dwellings for the princes' staff. The last mentioned now is called the Haydngasse. Haydn's house is there, looking much as it must have when he left it. You may walk in his courtyard, surely one of the pleasantest in Europe.

"That's where Haydn used to hurry out every morning," Landon remarked, "dressed in his uniform, to present himself in the prince's bedchamber and ask if His Highness required any masterpieces that day." We drove on, through curling cobble streets.

"Spitalkirche," said Landon, thumbing at a dark sturdy spire against the night-blue sky. "Haydn's baroque organ is still there. It has no pedals. He was the last great religious composer, except for Bruckner."

The first Haydn Festkonzert was to have been given at the Schloss Esterházy, in the reception hall now naturally called the Haydnssaal. Most of the summer concerts have been held there. However, an icy March wind had prowled down out of the Alps, defeating all efforts to heat the huge room, so the orchestral opener had to be moved to the ageless town's only modern-styled building, the new Gymnasium. No matter: new or not, the place was haunted that evening, and the haunter was Haydn.

The conductor was Hans Swarowsky, who had flown from Scotland for the occasion, almost surely spending

more than he was paid. He is a real Haydn man, though; when he isn't leading the music, he whistles it. The orchestra was a sort of miracle ensemble, as anyone who has heard it in the summer's course can testify. It was made up of select students from the Vienna Academy and might be called the Vienna Philharmonic of 1970. All the violinists qualified for appointment by playing (to their masters' satisfaction) the solo part in the Beethoven Concerto. None of them looked more than twenty. They were positively alight with the joy and honor of their task. Haydn would have loved them, and they knew it. The music flashed around the stage like something alive. Swarowsky remained in good control, but I think even he was surprised at his results. The "Drum Roll" Symphony and No. 88 came and passed over us, and the only analogy I can think of is summer lightning. Unseasonable, I know, for a cold March night, but that's the way it was.

Afterward everyone, or nearly everyone, including the Burgenland

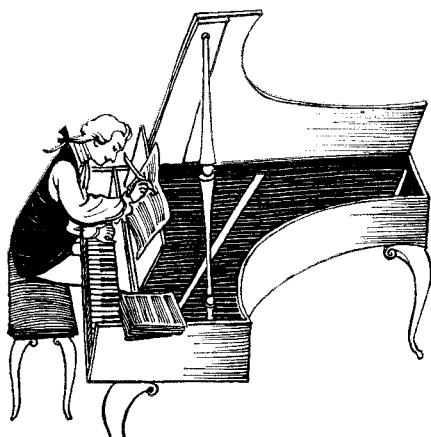


officials and the orchestra, went for a celebration dinner in the Stadtkeller, a snug, stony place. The musical contingent was in a glow of mutual appreciation, as they deserved to be. Indeed, when the demand for wine and goulash soup began to outrun the supply, Dr. Swarowsky arose to help the waiters. He got a very good hand from the orchestra, who were not only happy but hungry.

We went back to Vienna by the main road, lined nearly all its thirty miles with poplars.

"Napoleon's trees," said the Countess, who was getting sleepy.

"That's right," said Robbins Landon, who never gets sleepy. "Napo-

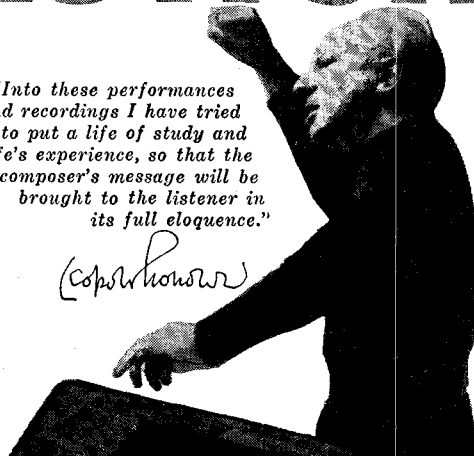


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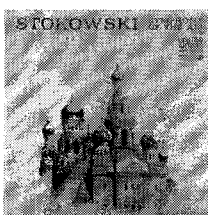
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leon had main military highroads planted with poplars all over this part of Europe, so imperial soldiers in the future would know when they came to important tactical routes. That future never came, of course, but we still have the poplars."

"Do you think Haydn is still an underrated composer today?" I asked — a banal question, but the night was late and the trip was coming to an end.

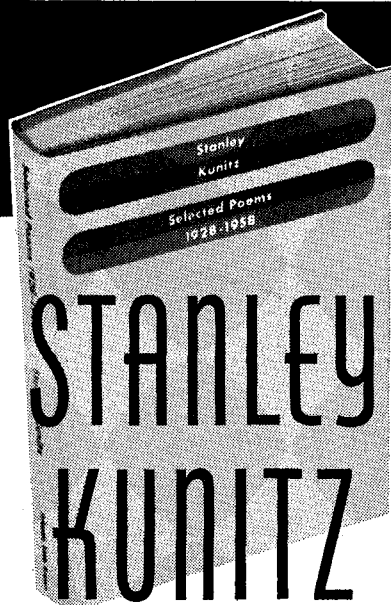
"Underrated, perhaps not," Landon answered thoughtfully, eyes on the road ahead. "Misunderstood, yes, of course. I'll give you a question. Why should the man who mastered and molded the symphony have stopped writing symphonies at the top of his powers? People hear and applaud No. 104, but why was there no 105?"

No answer.

"That's what I mean by a lack of understanding. The symphonic writing did not stop. For him, or rather by him, there was nothing more to be said in this form. He was not the man to write the *Eroica*. What he was to write instead began in 1796: a series of six Masses, wonderful things which are in their structure symphonies, and perhaps bigger ones than he ever had written before. This is the kind of testament every great musician comes to at last, when he explains himself. Haydn's last duty was that of a Christian composer."

There were other questions in my mind, about stereo and about the possible revival of the Haydn Society, but somehow they never got asked. Vienna rose shining out of the dark to take us in, and anyway, I found myself whistling something in G Major, allegro con spirito, which seemed much more interesting than anything I had to say. That's the trouble with Haydn.

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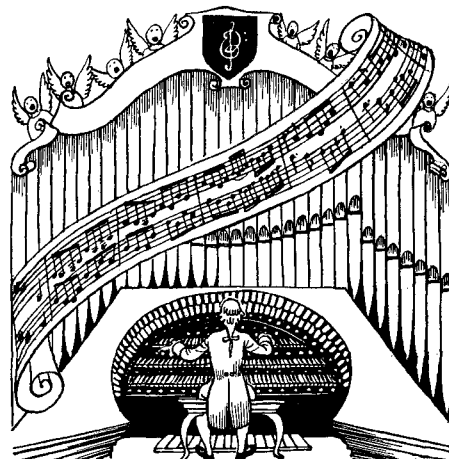
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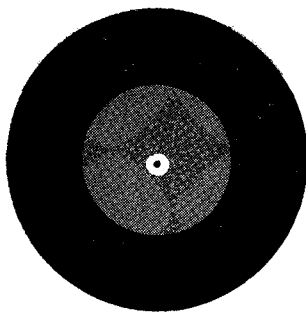
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Record Reviews

Bach: Keyboard Concertos Nos. 1, 4, and 5

Anton Heiller, harpsichord; Miltiades Caridis conducting Vienna Volksooper Chamber Orchestra; Vanguard BGS-5009 (stereo) and BG-588

The treasure here is No. 5, a princely thing terribly neglected on records; it has not been played properly for the phonograph since Edwin Fischer did so about fifteen years ago. Heiller is not quite up to Fischer, and Caridis sometimes threatens to turn the slow movement into a pizzicato pie, but success finally is achieved for Bach. One can listen very happily to this and to the other pair of concertos, which apparently are easier to play right.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9; Selections from the Incidental Music to Egmont

Otto Klemperer conducting Aase Nordmo-Löberg, Christa Ludwig, Waldemar Kmentt, Hans Hotter; Birgit Nilsson (in the Egmont songs); Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus; Angel 3577-B (stereo and monophonic): two records

Klemperer's Ninth has been hailed in some quarters as millennial. To my mind it is far from it. One does not lightly criticize a conductor of Klemperer's earned reputé, but surely he has given us here a rather odd job. The whole symphony takes on a sort of churchly air. The first and third movements are made to sound almost as if they were parts of *Parsifal*. The scherzo is slowed from its gallop into the pace of a Stokowski arrangement of a Bach fugue. The choral finale is fed out with reverence which might better fit *The Seven Last Words*. The Angel sound, especially in the stereo edition, is pure and majestic, but that is no substitute for Beethoven's intent. The Ninth is not an act of worship, it is a battle order. I shall stick with my old, fiery, mono-

phonic Toscanini reading until, perchance, Bruno Walter rides up with reinforcements, as it is rumored he will. The "Egmont" excerpts — the overture, Clärchen's two songs, and her death music — are tolerably well performed.

Gesualdo: Canzonettas, Madrigals, Gailliards, Sacred Songs

Robert Craft conducting madrigal group and string quartet; Columbia MS-6048 (stereo) and ML-5341

Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, was best known during his lifetime (1560–1613) for having murdered his wife and her lover, caught in *flagrante delicto*. He seems to have spent the rest of his dark neurotic existence meditating on this act and on the fact of death itself, which his music reflects. The music is astonishing. It is not all shadowy — there are points of almost happy brilliance — and it has a startling modernity. Some of it puts one in mind of Ravel; it is Impressionist, though the word was not to be coined until three centuries later. The record was produced, with great taste and feeling, by Robert Craft and some dedicated young singers, and Columbia has contributed flawless sound. Seven of the eighteen works are accompanied by Aldous Huxley translations; the others have no translations.

Handel: Water Music

Eduard van Beinum conducting Concertgebouw Orchestra; Epic BC-1016 (stereo) and LC-3551

This has less rigor about it than most German performances and less jollity than most British performances, which makes it almost ideal for home listening. It is never stiff and is often intimate, an effect enhanced by the use of a harpsichord with the orchestra. Just the same, there is plenty of space in the sound, particularly in the stereo version, and no stress.

Mozart: Four-hand Piano Music

Ingrid Haebler and Ludwig Hoffmann, piano; Vox DL-432-1 (Volume I) and DL-432-2 (Volume II): two separate records

Mozart began writing four-hand piano music to use on tour with his sister Nannerl when he was nine. One sonata from his ninth year (K. 19-D) is given here in Volume I, and it will surprise you. There are three other sonatas in Volume I and two more in Volume II. They comprise some of Mozart's liveliest social

music, not deep but endlessly captivating. The two young performers patently love the stuff and, indeed, why not?

Wagner: Das Rheingold

Georg Solti conducting Kirsten Flagstad, George London, Claire Watson, Set Svanholm, Jean Madeira, Kurt Böhme, other soloists; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London OSA-1309 (stereo): three records

It is silly to try to assign the title "greatest opera recording" to any album. However, this London effort would necessarily be among any possible nominees; never has music drama been brought into living rooms with finer taste or shrewder force. Main credit goes to Solti and to recording director John Culshaw, but all performers deserve a share. The singers make Wagner's supernatural people real in the very best sense. Flagstad's Fricka is queenly and troubled; London's Wotan is majestic and bemused; Böhme's Fafner is a most reasonable ogre; Svanholm's Loge is the sincerest of plausible villains. And Culshaw actually assembled a battery of tuned anvils to equip his Nibelheim. This joyous competence seems somehow to straighten out the complexities of Wagner's condensed myth, and the story stands up as a genuine thriller. The recorded sound matches its burden — it is out of this world.

Beckett: EndGame

Alan Schneider directing the original off-Broadway cast; Evergreen EVR-003 (stereophonic): two records

The world is ending as *EndGame* begins, a situation fraught with endless possibilities for the author of *Waiting for Godot*, who starts right off by pointing out that nothing is funnier than unhappiness. The characters are our species' last four survivors. One, a blind tyrant, cannot stand up. Another, an impertinent servitor, cannot sit down. The other two huddle in ash cans — their protection, presumably, against doomsday radiation or something of the sort. The conversation among them ranges from poignant to desperate to cynical, taking in some, if not all, of the suicidal bents of the civilization they had lived in. Mr. Beckett is not a cheerful man, but he is certainly witty: you keep listening. The stereo recording puts the whole action right in the middle of your living-room rug.

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by William Nickerson

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Starting with only the \$1000 cash equity in my home, I pyramided this modest asset into \$500,000 by the time I was 42 — all in my spare time. I retired at 42 to concentrate on my investments — with considerable time for gardening, swimming in our backyard pool, hunting, fishing, and traveling.

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Another \$500,000 in Only 2 Years

This led me to study other men's money-making experiences, and current, non-depression-period opportunities. Although I had not intended to increase my holdings, I found so many opportunities that in 2 years I doubled my estate to over \$1,000,000.

Now my book, HOW I TURNED \$1000 INTO A MILLION, is ready at last. And in

it I reveal — and tell how to use — these 4 basic principles of traveling the last remaining road to great fortune still open to the average person:

1. How to harness the secret force of free enterprise — the pyramiding power of borrowed money. If you have ever experienced difficulty in arranging a personal loan (or a commercial loan to go into business) you may have the idea that banks won't lend money to the "little fellow" for the purpose of making money. But I will show you how you can get lenders to put up gladly at least three dollars for every one of yours, thereby quadrupling the earning power of your capital.

2. How to choose income-producing multiple dwellings in which to invest your own (and your borrowed) capital. If you are interested in investing in income-producing property for income alone, then you will probably get along all right without any advice from me, although even there I can give you many tips. But if you are out to pyramid your capital, there is a definite set of conditions to look for.

3. How to make your equity grow. A fair market value of an income-producing property is in ratio to its income. Therefore, if you increase the annual net by means of the steps I outline, you increase the market value of the property — thereby increasing your equity.

4. How to virtually eliminate the "tax bite" on your capital growth. I will show you how you can increase your net worth steadily without its being subject to income taxes — not even capital gains tax! J. K. Lasser's famous guide, YOUR INCOME TAX, says of this method that "the mathematics have almost unparalleled attraction."

If you have about \$2500 right now — or if you can save only \$50 a month for the next four years — you can start out soundly along the road to a million dollars. To enhance your progress you will need an additional personal investment of \$50 a month, or \$600 a year, for two more years after that, making a total investment from your personal savings of \$3600. But then you will start receiving income from your investment. In addition, if you follow my instructions carefully, your capital can grow at the following startling rate:

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In 6 years, \$21,681.
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In 10 years, \$70,548.
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In 16 years, \$386,376.
In 18 years, \$677,583.
In 20 years, \$1,187,195.

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